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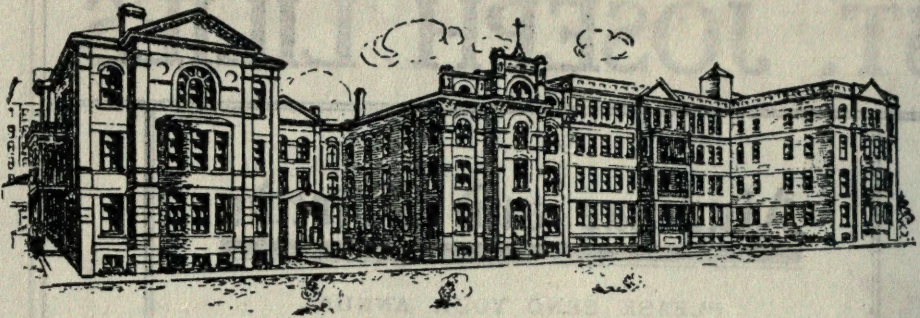
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**CONTENTS ON PAGES 1 AND 2**



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# CONTENTS

---

The Sacred Heart .....	Frontispiece
The Heart of June—Rev. Hugh F. Blunt .....	5
The Testimony of Conscience to the Existence of God— Rev. C. C. Kehoe, O.C.C. ....	6
The Fairy Rath of Lissarink—Rev. James B. Dollard, Litt.D. ....	20
The Procession of Corpus Christi—Translated from the French of Jean Vezere by Caroline D. Swan.....	21
The Ship of June—Frederick B. Fenton .....	29
Life of Bishop McQuaid of Rochester, N.Y.—Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D., LL.D., Ph.D.....	30
Let Me Be Remembered—J. Corson Miller .....	36
Where They Laid Their Beloved to Rest—Very Rev. Dean Harris .....	37
No Cross, No Crown—F.A.S. ....	43
The Isle of Man—Mary Hoskin .....	45
In the Middlesex Fells—Rev. Julian Johnston, Litt.D.....	51
The Blessed Trinity—Rev. K. J. McCrae .....	52
White Rose Leaves—Edith R. Wilson, M.A. ....	53
Some Poets of the Catholic Revival—Elizabeth O'Dris- coll, M.A. ....	55
The Music Club of St. Joseph (Portrait) .....	62
My First Sick Call—Rev. Richard B. Bean .....	63
A Morning Prayer—Marie .....	68
A Treasured Letter .....	69
The Golden Room—Selected .....	91
Possibilities of Women—Helena T. Goessmann .....	96
Officers of St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association 1920-1921 .....	102
St. Joseph's College Debating Society (Portrait).....	103
Alumnae Notes .....	105
College Views .....	121
Accessions to the Museum .....	114
Community Notes .....	115
St. Joseph's College Department Editorial Staff .....	120
Roses and June—Margaret Commeford .....	120
Jane Austen, the Woman in Her Works—Miss Dorothy Agnew, '23 .....	123
Why I Consider "The Ancient Mariner" a Great Poem— Miss A. C. Simpson, '22 .....	131
Reflections—Camilla Wright, Form III. ....	133
Exchanges .....	135
College Notes .....	136



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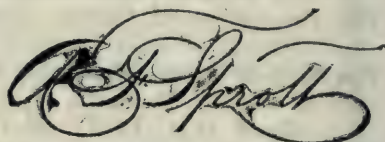
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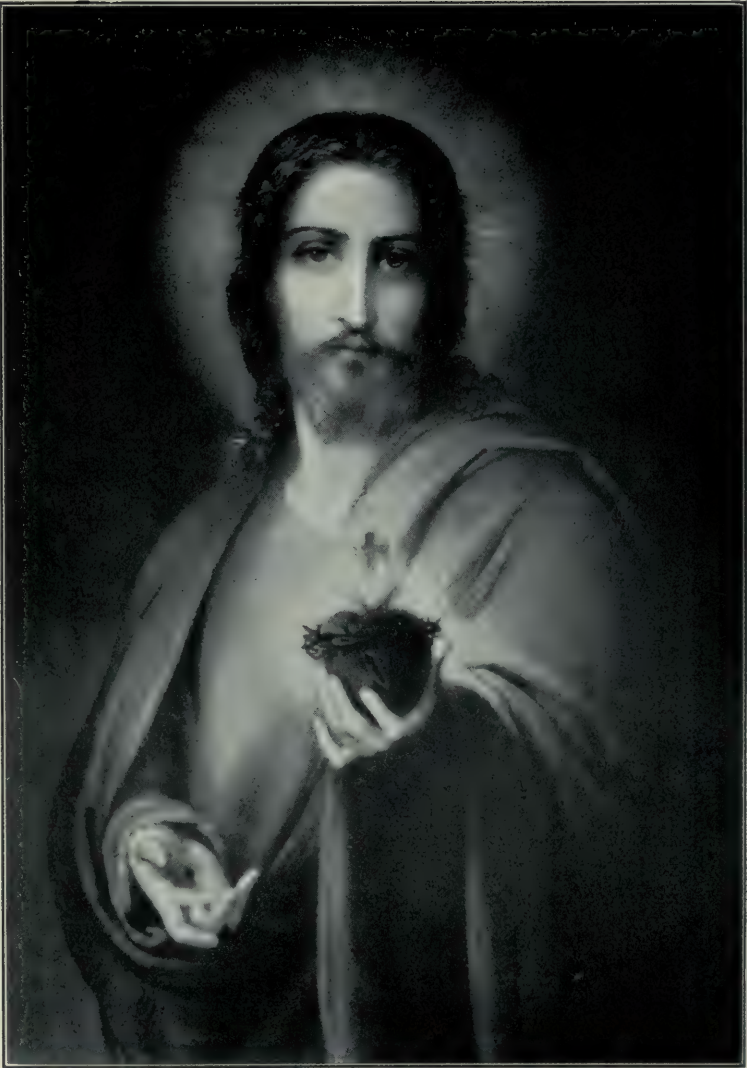
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# Saint Joseph Lilies

*Pro Deo et Alma Matre.*

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VOL. X.

TORONTO, JUNE, 1921

No. 1

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## The Heart of June

BY REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

What is the song of the dreamy June?

'Tis a gentle croon,

From the heart of the wild rose singing,

And swinging.

Heart of the red rose opening wide;

Heart of the white rose, like a bride.

Answering soft as a gentle maid

To the wild bee's wooing serenade.

What is the song of the mystic June?

'Tis a holy tune,

From the heart of the Queen Rose, swaying,

And praying.

Heart of a red rose—Rose of pain;

Heart of a white rose, free from stain;

Heart of the fadeless Sharon Rose,

Wooing my soul to Her garden-close.



## The Testimony of Conscience to the Existence of God

REV. C. C. KEHOE, O.C.C.

**T**HE most interesting feature of such rationalistic writers as are on the verge of infidelity or whose whole mental propulsion is to go over the brink into an offensive denial of the existence of God and to commit their life and fate to the forces of nature, is that one single argument for God's existence seems to arrest them, seems to set a stay and exert a hold upon them after all other arguments are impotent; these headstrong champions of infidelity seem held by a thread after breaking cables. Even the great argument of teleology or design that Socrates himself thought the strongest and surest to hold men to their moorings in God is riven by them and spurned as a delusion. They can see no footprints of God in nature and no influence of his presence over nature's laws as Creator and Prime Mover and in pragmatic fashion, think that all things are as true without God as with Him,—in fact that He is a superfluity.

When thus emancipated from the force of standard arguments, both traditional and evident and freed, as we should think from all further influence that could bring them to look back to God, they fail to escape from their own consciences and are immeshed by an argument thrown around them from within. When they themselves acknowledge the truth of this it is not for believers to deny or minimize this mystic argument; but mystic indeed the argument seems when we try to unfold and survey its nature. If it is merely an ambiguity that obscures its outlines we can clear it up and identify it as one definite form of evidence capable of holding man's mind to God and either one that is old and standard, but misnamed; or some thing new, brilliant, and especially satisfying, that philosophers and theologians of old, in their dull mental plodding never recognized nor catalogued for use.

We seem under obligations to such writers as Mr. Arthur Balfour, whose minds are exquisitely poised over the brink of infidelity forever brooding on the pros and cons, for this mystic argument of conscience and that other rose-leaf argument of the aesthetic sense. To be held when all seems lost from a vulgar plunge into materialism, determination, and red-handed Bolshevism from simian evolution and the unspeakable metabolism of secretion and excretion, and the barnyard retrospect of merely animal life by such exquisite and uncommon arguments as the double internal sense of morality and aestheticism is enough to mark the subject of such experiences and of such emotions as a mental aristocrat and even a gentleman. God and nature must have supplied them with finer motives of credibility than either reason or faith, with some luminous thread of their own spinning that guides them on the pathway to God through the dark night of nature.

Cardinal Newman set much store on this argument of conscience and showed in so doing the genius of a great apologist seemingly Heaven-sent to a certain class of cultured minds, rather than a scholastic theologian. In fact some of the followers of Scholastic Theology in their own rude and jolting way give this argument quite a shake up, that threatened to put Cardinal Newman in a bad light. The argument of conscience, we may here remind ourselves, is undoubtedly true in the concrete as an internal experience of mental life, but to classify it in the abstract and analyze it into general and fundamental principles of evidence is not without peril; for instead of bringing day out of night with presto facility, it can extinguish the last glimmer of the spiritual world in such minds as rely on it alone. To come to the point of difficulty plainly, we know that a few years ago, when Modernism was rampant and in some quarters affectingly triumphant, our greatest of apologists, Cardinal Newman, was aggregated to them by certain writers at least in mental method if not in doctrine, and his argument of conscience was not spared the pillory. Thus to analyse and classify the argument is an interesting problem and one that yields rich side products besides the



prime satisfaction of mental inquiry. There is no one so brilliant and safe in propounding the argument as the great apologist himself.

### **Newman's Argument of Conscience.**

“Conscience, considered as a moral sense, an intellectual sentiment, is a sense of admiration and disgust, of approbation and blame; but it is something more than a moral sense; it is always, what the sense of the beautiful is only in certain cases, it is always emotional. No wonder, then, that it always implies what that sense only sometimes implies; that it always involves the recognition of a living object, towards which it is directed. Inanimate things cannot stir our affections; these are correlative with persons. If, as in the case, you feel responsibility, or shame, are frightened, at transgressing the voice of conscience, this implies that there is One to whom we are responsible, before Whom we are ashamed, and whose claims upon us we fear. If, on doing wrong, we feel the same fearful, broken-hearted sorrow which overwhelms us on hurting a mother; if, on doing right we enjoy the same sunny serenity of mind, the same soothing satisfactory delight which follows on our receiving praise from a father, we certainly have within us the image of some person to whom our love and veneration look, in whose smile we find our happiness, for whom we yearn, towards whom we direct our pleadings, in whose anger we are troubled and waste away. These feelings in us are such as require for their exciting cause an intelligent being: we are not affectionate towards a stone nor do we feel shame before a horse or dog; we have no remorse or compunction in breaking mere human law; yet, so it is, conscience excites all these painful emotions, confusion, foreboding self-condemnation; and, on the other hand, it sheds upon us a deep peace, a sense of security, a resignation and a hope which there is no sensible, no earthly object to elicit. “The wicked flees when no one pursueth”; then why does he flee? Whence his terror? Who is it that he sees in solitude, in darkness, in the hidden chambers of his heart? If the cause of these emotions does not belong to

this visible world, the Object to which his perception is directed must be Supernatural and Divine. And thus the phenomena of conscience, as a dictate, a veil to impress the imagination with the picture of a Supreme Governor, a Judge, holy, just, powerful, all-seeing, retributive, and is the creative principal of religion, as the moral sense is the principle of Ethics.

And let me here refer to the fact that this instinct of the mind recognizing an external Master in the dictate of conscience, and imagining the thought of Him in the definite impressions which conscience creates is parallel to that other law of, not only human, but brute force, by which the presence of unseen individual beings is discerned under the shifting shapes and colours of the visible world. Is it by sense or by reason that brutes understand the real unities material and spiritual, which are signified by the lights and shadows of the brilliant, ever-changing kaleidscope, as it may be called, which plays upon their retina? Not by reason, for they have not reason; not by sense, because they are transcending sense; therefore it is an instinct. This faculty on the part of brutes, unless we were used to it, would strike us as a great mystery. It is one peculiarity of animal nature to me susceptible of phenomena through the channel of sense; it is another to have in those sensible phenomena a perception of the individuals to which certain groups of them belong. This perception of individual things is given to brutes in large measures and that apparently from the moment of their birth. It is by no mere physical instinct such as that which leads him to his mother for milk, that the new dropped lamb recognizes each of his fellow lambkins as a whole, consisting of many parts bound up in one, and before he is an hour old makes experience of his and their rival individualities. And much more distinctly do the horse and dog recognize even the personality of their masters. How are we to explain this apprehension of things which are one and individual in the midst of a world of plurities and transmutations whether in the instance of brutes or of children? But until we account for the knowledge which an infant has of his mother or his nurse what reason have we to take exception



at the doctrine as strange and difficult, that in the dictate of conscience, without previous experiences or an illogical reasoning, he is able gradually to perceive the voice or the echoes of the voice, of a Master, living, personal, and sovereign?"—*Grammar of Assent*, p. 105.

This page of Newman is like a page of human life, i.e., a record of internal experiences rather than of theory and formulated argument, and it is the afterwork of interpretative analysis that divides Newman's readers, confuses them and perhaps even scandalizes some of them. But where is the scandal? To answer this we must take at least three very general views of what is meant by conscience in the concrete vital functions that are ascribed to it in the above graphic picture of Newman's glowing rhetoric. Some say that he intends conscience to be a blind instinct of nature because in his description he gives it the name of instinct, and contrasts it, apparently, with objective perception, as though it were something we read into the things that come before us, just like the action of a bird that reads utility and even friends into the objects it sees. This outstanding instinctive character of conscience brought into relief by the words of Newman, would seem to preclude the other two views that we might give to it, viz., we might consider it an instinctive but objective faculty that saw instantly, but entirely, by sweeping vision, all that appeared in its vista, or we might take the trite definition of conscience out of catechism and theological treatise and put it forward as the third general view of conscience, i.e., an act of merely argumentative reason, working slowly and labourously, always progressive, sometimes right and sometimes wrong, and not one step ahead of the mentality of the person to whom it pertains. We can say right here that if this third view, which is the commonly accepted one, be the true understanding of conscience, then Cardinal Newman does not mean conscience in the foregoing portrait of the human spirit.

In reviewing these three possible acceptations of conscience that admit of no ulterior alternative, we may say that the first and the third are to be excluded from the Cardinal's in-

tention because the first would be heretical and the third wholly contrary to the most obvious meaning of his words. The first, that of mere blind instinct, is what is construed by his critics and to which his words might seem to betray him, but this would place at the head of the whole moral order and at the head of the whole religious order of truth, a mere blind instinct that the rankest sceptic or atheist might easily welcome.

### **Conscience As a Mere Instinct.**

Subjectivism, or the great capital error of the last century that in modern times originally came from Descartes, but was reduced to a system by Kant and spread abroad over the Universities, over literature and even household and every-day mentality as far as the influences of "Kultur" could extend in persistent propaganda, strove to maintain that truth is merely that which seems true to each of us; it is called subjective because it comes from the subject that thinks rather than from any common object thought of and to which we all can point for proof of our convictions. German writers now, after the great debacle of their nation, are bewailing this fatal mental bias of the past and some of them even confess that this infatuation came from reading our own individual notions into bible texts in order to get new weird doctrines that the Church never thought of in its universal orthodox consciousness, and this system originated in the Reformation.

The Bible and each individual reading his individual subjective instincts, impulses, perhaps gloomy temperament and wilful hobbies of politics together with his own passions into the texts as they came up before himself and the oracle of his own individual mind for interpretation, became the new rule of faith and was designated "The Open Bible." Modernism, in substance, was this subjectivism turned to the interpretation of Catholic doctrines. Can conscience, then, understood as mere subjective instinct or emotion of the individual mind, be any argument for the existence of God? Certainly not, and for the simple reason that such blind instinct is not objective, and is simply not mental. Mind is a mirror and should never



make its own images. There must be something objective for the mind to reproduce and the mental order is always second to the real. We are satisfied that Newman held the second view of conscience, which perhaps might be designated by the more general name of consciousness.

### **Conscience or Consciousness.**

What we mean by conscience as opposed to mere blind instinct on one side and slow plodding argumentative reason on the other, is what may be termed consciousness, and consciousness is that act of the mind by which one views the contents of his own soul, of his mind and will at that moment; it is a mental spectator and to this act we can all testify, for at any given moment we can tell all the thoughts and emotions that are vital in us. When looking over this internal landscape can we see things transpiring that testify to the existence of God? The picture quoted from Newman's Grammar of Assent is merely the landscape of the soul, varied through a succession of lights and shadows ranging from the obscurity of reason to the fullest flashes of faith and multiform graces, for each soul has its own visitations. By these visitations each soul will be afterwards judged before the great tribunal, so they are real and true. Grace means illumination of mind and inspiration of will coming from above, from the great Father of Lights. Theologians, in estimating the frequency of these Heavenly visitations, vary considerably, and thus the testimony given to the existence of God by consciousness is quite intermittent; some say, and with certainty, that at least occasionally during life these visitations appear in the supernatural sky within, for the Church teaches that every soul receives sufficient graces and not merely graces of external opportunities, but of internal spiritual experiences. Other theologians, and many like Ripalda, contend that these graces are virtually continuous.

Do these mystic displays of heavenly lights and impulses go on in souls even of heathens so continually as to be habitual? Who can vouch for this? Who can say since there is no rule to invoke but God's good will? At all events they do occur at

intervals and even their comparative rarity would only enhance the argument of consciousness by the contrast of the light and cheer they set up in the habitual gloom of sinful souls.

Reverting to the main point, we here ask the question, is this consciousness of such individual experiences a scientific argument for the existence of God? Can it be used in disputations and especially against infidels who deny the existence of such experiences in themselves without incurring a *petitio principii*? (a begging of the question in dispute)—viz., to assert that heavenly messages come to us is to also assert that God exists. To formulate the argument we should say that God sends every spirit testimony.

Behold I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear My voice and open to Me the door I will come to him and sup with him and he with Me. Ap. iii., 20. Blessed are thou, Simon Bar-Jona, because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but My Father Who is in Heaven. Mat. xvi., 17. The spirit of a man is the lamp of the Lord. Ps. xx., 27. Who show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience being witness to them, etc. Rom. ii., 14, 15.

The numerous passages of Holy Scripture that show the internal relations of God with the human soul leave no room for doubt on the reality of supernatural internal inspirations that frequent the soul in this earthly life. Presumably, then, it is these visitations that furnish the facts for this so-called argument of conscience, supplying evidence so unique, brilliant and undeniable as to overwhelm a would-be infidel;—and yet this is not a natural argument that can be generalized and stated in terms of dialectic logic.

Can this argument be listed as a natural one to prove the existence of God? It seems not, for it rests on supernatural experiences. A natural argument is a finding for God in mere natural reason in the world of mere nature, and is not intermittent or in any way indefinite or desultory as graces would imply; it comes from the light of evidence shining over the landscape of mere creature scenery either in the soul or the outer world and which can be pointed to at any moment. Still it holds



wilful men when the regular rational arguments are impugned and so we are far from criticizing Cardinal Newman for appealing to it. The Scholastics do not give it place when proving the existence of God by natural reason and the great scholastic, Saint Thomas Aquinas, did not include it in his five arguments.

### **Conscience and Teleology.**

Consciousness is not conscience, as the student of mental philosophy learns, for consciousness is reserved to the purely mental order, while conscience is a moral faculty of ethics, and so after setting this distinction and after admitting the truth of supernatural consciousness based on the visitations of grace for the existence of God we are to complete the main inquiry by asking what proof the moral faculty of conscience strictly so called affords for God's existence. Conscience is an act of reason and is the conclusion of an argument; it presupposes premises; it is like a conditional proposition depending on these premises; it is less known than the premises and in a word, it is very contingent and secondary. The mind first discovers a moral and objective principle of conduct derived from the nature of things as for instance: parents are to be honoured; and if this principle is quite self-evident the learned ones call it *synderesis*, which is the knowledge of moral principles. This knowledge is partly speculative and partly practical, i.e., it is speculatively true in general that parents are to be practically honoured, but this is not yet an act of conscience, and many a disobedient son would admit it as practically true in the abstract. The next premise is that some individual is one's father—this man is my father—and this minor proposition knitting with the major that parents are to be honoured gives the third proposition or the consequence which is conscience strictly so called, and the upshot of the other two,—this man is to be honoured by me. The conclusion—this man is to be honoured by me—is wholly practical and thus a dictate of conscience. Conscience tells us at every moment what we are to do and it naturally depends on some degree of moral instruction, together with an experience of present circumstances demanding

conduct. It is rooted in mind and will; it requires knowledge to be truthful and also upright purpose of will in order to be good. When the mental element is defective our conscience is untrue and needs instruction, and when the will element is wanting all the instruction in the world will not supply to make a good conscience, for even a theologian can be a criminal.

We press the question, then, what testimony does conscience, strictly so called, give to the existence of God? Conscience thus strictly taken presupposes moral knowledge of moral duty drawn from the real moral order of responsible rational creatures in relation to themselves and things around them; it thus implies a great moral obligation incumbent upon us and urging human wills to obedience to its behests. Presumably, then, the whole argument is one of teleology, i.e., of order and design, to be generalised and identified with the physical argument of the great Cosmos and expressed thus: where there is an exquisite order prevailing to the most minute details and to the most insignificant creatures belonging to that order, i.e., a common end to which all things conspire and a natural fitting of part to part with accurate reference to the ultimate end,—if there is a world in which everything is a wheel or a cog of a wheel influenced by the motion of the main spring and in turn influencing the escapement of motion, we may say with certainty that there is a great designer over and above it all.

It is the purpose of the present discussion to emphasize the unreasonable whims of such tottering infidels as deny all teleology of the physical and moral order or the validity to prove God's existence from it and then to take support and proof from the argument of conscience for the truth thus almost denied; that is if we understand them to use conscience in this obvious and legitimate meaning. If they mean conscience in the sense of Cardinal Newman's argument of supernatural consciousness testifying to graces received from God and appeal to it in public utterances, then they should be less rationalistic and sceptical and even fall to their prayers; they should join the Catholic Church, or at least the Salvation Army. If they mean conscience in the first sense described above, they are nursing



a delusion that will disappear with the waning popularity of Kant's ravings about the cosmos and the "ego."

### **Teleology and the Aesthetic Sense.**

To many rationalists the aesthetic sense is more embarrassing even than conscience when trying to settle down to peaceful materialism, for the raiment of flowers and birds and butterflies bring them not joy, but fear, and it is the fear of God. Crude, blind forces of nature are not fit artists for such decorations, for such textures and patterns of graceful forms, such wanton exuberance, such baffling and translucent colouring, with perhaps a heavenly breath of perfume like an ultimate reminder of the Lord's missives or billets doux coming from Heaven. Fifty-two different varieties of orchids that seem to rise and challenge doubt are enough to make sceptics flee. Humming birds in their exquisite gowns, and even beetles with their peculiar styles of coats and cravate, call for milliners and tailors. We might as well close an illustrated work of natural history and deny that it had an intelligent writer and designer as to deny design to the gay people that its pages represent. These books have no printers and no designers. All we have to do is to set our teeth and say no. It is not necessary to point out with exposition and emphasis that the argument of the aesthetic sense is but an ornamental fragment of the great design pervading all nature and rearing it up into a temple where God resides and manifests Himself. We might in subjective fashion, as already stated, say that there is nothing ornamental or beautiful in nature objectively and that it is only a subjective instinct in man that gives rise to the poetry of the world. But whether subjectively or objectively construed it remains a thorn and a deterrent to the would be sceptic. The aesthetic element, that is the pleasing or the beautiful in nature, is only a heightening of or an addition to that which is merely useful and partakes in the great design of the universe and is only nominally different from that which is useful. The beautiful and the useful are the same in themselves, but differ only in appeal and reference. The good serves

a purpose and also gratifies an appetite. The beautiful goes farther and entertains the senses with a special charm while doing so. It is the difference between the fresh, rosy-cheeked apple and the baked apple. The additional purpose served by the beautiful over that which is good and useful is undoubtedly only an increased teleology or design, but it has also its own subtle appeal. It is said by spiritual writers that nothing in nature speaks to us so unequivocally of God's love and fatherly tenderness as a flower; for to weave a flower's texture and clip it to such fanciful designs to perfume it so delicately and set it on its dainty stem all ready for the hand and senses of his human children, is most appealing. Who can accept the bouquet and deny the donor? But logically, what appeal can even beauty have to the dullard that denies to the whole universe a great, all-comprehensive design? When design fails all argument fails, and reason is prostrate. To deny design and yet to feel the appeal of the aesthetic sense is to extinguish reason and enkindle emotion, and looks like trying to save one's face after committing a crime.

### Concluding Remarks.

The June, August and November number of the American Ecclesiastical Review for 1917 contains an interesting inquiry into the mind of Cardinal Newman on the meaning of conscience when used to demonstrate with a singular felicity the existence of God, so that it might be worthy of being designated an argument of conscience. We are informed there that Pope Pius X. wrote a letter to the Bishop of Limerick, Ireland, exhorting Cardinal Newman from any participation whether in principle or sympathy with the errors of modernism. We can say then that Newman did not intend conscience in the first sense as described in this article or as the modernists would have it. His accusers, while approving of this commendation of Newman's substantial orthodoxy, say that his words are open to such a construction and thus are unfortunate. His apologists flatten out the whole description of Newman's argument for conscience to mean that conscience is but a starting point or occasion for some kind of a proof for the existence of God.



The intention of his apologists would run thus: conscience as the regular moral faculty in the third sense spoken of here, presupposes and thus indicates a moral law and law in turn, leads to the cognizance of a great moral order which finally ushers in on our intelligence the common argument of teleology or design; for where there is order and design there must exist over and above a great regulating intelligence. They tell us also that this argument of conscience can be found in ordinary books of religious instruction bearing the best imprimatur of ecclesiastical authority and of every-day catholic usage also; that when the sense of a writer seems ambiguous it should be construed charitably and favourably to his orthodoxy. But how can we construe the following sentence which may be found farther on in the context that we have given from the Grammar of Assent. The disputants seem to narrow down the whole dispute to a sensible understanding of this passage: "Though I lost the sense of the moral deformity of my acts I should not, therefore, lose my sense that they were forbidden me." The obvious import of these words is if all moral instruction were lost or rejected, that is if the moral law became a blank and the whole decalogue a mere problematic question still conscience should show just as usual that such acts as the decalogue forbids are still forbidden to the individual himself.

The interpretation of this short and sententious statement of Cardinal Newman will illumine the whole problem that we are discussing. If in this passage we understand conscience in the first sense as mentioned above and which we call purely subjective, Modernistic and false, it would mean that even if all former knowledge of moral law were separated from the mind, like water that flowed from a spring, so that the mind should lose all sense of moral law and evil, that the soul itself would be as a fountain of truth unto itself, moral truth and sense of sin always welling up from its own subjectivity. The mind would be understood to make its own truth, to be active in relation to truth, not merely passive to reflect it as a fountain might reflect the flower beside it. The mind might be said as Fichte, the disciple of Kant, asserted, to make God Himself; for what we know of God is all our own making.

Surely Newman did not mean this, and his Catholic critics, while allowing that he did not intend it, maintain that his words are dangerous by reason of some squinting ambiguity that makes them look in this direction. If we understand conscience in the second sense, as consciousness, we can readily perceive the truth and satisfaction contained in these words of Newman, for then conscience becomes objective and records the thoughts and impulses that come from without, from the Lord Himself; not that we see Him, but that we feel the impulses to good that we argue must come from His hand alone.

Conscience understood in the third sense of mere reason making deductions of practical conduct from moral law, would make this passage of Newman false and ridiculous. The mind would have no premises to argue on and remain an absolute blank.

Spiritual directors depend wholly on the knowledge of moral law and a Confessor will frequently change the whole conscience of the penitent, either setting him free or binding him to a duty by simply pointing out the law. Conscience, we think, depends wholly on the law; theologians call it the internal proximate law that is wholly dependent on the external and remote. What, then, does the Cardinal mean? In this article we suggest consciousness of the whole internal spiritual life, that is of conscience itself, and the knowledge of moral law when lighted up by the visitations of grace and the whole internal spiritual mechanism when impelled to good by the touch of God's supernatural hand. These graces come and go as the spirit breathes and we cannot adduce them in formal argument, but we may point to them as realities that each one should notice for himself. If this suggestion is not a true one, though the Cardinal himself seems to declare it, this question of his meaning in the brilliant argument of conscience will become an enigma.





## The Fairy Rath of Lissarink

BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD, LITT.D.

The Fairy Rath of Lissarink stands in a lonely glen,  
And all day long in summertime the wild bees range around;  
No sounds unseemly vex the spor from out the world of men,  
For this is Magic's very home—the Rath is haunted ground.

The hazel and the quicken tree make shade for silent birds,  
The Woodbine's drowsy perfume and the harebell's scent  
blow sweet;  
The spear-grass sways, low whispering some mystic fairy  
words;  
Pale primroses are waiting for the press of fairy feet.

So all the day the Fairy Rath in shade and sunshine sleeps,  
While, moving slow, the silver clouds sail ceaselessly on  
high,  
Till evening o'er the quiet fields in solemn vesture creeps  
And sunset's purple oriflame illumines the western sky!

So all day long beneath the dun the Fairy Folk sleep on;  
Within their golden palaces they rest on beds of down,  
They fly the garish sunshine; but the moonlight faint and wan,  
They love its gentle lustre on their Fairy Mountain's crown.

And when the shadows dim and cool have covered glen and lea,  
At midnight, and a gibbous moon treads softly through the  
rack,

There opens in the Fairy Rath a gate of mystery  
And silver-helmed companies surge down the beaten track!

Then weird and thrilling music sounds—the Keol Shee\* rings  
out,

As curving in a graceful line, or rigid as a lance,  
The elfin legions eagerly take up their joyous route,  
And wake the startled valleys in the wondrous Fairy  
Dance!

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\* Ceol Sidhe—Fairy Music.

## The Procession of Corpus Christi

(Translated from the French of Jean Vézère).

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

**I**N the heart of a small meadow which slopes gently down to the river, hidden away among tall grasses, daisies, downy dandelion heads and rosy balls of clover, the gray partridge, brooding over her eggs, trembled to hear, from beyond the hill, a heavy growl like the roll of distant thunder.

Simultaneously, a thrush in the apple orchard of a neighboring farm opened his beak, but from it failed to come like joyous trill wherewith he is wont to announce ripe cherries and fine weather. The note he flung forth, plaintive as a moan, foretold rain; and almost at once a nightingale answered it with the call like a frog's croaking, that he summons from his fine throat at the approach of a storm.

Trembling, the partridge settled down closer upon her eggs. Before, behind and all around her, covering her with their cool shade, bent delicate stems, nearly white close to the ground, green farther up, then lighter at their tips. Some ants were running about at the edges of her nest, hollowed out in the ground and lined with dry leaves. Through the net-work of grasses she could see the roofs of the village, red against the green fields, a bend of the river, broken into a thousand ripples, ablaze in the sun and a spring sky, low in cloudy distance where the swallows were circling.

"A storm!" thought the gray partridge. "What will become of us, poor, nesting birds?" She knew that in all the tangles, furrows and woodland thickets, beneath old walls and on the very tree-tops hundreds of little winged creatures were as frightened as she about their eggs just ready to hatch.

The blue flash of a king-fisher shone among the reeds and willows of the shore. The bird was hurrying to its hole in the shelving bank, littered about with fish-bones. Near the mo-



tionless partridge arose a sound like a grind or rattling. It was the rustle of the broom, which runs and races over the fields, slender and in garb of Isabella hue.

"May heaven protect us!" murmured he. And on all sides anguished voices echoed the prayer. The lark and the quail in the green wheat, the chattering tom-tit from the reeds, the linnet, the gold-finch, the chaf-finch in the village orchards, the thrush that lays such lovely blue eggs, spotted with black, and the oriole, whose cradle nest, suspended by slender threads, swings from the high poplar boughs and is gently caressed by the breeze. The clouds, cottony masses of yellow-white, were taking on every minute tones of gray, then tints of slate. They enlarged, drew apart and united again. The confused mass covering a quarter of the sky, a leafy chaos of purplish vapors.

The chorus of timid voices cried without ceasing, "The Lord will protect us!"

A large, dark bird swooped down to the ground in the centre of the meadow and said squarely, "He will not protect us!"

It was a very aged magpie, talkative, bustling, full of her own importance. She was listened to as an oracle because she had lived long and nested for years in the garden of the Mayor, Monsigneur Limason, the general counsellor of the village. In view of this she claimed to know all the local news and even the secret of politicians.

"Why do you plead with Him for protection?" she inquired of her silent audience. "The men of the valley break His law and blaspheme His Name. See how He has treated us since impiety became triumphant in this region! The seasons are topsy-turvy, the rivers overflow, frost or hail destroys our crops; or hurricanes uproot houses, sweeping them away like chaff; floods of rain turn our fields into marshes; the caterpillars attack the apple trees, black-rot eats the vines, the ink-disease threatens the oaks and chestnuts.

"And all the birds are dying!" pursued the green magpie, with a sigh, clinging the while to the dead trunk of an old willow. "It is not enough to have our usual foes—the carni-

vora, the birds of prey and reptiles. Spring rains destroy our broods; lingering frosts kill our migrating cousins, who leave the South too early. The millet fails and the pulpy flesh of fruit. Happy are they who live, as I do, upon larvae and insects!"

"How long have we had calamities?" inquired a small wag-tail.

"Ever since the good God ceased to pass through our fields in blessing," said the ancient magpie. "Every since Monsieur, the Mayor, and his Council suppressed our processions—in order not to disturb the turkeys, ducks and hens which frequent the village square! The people here live more and more like pagans. The patience of God will yield to His justice. The summer will not pass without some disaster."

The brooding mothers, pressing tenderly upon their warm eggs, uttered dismal moans. But a swallow, tired of the lowering sky, paused in his whirling to rest and say to the magpie with youthful audacity. "Who told you, Madam, that there would be no procession this year?"

Surprised, the magpie whirled round and spread her long tail. "Do you know more about it than I, who overhear from my nest all the discussions of those who govern us? No!" she cried in vexation, "there will be no procession. They will not give it back to us any more than they will restore the good Sisters whom they have driven out, or the Crucifix they have taken from the walls of the school-room!"

Without being disconcerted, the swallow went on, "I have built my home in a buttress of the Church. Through a broken sash in its leaded window I can look down upon the altar. I can assist at Mass and hear the sermon. Every Sunday I see things—many things!—and, whatever you say, Madam, I assure you, on the faith of a swallow, that there will be a procession this year."

"I shall wait to see it, before I believe! to see it with my own eyes!" snarled the magpie, who did not relish contradiction.

"You shall see!" it!" promised the swallow. Then came



a sudden gust of wind and she rose with it, uttering sharp and joyous cries.

The clouds burst into rain at this very moment. The voices ceased. Crouching under the leafage were only a few little shivering balls of feathers.

But the storm departed after a light down-pour. The sky was blue again. Between its azure and that of the river the orioles nest, held by its frail cords, continued to swing, trickling with Spring rain. The bright drops flashing in the sun made it a rare and dazzling thing, set with diamonds and pearls, and wrapped in a fine net-work of silver.

The Rogatian Days came. On all the roads apple-blossoms and hawthorn rained their snows; but the little lads in their red cassocks, their surplices blowing in the morning breeze, were not there. The Litanies of the Saints with their invocations were not flung forth by the river-bank or on the meadow slopes.

Puffed up with self-importance, Madam Magpie exulted. "I told you so!" she cried. "To think of trusting the word of a vagabond swallow who would correct his elders! Like all travellers, the swallows have too much imagination. We shall not have the procession of Corpus Christi any more than that of the Rogations; and, if this month of May has been mild, tremble so much the more, ye who have eggs to be hatched! The month of June will bring desolation to your nests."

So the sun shone in vain. Lilacs and eglantine bloomed in the hedges; the fields of rye waved in the breeze, like tremulous sheets of silver; but the small birds were so terrified that the best singers poured forth only notes of sadness, and the daintiest beaks forgot the ripening cherries.

At nightfall, when Dame Magpie could not see them, a few ventured to go and consult the swallow. She received them politely and bade them welcome to the edge of her solid nest, built close up into the angle of a granite pillar which helped to uphold the main arch of the Church. The new arrivals asked a timid question. "Do you still think, Dame Swallow, that the good Lord does not want to curse us?"

Instead of answering she pushed them toward the broken window-gap. They beheld a chapel, full of whiteness and light. On her altar, amid sheaves of roses, a Madonna was smiling. Blue smoke went up from the censer, a few women were saying the Rosary and many children singing. The swallow explained in a low voice. "This is the month of Mary."

"And the procession?" inquired the birds. "The procession you promised us?"

"Patience! Patience!" advised the swallow. Have confidence in me."

June arrived; when, according to Dame Magpie, all the young birds were to die. Wild with fright, the mother-birds whispered their fears to one another in the meadows and among the yellowing fields, which at dawn echoed the songs of the reapers.

"If it could but stay fair until St. John's Day," said the gray partridge. "Saint John's Day in summer, when my little ones will break their shells!"

"Dame Magpie gave a sneering laugh. "While you are about it, why not ask for fair weather until Saint Remy? On Saint Remy's Day the young partridges become full-grown ones."

Then, flying from one nest to another to sow the seed of terror, she explained volubly, "The Swallow had lied. She has told nonsense stories. Monsieur, the Mayor, said this very morning that there would be no more processions in this town. He laughed at them with his friends, Cournou, the wheelwright, and Perruchet, the school-master. And all three, drinking under the grape-arbor their good white wine, swore and blasphemed so that my feathers bristled with horror. The vengeance of God is at hand."

Now, one Sunday morning, when the sun had risen radiantly above the transparent mists that clung to the river, the swallow appeared above the dew-impearled meadow. She was seen describing a thousand whirling circles in the air, mounting, swooping, darting, turning and winding, feverish, excited, as if intoxicated with joy, in the azure light. Then, like an arrow she



sank down to the meadow, skimming with her sharp wings over the grass-spears amid the vain tremolo of the silly oats.

What a festive cry she flung into the golden morning! A cry as joyous, as triumphant as that of the bells, pealing forth at this very moment for early Mass.

Curious heads were peeping out from the nests.

"Victory! Victory!" shouted the swallow. "The procession is for to-day, the procession that I promised you!"

There was excitement everywhere. In the field, the woods, the vineyards, thousands of little creatures started up.

"Is it possible?" whispered the chattering tom-tits.

"Are we to have this joy?" sighed the gray partridge.

"Is she deceiving us?" The plump quails put this query to the larks, already vibrant with hope.

"She is a lunatic," cried Dame Magpie, whom all this stir had brought to the scene. I tell you she is crazed. I, myself, who speak to you, I know what a procession is! It cannot be arranged without great preparation. Now, we have reached the Sunday of Fête-Dieu; but all in vain! The village is mute, quiet as usual. Ah, if you could have seen it in the olden time, on such a morning as this!"

"It was a charming sight!" pursued the old magpie. "What enthusiasm! what excitement! Everyone was eager, busy, joyous. Children with baskets were already plundering the gardens. In the square were the young girls, making nosegays and weaving garlands. The lads came, bringing from the fields armfuls of green boughs of fragrant grasses. The carpenter was nailing together planks for the Reposoir, and the good Sisters covered them with red drapery, muslin, and gliding. Before their houses, perched upon ladders, the men were hanging the walls with fine sheets fresh from the linen-presses. And the women, pin-cushions in their hands, wend back and forth decorating this rude canvas with scattered flowers and sprays of fennel.

"The whole village assisted at the Mass and afterwards," continued the magpie, "when the Holy Office had been said, gay banners, streamers and oriflames led the way; then came the

young girls, clad in white, and children swinging the censer or scattering showers of roses. The priest, vested in gold, moved on slowly beneath a canopy of red velvet, upholding the great monstrance, which blazed like a sun!

"Now, look about you! It is late. Mass will soon be over. Not a flower on the road, no decoration on the houses. Far worse, again! The farmers of Clos-du-Bas have been reaping ever since dawn, destroying without a scruple our Sunday peace. The Lord sees it and is angry. He is preparing to punish them, and us along with them."

"Patience!" repeated the swallow, who was skimming in great circles over the meadow. "I am going to have my turn."

Curious as to the outcome, the blackbird gave his mocking whistle, the partridge rose up a little from her eggs, the oriole swelled his golden throat, the hen-linnet woke the echoes of the plain with her gay Tvilibara.

"The Mass is said," announced Madam Magpie, who, on a high bough was preening her plumage of half-mourning. "The farmers are leaving the church and going straight home, as they always do. The sexton has put on his coarse blouse again, and is shutting the belfry door. Well, Madam Swallow, now show me the silver Cross and the acolytes, the velvet canopy and its white plumes! I see nothing of all this!"

"The children are coming out," replied the swallow, simply. "Look at them!"

Before the village priest who stood on the porch, the children, whose ages ran from seven to twelve, were quietly descending the steps, grave, devout. Held by a ribbon, a tiny medal shone on the breast of each.

Then, the Cure clapped his hands. The lines broke up and the childish band scattered with cries of joy. A few hastened to the houses on the main road, but the larger number took to the fields. They followed the small pathways, chattering all at once or showing each other in their little red-edged prayer-books, the pictures they had just received. Some went hand in hand; others alone, with pensive brows. All were radiant in their innocence and the joy of a profound peace.



"There it is," said the swallow, "the procession I said you would have. All these little ones have had Communion this morning. Each of their souls is a Ciborium where God dwells. In the olden time, ignorant and thoughtless, they would have strewed flowers before the Blessed Sacrament; now they bear it about in their hearts. Thanks to them, it is moving on through the fields; it has come to bless the country-side."

"The procession!" cried all the birds in ecstasy, "the procession of Corpus Christi!" They sang as they had never sung before, with open throats and breathless with joy. Each bush, each tree, each tuft of grass added to its note to the invisible orchestra. Pearly, fine drawn sounds, trills and new vocal flights rained down from the branches—only pausing now and then to bring out more effectively the touching recitative of the nightingale.

Amazed by this concert, the children stood still by the side of the path to listen. One up-lifts his head, to drink it in better,—and his heart was so light, the morning so lovely, that he wanted to imitate the warblers. A hymn naturally came to mind,—the one he had sung just before at the altar:

"Behold the Lamb, the Lamb of God,  
The Saviour of the world!"

Thus this ancient air, so simple, so often on the lips of our ancestors, resounded once more through the valleys, poured forth from the pure lips of a child. Carried away by the swing of the fine old tune, the other little communicants took up the refrain, singing with reverence,

"Lo, He comes down from Heav'n for us;  
O let us all adore Him!"

Then a breeze flew by, bowing as in devotion, the grain, the boughs and the grass. All was silence for a moment. Something like a certainty of peace and safety over-spread the wide fields palpitating with summer's radiant life; and the timid birds, freed from dread, felt they had nothing to fear from nature, since the meadows and plains, where their nests lay hid, had just received the blessing of God.

### The Ship of June

Sails of silken summer clouds,  
Blown about by winds, in shrouds.  
Masts of maple, beech and pine  
Dancing leaves her proud ensign.  
Seas of green her conquering way,  
Blossoms blown her scented spray.

Deft and fleet and Nature-knit,  
Every floral bloom her kit;  
Halyards:—forests' streaming pride,  
Sunlight strewing each deck-side.  
Laden ship, take me, I pray,  
Glad to be your stowaway.

Sail, thou regal ship of June,  
Sail mid breeze-blown pipe and rune.  
Statelier far than craft of steel,  
Ribs of plate and iron keel;  
Ropes to bind; the fire-flames' knout  
To whip her on her charted route.

Supple, awful in its grip  
The death-belching battleship.  
Mightier than its ensign-crest,  
The eternal sunbeam on thy breast.  
Ship of June, unchallenged, free,  
The world thy course, the green thy sea.

FREDERICK B. FENTON.



## Life of Bishop McQuaid of Rochester, N.Y.

REV. M. J. RYAN, D.D., PH.D.

**A** LIFE of Bishop McQuaid is now being written and is already announced by Rev. Dr. Zwierlein, the professor of history in St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, and a preliminary sketch of his character and career has been published by the same hand in the Dublin Review. Those who have the pleasure of knowing Dr. Zwierlein will anticipate with confidence a learned, accurate, interesting work, which will be a valuable contribution towards the history of the Catholic Church in the U.S.A. Those who are not personally acquainted with him, may learn from his essay in the Dublin Review what a skilful writer he is and how well qualified for such a task.

It seems likely, however, that the book will dwell chiefly upon Bishop McQuaid's official and public career and character and the great work which he accomplished for religion and religious education, and the controversies in which he was engaged.

But there was a part of his character quite unknown to the world, and little known even to his friends, which I think should be recorded by one of the few now living who were privileged to witness it. Bishop McQuaid had been an orphan boy, and early acquired a habit of hiding his heart under a mask of steel. As Archbishop Hanna once remarked to me, in his shyness of showing emotion, he was not like the average American or Irishman.

From the time I went to Rochester, he always treated me with the greatest kindness, and with a steadily growing confidence. During the closing years of his life, in which he had great sorrow, I was admitted into the greatest intimacy with him. Except his Coadjutor, Bishop Hickey, no one was closer to him than I, or could have seen more of his heart. And I purpose to set down here a few traits in order to show what manner of heart it was.

When people first met Bishop McQuaid, what always struck them first was his manhood and manliness. As Cardinal Gasquet wrote to me after his death, "what a man he was! I saw that, at once, when I first became acquainted with him."

Once in the course of a long chat I was telling him that I once in my life had felt fear when I had to walk along a narrow plank at some height over the water, on a dark night, with my host's bloodhound poking his nose into the calves of my legs. So I asked him if he had ever known what fear was. He replied: "Never any fear except the fear of doing wrong."

He was a man of very shrewd and penetrating judgment. I remember once I was put up by Dr. Hanna (as he then was) to ask him to do an act which would be a great charity towards one who little deserved it from him or from anyone else. The moment I entered his room and wished him good evening, the weird old man said in an ironical tone: "Well, and what does your Reverence want now?" I was never so surprised. However, he did as much and indeed more than could have been expected under the circumstances.

Under this outward aspect lay a most tender, affectionate heart, very responsive to kindness and very sensitive of ingratitude. In his last illness he said: "The physicians say I am dying of heart disease, but it is really a broken heart." His heart was broken by the ingratitude of a man to whom he had been very good. "When anyone injures me," he said to me at another time, "I never wish for revenge, only I want never to see him again."

Once at our table in St. Bernard's there was some conversation about Newman going on, and one of the professors said: "You knew him, did you not, Bishop?"

"Aye," he said fervently, "and I could have fallen down on my knees and kissed his feet, I was so touched by the humility which accompanied his genius."

I remember once in the beginning of those troubles which I have mentioned, he was at the Seminary in the forenoon, and when he was leaving he asked me to go up to see him in the evening at his house (which took about twenty minutes on the



cars). It was winter, and in the afternoon the weather became terribly wild and stormy. When I went into his room he said, "I was afraid you would not come."

Seeing that the dear old man was deeply moved, I tried to pass it off lightly by saying, with a smile, that it was good for a fellow to be out in a storm, and anyhow I had said I would come. He looked at me very fixedly and tenderly for several minutes, and then he said: "You must have had a good mother."

That was the sweetest bit of praise I ever got in my life, and I could only reply that she certainly was a good woman.

At other times before those troubles, I have seen his lip quiver as he tried to thank me for services I had done him or the Seminary, and he turned away his head to hide his feelings as if he thought any escape of emotion was a humiliation and a disgrace.

Once at a funeral of a Belgian priest, who had been a professor in the Seminary, I saw him when he was going up to the pulpit to preach a funeral sermon, so overcome by emotion that he felt quite unable for the task, and he turned to his Coadjutor Bishop, and said: "You must take my place; I cannot speak." He afterwards let me know why he felt so deeply: "I fear I once hurt that poor fellow's feelings and made him anxious and unhappy, by a remark I made about some future arrangements in his department. I should have explained to him what I meant. But as you know, that was not my way."

The last summer before he died, he was very ill when I was going away for my vacation; and when I called to say good-bye, having heard that the physician would not allow anyone to see him, I asked the housekeeper if I might see the Bishop. "You," she answered, "may. The doctor forbade us to let anyone in; but the Bishop told me that if you called I must bring you in." After a few minutes' talk, he told me to go to his bureau, where there were a lot of crucifixes that he had brought from Rome, blessed by the Pope. There were two kinds, one much finer than the other, and he directed me to bring one of each. He then gave me the less fine one, and asked me to use

it in my prayers that I might remember him. And the finer one he handed me, saying it was for my mother. "Tell her," he said, "that though I have never seen her and never shall, I love her for her son's sake; ask her to use this crucifix when she is praying, in order that she may think of me when I am dead."

I hardly could find any words for my feelings, and at last I said, he must not talk of dying yet; I should expect to find him better when I returned. "You must get well," I said, "for our sake." "Ah well," he said, "in any case I cannot last long. But I have picked out a good man to take my place,—a strong man, and a just man, and a kind man, and he will take care of you all at the Seminary when I am gone."

No one had more experience than I of the truth of this character of Bishop Hickey, particularly of his kindness. I remember once, I was taken seriously ill some time before Christmas, and when he heard on Christmas Day that I had got up that morning in order to try to say Mass and had not been able to do so, he came down to the Seminary that very afternoon to see me, and spent the time with me that he would have spent with his mother.

I had many opportunities of observing his noble qualities. He always bestowed on me an amount of kindness and honor of which I felt myself to be unworthy. I always have held him and always must hold him in grateful affection, and his friendship is one of the things of which I am proudest in my life.

When I returned from that vacation I found Bishop McQuaid had had himself moved to the Seminary in order to be present at the opening of a new wing. When I entered I found him in an invalid's wheel chair in the great corridor, and he at once began to speak to me in the most confidential manner of everything that was going on.

The speech which he made at the opening sank deep into all our hearts, for it was really his last and solemn will and testament, as he warned us against the commercialism of the age and country, and spoke of the celebration of the centenary of Ushaw College in England, and hoped that when the centenary



of his own Seminary came around, it might be able to boast of men like Lingard and Milner. And I may say that already it is so distinguished that it is an honor to have been one of its professors. It has been described by the Editor of the Dublin Review as the model Seminary of the U.S.A.

During his speech he collapsed in a fainting fit, and assuredly would have died on the spot from failure of the heart, but that the physician was seated just behind him. That physician, who was also our Seminary physician, then a young man, has gone on steadily increasing in wisdom and popularity, and I mention his name here (Dr. Simpson) because he was one of the best friends I ever have had,—as indeed doctors usually are benevolent, kind-hearted men, and apt to take a personal interest in their patients.

In the following months while he remained at the Seminary, many things passed between the old Bishop and me, which were altogether so affectionate on his part and are for me so sacred, that they cannot be given to the public ear.

After some months he insisted on being removed from the Seminary to his house in the city, saying that he was better and that he should get better still if he were near his work. It was but the flaring up of a candle before it goes out, and he did not last long there. I used to make a short visit to him almost every day.

Sometimes he would say, "I was thinking over what you said the other day," or "I was wondering what you meant," or "I was trying to think what made you do such a thing." In general these observations were only the day-dreams of old age, for there was no meaning in my words or actions beyond what lay on the surface. But his remarks were sweet to me because they showed that his thoughts lingered around me when I was not there. A day or two before he died he asked me to write after his death to several men, such as Cardinal Gasquet and the late Mgr. O'Riordan of the Irish College in Rome, and convey his gratitude to them for having stood as friends when sorrow befell him. Then he said: "Of course I had my natural faults, but I have not lived for myself; I have lived and

worked for Our Lord, and I hope He won't keep me too long out of Heaven."

I have recorded these anecdotes because they bring out a side of his character which, being little known, might easily come to be forgotten; and, also, because, now, when for me too the sunshine is fading and the shadows deepening, my heart turns back with especial affection to the memory of the noble old man from whom I received such constant kindness, whom I loved so much in return, and who also loved me as a father a son. May his memory be ever blessed!





### Let Me Be Remembered

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Let me be remembered, as a child's unfettered laughter,  
Heard beside a cottage when the robin woos its nest;  
Or as words of lovers, on a night in summer,  
When the scarlet moon goes to rest.

Let me be remembered, as an apple-blossom blowing,  
Brimmed with earth's wild fragrance for a dreamer's thirsty  
    brains;  
Or as strong-thewed oaks that toss their towering arms at  
    sunset,  
While a thrush spills music with a rainbow after rain.

As a soft word spoken, let me be remembered!  
On a blue-roofed morning when the hills are girt with gold;  
As a mother's kisses, when her loyal arms grow weaker,  
Let me be remembered, as her babes that have grown old.

As a bell at twilight, tolling in a valley,  
Listen to by old men there with bated breath;  
Let me be remembered as a lad that oft made merry—  
Nothing else shall matter after death.

J. CORSON MILLER,

in "Contemporary Verse."

## Where They Laid Their Beloved To Rest

VERY REV. DEAN HARRIS.

"From the Coliseum we went to the Catacombs and there Celine and I laid ourselves down in what had once been the tomb of St. Cecilia, and took some of the earth sanctified by her holy remains.—*Soeur Theresa of Liseaux*, p. 96.

**D**URING the month of November, 1869, I visited many of the underground cemeteries, excavated in the suburbs of Rome by the Catholics of the first three centuries of the Christian Era. Believing that, though the history of the Catacombs is ever ancient, it is also ever new, I write this article, at your request, for the instruction and edification of the intelligent clientele of St. Joseph Lilies.

If the Roman City above ground is curious and wonderful, that which lies beneath the city is still more astonishing. Above, the breezes from the campagna shake the ivy and the vines upon the walls of ancient temples, all that remain of an opulent and triumphant paganism. Below, in the solemnity and awe of unbroken silence, where the chill and humidity of eternal night are never ending; in the caves and grottoes opened in the depths of the sacred earth, in those silent vaults whose obscurity is at times lighted by false fires, there is now no living soul. But, in other times—times sanctified by the blood of martyrs and confessors—those sacred catacombs nourished and kept alive the Faith which gave vitality to the human conscience and enlightenment to the world.

The emotions awakened by a first visit to the catacombs are enduring. When I passed for the first time into the catacomb of St. Cecilia, I sank to my knees and kissed the earth. When I entered I carried with me the memory of an all-conquering people whose victorious eagles flew across the world, and whose institutions supported the weight of many ages. On my way to this underground cemetery of martyrs I passed broken walls, a few arches, some mutilated columns, half



legible inscriptions, ruined sepulchres, decapitated statues—things looking like the remains of a great shipwreck, the spoils of a terrible tempest. These and the awful Coliseum are all that are left of a wondrous civilization that in its long and triumphant reign dazzled and brutalized the world.

A visit to the catacombs carries the mind back with startling rapidity to scenes enacted in the apostolic age. Through the ways leading to the present entrances to some of the catacombs, through the still fields and dim twilight, I visualized the hurrying forms of our forefathers in the Faith, as they disappeared one after another from the roads around the city, to go down by some secret avenue or byway, to kneel before the graves of their beloved friends in the subterranean sanctuaries of the sainted dead. When reading among the earliest inscriptions of the Catacombs that of the valiant Marieus—a leader of a Roman legion—one understood how the early Christians commissioned brave men to explore the gloomy regions of caverns, quarries and sand pits around Rome in search of places where the first persecuted Catholics in the Capital of the heathen world might bury their dead. We will now enter the Catacombs with our thoughts centred on the infinite and our hearts strengthened by the hope of immortality.

The Catacomb most visited by pilgrims to Rome is that of St. Sebastian, but the one most deserving of deep study is the Catacomb of St. Calixtus. About four miles to the east of Rome, between the Appian Way and the Via Ardeatina, under heaps of all sorts of debris and rubbish, close to cypress groves which deepen the sad solemnity of the landscape, lies hidden the largest and most remarkable of all early Christian cemeteries. In the morning of Catholicism, it was a refuge for the persecuted unto death, a dwelling-place for prospective martyrs, a home for the dead, a church for the living, an assembly place for the saints, virgins and confessors who here fed the lamp of Faith and brought a new life to a decomposing world.

If any one among the readers of the Lilies should at any time visit Rome, I advise her not to visit the Catacombs without examining the books and maps of the great Catholic arch-

aeologist Bosius. No demonstration of the perpetuity of our Catholic doctrines and customs, and even discipline, unites more information with its striking evidences than the arguments drawn from Christian archaeology.

The study of these ancient acts of martyrdom, of the martyrologies, and the historical accounts of the first persecutions constitute a branch of knowledge which must deeply interest all who have inherited the Faith of these early martyrs and confessors.

When the devastations of the conquering barbarians had been in some measure repaired, the revival of letters brought with it a pious curiosity to investigate ecclesiastical antiquities.

Bosius, of the Oratory of St. Philip of Neri, entered upon his field of labour, and his astonishing perseverance met with the most gratifying success. His "*Roma Subterranea*," published by his friend and follower, Aringhi, is a warehouse of information on the Catacombs. The learned and able researches afterward continued by competent archaeologists may be said to have all resulted from the indefatigable pioneer work of Bosius. Forty years of his active life he devoted to the exploration and examination of the underground cemeteries of Rome.

It was in the year 593 that Bosius went out of the Capena Gate along the Appian Road, passed the place where our Lord appeared to St. Peter, and finally entered the narrow lane that led from St. Sebastian's to St. Paul's Church, outside the walls of Rome. Crossing a field, he noticed the ruins of an ancient arch and an exceptional greenness of the grass around the ruins. Here he began to dig, and in time discovered an entrance leading to a dark passage or gallery. Lighting his torch, he passed in, and, to his amazement, found himself amid the habitations of the dead. Numberless inscriptions on the mural graves, cut out of the clay, confronted him. Hastening along the gallery he had entered, he came to a large room or hall where he beheld on every side closet-like openings carved out of clay for the reception of dead bodies. But there were many of the graves containing bodies. These were closed with



marble slabs carrying inscriptions and Christian symbols.

Continuing his explorations, Bosius found himself in large circular hall, from which a number of narrow roads diverged in every direction, like the spokes of a wheel. Wonderful to relate, this city of the dead, far down beneath the surface of the earth, had other cities under it, immense underways, which, laid out on a similar plan, had streets of the dead extending even to the walls of Rome.

To-day, stairs cut out of the clay invite the astonished visitor to go down from the level of the first subterranean city into a second maze of streets and corridors furnished like those above with their ranges of graves, their chambers and chapels. Far away in the outskirts of this wonderful cemetery, in the most hidden recesses of the catacombs, perpetual fountains of limpid waters were discovered. In one corner of a room several steps lead down to a stream of water feeding a pool where in the times of persecution many a mutilated confessor for the Faith washed his wounds, and where many a pursued and fainting fugitive came to be refreshed. The waters of this pool, without doubt, were poured by saintly priests on the heads of valourous young men and chaste young girls who now sleep their last sleep among the martyrs and confessors in this unique dormitory.

The first thing which astonishes one on descending into the gloomy depths of these mortuary labyrinths is the gigantic labour of those who excavated them. Though it is said those subterranean cities were opened for quarries or sand pits, their especial peculiarities, their galleries placed one over the other—there are even as many as five stories or layers of tombs—their placement, which preserves a certain regularity, reveal a particularly conceived and well matured plan worked out by the builders, the early Christians, who left after them the emblems and symbols of the doctrines taught and believed by us to-day.

Even the nature and the properties of the soil had been scientifically studied. They had with trained intelligence avoided the argillaceous clay and chalk, the seepage and over-

flow of water, and all places that showed too much dampness and moisture. They opened their chapels and graves in soft granular, volcanic earth, easily worked and well adapted to their purposes, for it was essential to preserve these graves, sanctuaries and asylums from accidents incidental to certain soils and even from the malignity and destructive fury of mobs.

There were times when these pioneers of the Faith were constrained to ask the protection of Roman law, for the Roman law protected before all, and above everything in the Empire, the places sacred to sepulture. That piece of earth which was the property of the dead was not to be disturbed by the living. If land was sold, bequeathed, or given away, neither sale, will, or donation could alienate the tomb, sepulchre, or mausoleum which were always retained in the possession of the family or families who had placed in these tombs the ashes of their dead.

The Christians, profiting by the laws which respected all cemeteries, bought land, opened underground galleries and there deposited the treasured remains of their martyred dead and the bodies of all those who died in the Faith.

Thus by a commendable respect for cemeteries and the rights of property, the Catholics of the first three centuries secured a safe resting-place for their dead and a refuge where they could assist at the Adorable Sacrifice. The same Emperors who persecuted the Christians as disloyal subjects, respected them as proprietors. Collective property, such as that of the early Christians, had a legal existence in the code of laws and a legal right by sanction of the tribunal.

If there were confiscations, as in the reigns of Valerian and Diocletian, they were passing, exceptional, and intermittent. They were afterwards effaced by restitutions which proved the inviolate nature of the right, as in the restitutions made to Galieno and Magencius. The same Roman laws which acknowledged the Epilogue and the synthesis of the ancient world, which admitted into the temples of the Imperial City all the gods worshipped among Asiatic peoples, rejected and prohibited the adoration of the only God—the God of the Israelites and of the Christians. The gods of Asia, Egypt and Northern



Africa were like her own, gods of nature, of the flesh, while the God of the Hebrew and the Christian was a God of the spirit, threatening to displace the material and indulgent gods of the Empire and the beloved and powerful goddess of the flesh—Venus. Notwithstanding this hatred, confirmed by so many persecutions, Rome respected all societies or associations devoted to the burial of the dead or to offering up prayers, oblations or sacrifices for the departed. Protected by this respect of the Romans, and their belief in the immortality of the soul, the early Christians were free to inter the bodies of their beloved in their own cemeteries.

NOTE: The limitation of space in the Lilies constrains me to request the Editor to allow me to end this paper in the September issue of the Quarterly.



## No Cross, No Crown

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The heavier cross—the nearer Heaven—  
No cross without—no God within;  
Death—Judgment—from the heart is driven  
Amidst the world's false glare and din;  
Oh happy he—with all his loss—  
Whom God hath placed beneath the Cross!

The heavier cross—the stronger faith—  
The loaded palm strikes a deeper root.  
The wine-juice sweetly issueth  
When men have pressed the clustered fruit.  
And courage grows where dangers come  
Like pearls beneath the salt-sea's foam!

The heavier cross—the heartier prayer—  
The bruised herbs most fragrant are;  
If wind and sky were always fair  
The sailor would not watch the star—  
And David's psalms had ne'er been sung  
If grief his heart had never wrung

The heavier cross—the more aspiring  
From vales to climb the mountain's crest;  
The pilgrim, of the desert tiring,  
Longs for the Canaan of his rest;  
The soul has here no rest in sight,  
So to her God she wings her flight!



The heavier cross—the easier dying—  
Death is a friendly face to see,  
When life's decay there's no defying  
From all life's toil one then is free;  
The cross sublimely lifts our faith  
To Him Who triumphed over death!

Thou crucified!—the cross I carry—  
The longer—may it dearer be;  
And lest I faint while here I tarry  
Implant Thou such a heart in me:  
That faith, hope, love, may flourish there  
Till for my cross—the crown I wear!

—F.A.S.



## The Isle of Man

BY MARY HOSKIN.

Some time ago an article appeared in one of our leading Catholic journals on the Manx Poet, Mr. Brown, sometimes known as "T.E.B." This article sent my memory skimming back to a delightful three weeks I spent on the romantic Isle of Man not many years ago. I knew Mr. Brown's daughter well, having spent some time in the same house with her in Bristol. Learning that I was going to visit her native Island, she wrote to some of her friends with the result that I spent three weeks with these charming friends who held the memory of the Manx Poet in great veneration.

This tight little island, which is only thirty miles long and twelve wide, contains some of the most wonderful and picturesque scenery in the world; indeed so small and compact is the island that mountains, hills, glens, rivers, waterfalls, and castles press upon one another; a journey through the Island is like a closely moving panorama, with the wonderful sea always in evidence.

One day I sailed around the Island in one of the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company's steamers. The journey took exactly four hours and a half. The coast scenery in some parts is very fine, particularly around the Calf of Man, an inlet separated from the Island by a narrow, rock-strewn channel.

Douglas is the capital of the Isle of Man; the house where I stayed is on a hill overlooking the town; we could see the lovely semi-circular bay from the windows, and Conister with its tiny castle is well in view. Conister is a large rock quite covered at high tide, which lies about in the middle of the bay. Tradition has it that in days gone by a Scotch vessel was wrecked on it and the Scots said, "We canna stir," hence its name. Douglas is a very fine town indeed, with wide streets and substantial houses, finer than any of the towns on the



Channel Islands and superior to Ryde on the Isle of Wight. The Promenade is a most beautiful walk by the sea following the contour of the bay; when the tide is in the waves sometimes break over the wall.

The Isle of Man, anciently known as Mona or Mannia, lies in the Irish Sea, midway between England and Ireland, and enjoys what might be termed Home Rule. The present method of government retains many quaint features that belong to an earlier day. Unless specially mentioned, the island is not bound by acts of Parliament.

One day my Manx friends and I took the little train for Castledown, where we visited the old Castle, which was built in 945, and played a prominent part in early Manx history. Castletown was formerly the capital of the Island and renowned for its ancient fortress, the Castle of Rushen. This Castle was formerly the residence of the Earls of Derby, when Lords of the Isle of Man. It is a magnificent fortress and a stately pile, built to last forever. The partition walls between the rooms are seven feet thick; floors are laid of solid slabs of stone the full width of the rooms, forming also the ceiling of the rooms below. But stately, strong and magnificent as it is, it must have been a dismal abode. I can imagine the stone floors strewn with rushes and the ancient dames sitting by the fire-places, or near the narrow slits of windows, working their tapestry; or again, walking on the ramparts, where, certainly they would be rewarded by a charming view.

The two rooms are shown where the then Countess of Derby was imprisoned by Cromwell. The House of Keys used to meet in the old Castle until about a hundred years ago; it was then used as the chief Manx prison until quite recently. Now, however, it has been restored to its ancient appearance, and is kept as a show place.

The town is a rather sedate, old-fashioned place. Leaving it, we took the train for the next station back, Ballasalla, where we visited the ruins of Rushen Abbey, an old Cistercian Monastery. Very little remains but two or three towers and some fragments of walls. It is charmingly situated on the banks

of the River Silverburn, where over-hanging trees dip in the water.

There is an hotel now in the grounds of the old monastery which used to be a boarding school in the girlhood of my two friends; here they went to school. Behind the ruins are now fruit and flower gardens, and the romance is spoiled by a fruit-canning factory.

We walked along the banks of the Silverburn to a lovely cottage, where friends of my friends live. The house stands on the bank of the river with a garden all about it, a rustic bridge crosses the river and the garden continues on the other side. It is a most romantic spot. Our host took us to the end of the garden to view the "Monk's Bridge," a fine old stone bridge supposed to have been built in the twelfth century. We had tea in the cottage. All along the railway line, both going and returning, the eye was delighted with wild flowers, the banks being covered with primroses and hyacinths, and this in the month of May.

Another excursion was to Peel with one of my friends. We went first to the Castle, which is on an island; we were ferried over on a flat-bottomed boat for a half-penny each. Peel Castle, now a ruin, dates from pre-historic times, when it was a Celtic fort, surrounded by water and almost impregnable. It was the cradle of the Christian faith in the Isle of Man. It is said that St. Patrick was wrecked in the sea nearby and took refuge on Peel Island; one of the churches within the Castle precincts is attributed to him. The cathedral on this site was the seat of the See of Man in the early days of Christianity. The ruins are very interesting; there are some beautiful arches and windows. In the crypt under the cathedral is the Ecclesiastical prison 34 feet by 16 feet. Here Eleanor Cobham, wife of the Duke of Gloucester, uncle of Henry VI., was imprisoned for witchcraft. Her only exercise was a daily walk for an hour in a small enclosure near the prison. She died in 1459. Another place of interest is Fenella's Tower, so called from the incident in Sir Walter Scott's novel, "Peveril of the Peak." It is supposed to be the spot from



where Fenella leaped to join her lover in the boat below. There are many more interesting legends connected with this ancient Ecclesiastical fortress. The Custodian of the Castle, Mr. Cashin by name, is a Manxman and speaks the Manx language. He told us that his aunt, who was unable to read, could recite the whole of "Paradise Lost" in Manx, having learned it from hearing it read, and when she was spinning she used to recite passages from this wonderful poem. This sounds like a fairy tale, but he declared it to be true.

From Peel we drove to Glen Meay through which we walked to the sea, about a mile. This is so very beautiful that I cannot possibly describe it. We descended a hill and a flight of steps, with the sound of the torrent in our ears before we could see the water. When we came in sight of the cascades I was filled with delight. The water rushed down and the channel below turned and twisted about. We crossed and recrossed the bridge over the raging torrent, then walked along a narrow path at the side of the tumbling water. As we emerged from the glen we came upon the sea and a little rock-bound beach, where we sat upon the rocks and feasted our eyes on the scene before us.

During my stay on the Isle of Man I walked through several beautiful glens, but space will not allow me to do more than name them; there were Elfin Glen, Sulby Glen, Groudel Glen, Laxey Glen, and others all beautiful with tumbling waterfalls and banks of wild flowers. I wish space would allow me to describe my visit to each of these glens.

Snaefell, the highest mountain, claimed one day. On our way there we passed through Laxey, a pretty little mining village, situated in one of the largest glens or valleys in the Island. Here we saw the celebrated Laxey Wheel, 72½ feet in diameter, used for pumping water from the lead mines. At Laxey we took the mountain tram for the summit of Snaefell, 2,100 feet above sea level. The ascent was most enjoyable, from the car windows we had an ever-changing panorama of mountain scenery. From the summit may be seen the coasts of England, Ireland and Scotland. The level ground on the summit

covers about seven acres. We made the descent on foot and proceeded to Sulby Glen through which we walked four and a half miles, and every step of the way was beautiful.

The laws of the Isle of Man are promulgated on Tynwald Hill at St. John's, and have been for centuries. The House of Keys is in Douglas. A member of the House of Keys is equivalent to our idea of a member of Parliament. I visited the House of Parliament. The Speaker's chair is at one end of a platform; at each side twelve chairs and desks for the twenty-four Keys.

A few seats for the public are placed behind a semi-circular barrier at the end opposite the Speaker. Upstairs is the Council chamber and another much larger room where the two Houses meet, the Keys and the Council, presided over by the Governor. The Governor's chair is quite imposing, and there is a gallery for the press and the public.

The Governor is sent from England. On the occasion of my visit Lord Raglan was Governor. Government House is finely situated high up on the cliffs over-looking the sea, about opposite Douglas Head; it is a beautiful old mansion. There was a garden party at Government House on the occasion of the coming of age of Lord Raglan's son, which I had the pleasure of attending. Lord and Lady Raglan, with their son, received on the lawn; the hero of the day cut the birthday cake.

A very great wonder of nature is to be found on the southwestern extremity of the Island known as the Chasms. This immense shattered rock is at the very point of the Island. The area is about two and a half acres; the cliffs are high above the sea and are cracked and split in every direction; most of the chasms thus formed extend to the full depth, that is to the level of the sea, and the tide surges in; others are not so deep. Some of the chasms are about two and a half feet wide, others perhaps six inches, others mere cracks. They go in every direction, up and down and across every way. In many places there is not more than a pathway of two feet between the chasms. One has to be wary in walking, for they continually cross one's path, and nothing would induce me to step over one of these yawning chasms, even if only a foot



wide. This is certainly one of nature's wonders. It is as though in days gone by, when there were giants in the land, an angry giant had lifted this huge rock of two and a half acres and dashed it down, shivering it into bits.

The Calf of Man is off the south end, but we did not visit it. A mile or two from the Chasms on a hill is a Druid's circle, which looks as though it had once been a burial place; the rocks are so placed as though they formed coffins.

Fort Anne, of historic interest, is now a hotel; it is situated a little way up Douglas Head, overlooking Douglas Bay. The interior of the building is of very great beauty. The doors in the drawing-room are real Chippendale, and much of the furniture is Sheraton and Chippendale. The history of this old mansion is full of romance and tragedy.

Three miles out of Ramsay, at the north of the Island, is an old church standing on Maughold Head. At the entrance to the church-yard stands a large, ancient cross called St. Maughold's Cross. The sculpture is much worn, but enough remains to be interesting to antiquarians. In the church-yard are several runic monuments. The original church built on this spot dates from the sixth century. There is an old baptismal font near the door hewn out of a single stone. There are two small windows about a foot and a half long and six inches wide, all that remains of the ancient windows; each has stained glass with a figure, one dedicated to a Bishop of Man in 1050, the other to a modern Bishop.



**In the Middlesex Fells**

BY REV. JULIAN E. JOHNSTON, LITT.D.

How beautiful, how beautiful the world this summer morn,  
The dog-wood blossoms all a-blow, the brier-rose on the thorn!  
The butterflies a-sliding upon the fragrant breeze,  
And the pink and white of Aden upon the orchard trees!

O beautiful, most beautiful the world is unto me,  
The crimson cross-bill warbling upon the hazel tree!  
The white and scarlet campion a-glowing in the grass,  
And the meadow-waters flowing through fields of sassafras!

Yea, beautiful, most beautiful the world is unto me,  
The humming-bird a-booming, and the burly bumble-bee!  
The primrose in the mowland, and the daisy in the grass;  
And the waters of the Mystic a-gleaming like to glass!

The squirrel sitting saucily upon the old stone wall;  
The boys upon the greensward a-happy playing ball;  
The woodchuck on his mound there, a-smiling at the fun,  
And the otter on the river-bank basking in the sun!

If any proof were needed of God's Benevolence,  
His loving care and kindness, His Holy Providence,  
What better can be offered than such a scene as this,  
When all the world is flooded with sunlight and with bliss!

But hark! the bells of Winchester are calling me to Mass,  
And I must haste to worship Him, Who flowered the fields of  
grass;

Whose Fiat made the firmament that stretches wide and free,  
The radiant sun in Heaven, and the broad, tumultuous sea!

It is with deep sorrow we announce to our readers the death of Reverend Julian E. Johnston, priest, sculptor, artist and poet. When sending us the above exquisite little poem, the Reverend Writer said: "I pray every day for the success of your magazine, to which I shall contribute a good deal this year, and will soon send a short prose sketch for it. God bless you all and all you do."

We are happy in knowing this holy priest's last message to the Lilies was his blessing. May his soul rest in peace!



## The Blessed Trinity

REV. K. J. McRAE.

The first Sunday after Pentecost is very fittingly dedicated by the Church to the honour of the Blessed Trinity, because it was on the first Pentecost that this great mystery was proclaimed to the world.

Although the Trinity is so profound a mystery that the brightest created intellect can never fathom it, still, we can see that it is strictly in accordance with reason.

If we study carefully the action of our intellect we can see that it forms, as it were, a picture of every person or object that comes before it. In the same way when we think of ourselves we form a picture of ourselves in our mind. And this picture is more or less perfect according as our intellect is more or less perfect.

Now, since God's intellect is infinitely perfect, the picture which He forms of Himself must be infinitely perfect, that is, it must contain absolutely all that is in Himself, or, in other words, it must be equal to himself in all things. God thus forming, or conceiving, an infinitely perfect picture of Himself, we call God the Father, and the first Person of the Blessed Trinity; and the infinitely perfect picture which He forms of Himself we call God the Son, and the second Person of the Blessed Trinity.

Again, as God the Father sees in the Son, this infinitely perfect picture of Himself, all the loveable qualities in Himself, He must love the Son with an infinite love. And for a similar reason God the Son must love the Father with an infinite love. Now this infinite love proceeding from Father to Son, and from Son to Father, we call the Holy Ghost, or Holy Spirit, and the third Person of the Blessed Trinity.

The picture which the intellect forms of persons or objects coming before it is called the word of the mind (*verbum mentis*). Hence God the Son is called the Word, and this is the reason why St. John begins his Gospel with the sublime words, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." Not only at the beginning of time, but even from eternity, the Word was with God, and was God the Son.

## White Rose Leaves

### A Meditation for August 5th.

BY EDITH R. WILSON, M.A.

It is August in Rome,—the blue sky is cloudless; the heat is intense; the silent city pulsates with its throbs. The sun sinks to rest and the white moon, upspringing, imprints her image upon the bosom of the tawny Tiber. She casts her beams aslant the narrow streets, where tall palaces rise on either hand, and floods with her light a broad upper chamber, revealing, within, two figures bowed in prayer. Side by side they kneel, and, with upraised hands, beseech our Lady to guide them how best to bestow their great wealth for God's honour and her own. Then in silence, the aged couple await some token of the Divine Will, and as they wait thus, to each comes, as it were, a Voice bidding them build a temple in honour of the Virgin Mother of God on that spot where the white snow shall be found lying on the morrow. The words fall in silvery cadence on their ear; and as they harken in wonder, borne on the beam of floating moonlight, a vision appears to them of a face sweeter than artist ever painted or poet dreamed. It is the face of the gentle Maiden, Mother of the Ever Blessed One. On the morrow, the two seek the Holy Father, the aged Pontiff, Liberius. He too has received the same Vision, and together they ascend the slopes of the Esquiline, guided by wondering Roman peasants who cry, "The snow! the snow! Behold the snow!"

More than a thousand years have passed. Again it is August and we kneel in the vast Basilica of Our Lady of the Snow. All heads are bowed as the sound of the Sanctus Bell falls on the ear and the words of consecration are pronounced. Softly, silently, a shower of white rose leaves descends upon the kneeling throng. The air is white with their multitude, sweet with their fragrance, as they fall, speaking alike to eye and heart, of those wondrous snow-flakes which fell, long years ago,



in the burning Roman summer, to reveal to loving hearts our Lady's will. Speak to us, too, dear Mother! Hast thou no word for us, who long to honor thee? Purer than foam on central ocean tossed, speak to us of purity and peace! Weary and worn on the dusty highways of life; in the feverish unrest of its activities, we lift eyes to the hills and see afar their snow-white, snow-laden peaks. God has raised them aloft to receive His Benison. Pure, calm, and white they lie, but oh so far, so far away! Can we climb thither? Who will guide us? Who sustain our steps along those dizzy heights? We should faint and fail, our feet would lose their hold. Our way lies in the valley; here the path of duty is marked for us. Who will bring us the white snow from above and lay it on our parched lips? There is whiteness on the mountain tops, but has it ever descended to earth and remained unpolluted? Yes, listen! Our Lady speaks: "The snow lay deep in Bethlehem, when pure in heart, I pillowed my Holy One upon my breast. His white feet, like purest lilies, trod the sandy ways of Egypt. White in death, His fair Form pressed the dark wood of the Cross. He was all fair; there was no spot in Him. He came down from the everlasting hills of Paradise to bring peace into the parched valleys of earth. The snow has descended from above and poured forth its treasures upon you. It fell from a little cloud which arose in the sight of the Prophet Elias, out of the blue sea, and was cooled by the Breath of God. I am the little Cloud, and I bring you the Snow Flake from above. It melts on your lips in the Eucharist. It enters your heart and calms its heat and passion. Render me, then, your White Rose Leaves, for they typify my White Flower, my Snow Flake, Who brought to earth the purity of heaven; God hath said to the snow, "be thou on the earth." He hath spoken, and behold, Emanuel is with you.



## Some Poets of the Catholic Revival

BY ELIZABETH O'DRISCOLL, M.A.

**I**F all the tendencies of modern French literature, there is none so clearly marked as is the return to Catholicism. Nothing is more enthralling than the study of this tendency as represented by the poets. It augurs well for France and for Catholicity. It is full of promise for poetry considered merely as poetry, for it brings an inestimable gift of true inspiration and a strong, deep accent of sincerity.

What is this Beauty that men have been seeking and trying to give expression to, in this past century, ever since the Romantics with hair dishevelled stood on the drear edges of the world and there communed with nature and their own hearts, that so they might unravel the secrets of life and death?—a phantom surely—a most elusive phantom, which neither they nor their successors the Parnassians, nor the Symbolists, nor the Decadents, nor any other school of poets have ever succeeded in reaching. So poetry would seem to have become tired of hunting shadows and looked seriously inward at last. Having exhausted all the aspects of life without religion, it became conscious of the reality in forming life, which is religion. What one poet says of himself, may be counted true of all poetry:

“Thou hast rescued me from all the glories as well as from all the fleeting phantasms of Art, of Intellect, of Peace, of Joy—Thou hast stripped me bare of my old vain hopes—Thou hast brought my dreams to dust—so that crying alone in the darkness, I might find Thee, O Lord.”

Foremost amongst the poets of this Catholic Revival are Peguy, Claudel, Le Cardonnell. Peguy is well known also as a prose-writer. He began about 1900 a series of polemical articles against the socialists in Parliament, and against the intellectual party at the Sorbonne. He always bore a grudge against those who brought German philosophy into French cul-



ture and took every opportunity of denouncing them. In these days he was not a practising Catholic, yet even then he interested himself in the spiritual life, for he appreciated the things that are "not dreamed of in our philosophy." Like every Frenchman, he had a passionate reverence for Joan of Arc. It was her inner life which fascinated Péguy above all, and he made a sort of Mystery play in three parts on this subject. And the three parts of this Mystery correspond, roughly, to Faith, Hope, and Charity, which had ever been his beloved virtues. Then he turned to Saint Genevieve, the patroness of Paris, and the incidents in her life inspired a poetic novena—a poem in nine parts into which were woven many digressions evoked in one way or another by the subject. This poem he called, not without reason, the Tapestry of Saint Genevieve.

We find him in 1908 writing to his friend Lotte: "I have again found the Faith; I am a Catholic." And Lotte, who had also been groping about in uncertainty, wrote back: "Ah, my poor fellow, all of us have reached that point." It was true. Many adrift in a sea of unbelief had at last come to acquire something like religious certainty.

Péguy's last long poem is called "Eve." Of this he said: "It will be an Iliad. Jesus speaks. Eve is His grandmother and He talks to her . . . . It will be greater than Dante's *Paradiso* . . . I am a sinner, but there is not a sin in my work." All this sinless work of his did much to influence the thought of the time. Many intellectuals who would not have gone to the Catechism to look for the truths of the Incarnation and Redemption, the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints, learned them first from Péguy, and afterwards perhaps went back to the Catechism. His influence was primarily confined to such, for his thought and style were inaccessible to the unlearned. And to such, he showed the best treasure-house of truth and imagination and poetry that the mind of man has ever found.

Péguy was killed in the first months of the war. Curious that he should have written in "Eve" a year or so before,

"Happy are those who die in great wars." He himself died in a greater one than he had conceived in any of his dreams.

Claudél is a poet and a man of affairs. He is high up in the French Consular service. As a writer he has a great influence and a well-deserved one. He is a better poet than Péguy—that is, he has more fire, more passionate fervour. He exults, actually exults in his religion and wings his way upward into the highest and purest regions of poetry to love and praise God. In fact, Claudél accomplishes marvels, for he undertakes by means of language to express that which is almost inexpressible, all that which is beyond this life of ours. And so if he sometimes is mysterious it is because his subjects are a prey to ineffable mystery. He is not easy to read. No one was ever farther from being a "bolster" poet. You must give him concentration, and you must meditate in solitude upon his message. He is for the contemplative mood. In one of his Odes, which we might indeed call a fervent prayer, he expresses a hope that he may be a "sower of solitude" and that whoever reads his poems may withdraw into himself anxious and heavy-hearted.

As a boy, son after his First Communion, Claudél lost his faith. Then one Christmas Day, through dilettantism rather than religion, he went to Mass at Notre Dame, Paris. There a sort of revelation came to him, and quite suddenly he believed. Since then he has not ceased to sing in his own imaginative way hymns of thanksgiving for that great gift. And not only does he accept with his intellect the great mass of Catholic dogma, but he loves it with his heart. Religious dramas form the greater part of his work. We have five magnificent examples of this dramatic genius of his which shows God in His relations with tragic creatures. The part of his work which is more purely lyrical—reveals a poet at prayer face to face with God. Amongst his poems are Odes and Cantatas; a collection characteristically called "*Corona Benignitates Anni Dei*"; "*Trois poemes de Gueme*"—the offerings of a citizen of the Republic to his beloved country. "*Autres poèmes de Gueme*" are the outpourings of a Catholic who is



also a Frenchman—but before all a Catholic. In these poems he is so familiar with the other world that he is not awed by it. His Heaven is homely to him and his God is a friend. Here is a passage from a study by one of his critics:

“It is not our admiration that he wants. He requires our souls, in order to offer them to God. He wants to tear us away in spite of ourselves from doubt and dilettanism. To refuse the christianity of Claudel is to condemn oneself to have recourse only to nothingness.”

After such a remark there is nothing for us to do but to go to his works and read them for ourselves.

Francis Jammes is a Catholic of a different stamp. He stands for simplicity. He has the gift of childlike wonder at everything in the country, everything in the deep heart of nature that he knew and loved so well. He felt the beauty of the simple, uneventful lives of country people, and at first this peace and this simplicity stood him in stead of real Faith.

“I speak of God and yet do I believe in Him? Oh well, it matters little to me whether they say He exists or not, for the village church is grey and quiet.”

Thus he was happy in a sort of Pagan pleasure in the beauties of nature and calm acceptance of things as they are. But sorrow came to him, and he saw then that religion was the only satisfactory problem of our destiny. He returned to the Catholic Church in which he had been brought up, and consecrated his art henceforth to making God known and loved. He also had a very tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

He wrote poems, of which the best known are the *Christian Georgics*, 1912; some prose essays collected in a book called “*Leaves in the Wind*,” 1914; a short play, “*The Lost Sheep*,” which was produced in Paris at the Theatre de l’Oeuvre; and a few novels which are really prose-idylls. The best known of these is “*The Rosary in the Sun*,” in which the life of the heroine, Dominica, is arranged on the plan of the fifteen mysteries.

The poetry of the *Christian Georgics* is the whole of rural life evoked by a man of the soil who had the gift of poetic ex-

pression. It is the exaltation of the peasant into the light of God. To sing the Christian greatness of these rustic heroes of his, the voice of Jammes assumes sometimes an accent of religious solemnity. There is a constant alteration of the sublime and the every day of the highest lyricism and the most simple poetry. That is to say, that while the verses have an occasional fine tang of the soil about them, they are quite equal to expressing the infinite worth of the simplest human soul. Blessed are the humble. . . .

Louis Le Cardonnell is a splendid example of the antique union of priest and poet. Religion gives him all that his poetry desired—all that any poetry could ever desire. For having first acquired certainty, a firm hold on the truths of Religion, he sees then that the very essence of poetry is to reach upward, towards God. Otherwise how can poetry take its subject and hurry it into infinity, as it should be the very nature of poetry to do? So religious reverie transfigures everything—landscapes, history, philosophy, and gives his poems a serenity that can scarce be found without Religion.

Yet Le Cardonnell is no recluse and no devotee who, setting his mind on higher things, excludes all that does not form and belong to his Faith. Of course, the light of Religion transfuses all that he wrote, but he did write on all the subjects dear to the heart of man. No one is more keenly alive to the sights and sounds of nature. Here is an invocation to the wind, in a poem, "Jour de pluie":

"Let thy winged course like a maddened eagle drive and beat against the sky hanging low o'er the silent valley."

He describes the coming-on of evening in late Autumn:

"The day is dying wan, in the West  
The firmament sinks heavy on the pale hills,  
The trembling air is cold as a tomb  
And a drear monotony pervades everything.

. . . . .

Oh transitory nature and transitory life  
And oh the weariness of all created things!



He talks of the "leaf-girt" Spring, the season in which Earth thrills to the caress of the Sun—the "immortal intoxication" of May. He knows all the moods of the soul with its ambitions and failures and dreams and struggles. There is an interesting poem to his Irish ancestors in which he talks of their love of music and love of nature and belief in the invisible world and their prowess in arms and their veneration for the arts. "And," he goes on, "even in these grey days, when doubt assails the strongest heart, I inherit from you the soul of a builder of mystic churches, the eagerness for travel, and the charm of exile."

But how is one to summarize in a few lines the work of long years of meditation and slow poetical development and final maturity? One must abandon the task as impossible and let the poet speak for himself. So Le Cardonnel, in "The Divine Threshold":

"As the traveller who finds naught but sandy wastes  
Oh shadow-seeking heart of mine,  
Oh heart of mine chastised by too much love of passing things  
You know the sadness that lies deep in all that's Finite  
Here is the Great Peace, calling, ever calling!"









THE MUSIC CLUB AT ST. JOSEPH'S.

Back Row—A. McDonald, A. Bauer, D. Chalue, C. Coghlan, K. O'Leary, M. English, H. Kramer.  
Centre—A. Kavanagh, E. Burke, E. Murray, W. Collins, M. Hyllinger.

Seated—D. Agnew, M. MacDonald.

## My First Sick Call

BY REV. RICHARD B. BEAN.

**I** DON'T suppose I should know the Oklahoma of to-day. Twenty years ago it was a country for a young man to grow enthusiastic over. There was an air of the untamed hovering about its rolling hills and scattered settlements, and its men and their ways were far more of the fashion of penny-dreadful heroes than the casual dweller in the sophisticated East might imagine: punchers still shot up towns as an expression of virile good humor, and bad men dropped each other as the first and final incident to controversy.

This story has to do with such things only in as far as they suggest atmosphere for an incident typical of those times and places where Mother Church, ever in the vanguard of civilization, strives to bring the cruder element of society under the gentle yoke of the Master. I believe all who played a part in the episode are still alive, with the exception of Bill himself, so I shall not give names in full. I like to think of it as my first sick call, for, though only a seminarian at the time, I felt proud to serve as an accidental link in the chain of simple events.

Up in the north-east corner of Oklahoma, as it used to shoulder into Indian Territory, you will find the Osage country. At its center lies Pawhuska, county seat and metropolis, trying at that time to count, together with the Indian village a mile away, a thousand souls. Here was St. Louis' School for Indian girls, and also the central church of a parish covering not far short of two thousand square miles. The nearest railroad was twenty-eight miles north, the nearest sub-mission, fifteen miles south at St. John's, the school for Indian boys.

I had gone over from the Agency that noon to call on Father W., pastor, pro tem, a zealous young priest, just attempting to get acclimated to the ardors of an Oklahoma summer. We were sitting at lunch, when one of the Sisters came with fright-



ened mien into the dining room and announced: "Father, some men, just in from St. John, say that Bill N. is very ill."

"Why, who is Bill N., Sister? And where does he live?"

"He is a small rancher, who should be a Catholic; but I believe they say he is a Mason. He lives somewhere over near Fairfax, Father."

Here was a pretty kettle of fish! Judging from the description, Bill was probably one of a type well known to the mission clergy, who, entering the new country with no great store of practical reasons, affiliate themselves with non-Catholic or forbidden societies. Paradoxically, many such, while neglecting all practice of their faith, will stand by it even aggressively when they find the Church attacked, and are often the munificent financial supporters. Then, perhaps, as if in reward of even this external fidelity, in times of dangerous illness or impending death, the opportunity and grace of repentance come to them. Bill might be of this sort. But there were other questions.

"Have you any idea, Sister, in what direction from Fairfax he lives? And do you know how sick he really is, so we can decide whether Holy Viaticum shall be brought to him?"

Fairfax lay nearly thirty-five miles to the southwest, and "somewhere over near" might mean, in that country, seven or eight miles in any direction from that. Furthermore, if Bill were very sick it would be wisest to take along the Blessed Sacrament, that he might receive as soon as he could be confessed; otherwise, it would be permissible to carry wine, particles, and altar-stone along, stay at his place over night, and have Mass there the next morning if desired. These points, however, could not be settled. Other involving circumstances were, that Bill appeared to be a Mason; and that Father was not well at the time, nor had he become used to the scorching heat of an Oklahoma summer, so that such a long ride would probably mean sunstroke for him.

It was finally decided that I should take one of the ponies, ride over to St. John's, and put the situation before Father D., who was stationed there, and who had the advantage of being fifteen miles nearer Fairfax.

I was most pleased to receive the errand. I was an enthusiastic rider, enjoyed the heat, and was thrilled to think that, though not yet ordained, I could at least assist in a priestly office. With permission to choose any of the ponies for the jaunt, I went to the corral and selected "Baldy," a wall-eyed, wire-mouthed little mustang, whose evil disposition and still more evil expression, had long won my affection.

One of the punchers soon had him saddled for me, and in ten minutes we were loping along through the dust out of town, across Bird Creek, then up through the scrub oaks towards Timber Hill. The temperature was over a hundred in the sun, and the heat arose from the road before us in wriggling currents, but Baldy, with the dogged swing that carries these little animals, if necessary, sixty miles or more a day, was making good time.

Across the summit of Timber Hill, down through the oaks and lime-rock boulders and out into the hills and cattle country—hills that heaved monotonously to the horizon their great lazy billows capped with limerock foam, bearing on their backs miles and miles of rich pasture land and thousands and thousands of grazing cattle brought in from Texas to fatten for the fall markets.

As I rode along between the herds, I felt glad to be mounted. A man on foot could hardly pass through one of these fields alive. The cattle are not used to such sights, and should one venture so among them, presently some curious steer would begin to move toward the imprudent one, others would follow his example, crowding those in front of them, and in ten minutes he might be trampled under hundreds of massed hoofs.

Up hill and down at the same plodding lope, till St. John's came into view with its great main building of stone, and its substantial employees' quarters and barns jotted about. The side road led in through another pasture, the cattle this time branded with St. Benedict's own O-S-B; for the good Sisters in charge are of his order.

The cottage of the resident priest lay at the south-east corner of the complex; so we ambled on past the school and drew

up at Father's stable. Leaving Baldy there to cool off, I walked on to the cottage, and, fortunately, found Father D. at home. He, like many of his confreres, was a Belgian, not many months in the country, but already possessed of a remarkable command of English for one so recently arrived. St. John's was at that time a favourite breaking-in station for the newly ordained, as it afforded ample opportunity for experience and hard work, with enough leisure in between to digest their lessons.

The task before us found new complications here. No one at the school had any more definite idea of Bill's habitat than I was able to bring; the trip and search would surely take several hours, so that, even if it were successful, it would last till well in the night; and, finally, the horses belonging to the school were all tired from the exhausting day's work on the farm, while the only ones at Father's own disposal were two half-broken colts, not at all to be depended on, which might or might not behave in harness, but which Father, not yet a horseman, must not attempt to ride.

It was decided to put the youngsters in team to a buggy, to be driven by one of the men, a non-Catholic, who volunteered for the office. So, while he and I went out to round up the ponies, Father D. retired to his study to review his moral theology in regard to members of forbidden societies.

The hand and I found the colts in a field, enjoying a life of leisure from which they had no intention of being distracted. Naturally, their new master had refrained as much as possible from risking his neck with them, and their freedom, thus enlarged, had made the harness all the more distasteful to them. After an hour's vain endeavour to persuade them to come and be haltered, we decided that the lariat would be the best means of capturing them.

As I was not at all skilled in "roping," and my companion no expert, the best plan seemed to be to drive them up into the rectory yard, which was surrounded by a stout five-foot fence, and lasso them there. This we proceeded to do. One of the horses was soon secured, led away to the stable, and there tied up. As we came back toward the yard, the other, seeing



us, whinnied sharply, wheeled about, and in a beautiful leap cleared the fence and cantered gracefully off to the pasture. It took another ten minutes to bring him back, and this time, by careful manoeuvring, into the stable, the door of which had been left open for his reception. Even here he had to be roped before he would submit to being bridled. Once in harness, both ponies became more tractable, though still ready to perform without notice, should occasion offer.

Father D. in the meanwhile had gone to the chapel for the Blessed Sacrament and the holy oils, and by the time the team was hitched he was with us, ready to start. I rode ahead to the outgate to open it, and, dismounting, knelt for a moment in adoration as Our Lord went by, then stood and watched thoughtfully the little group as it started on its way—the nervous young horses, prancing and tossing their heads, the rude driver, little aware of the high honour that was his, and the young priest, sitting silent, with bowed head, praying, and wondering, no doubt, what evening might bring.

Even now, the heat of the day had grown less oppressive, and as I drew bridle for home, all that remained for me of my first sick call was a pleasant two-hour ride.

Of Father D's experience I learned later. Twenty-five miles he and his driver wandered that night, sometimes following the general direction toward Grey Horse and the Arkansaw River, sometimes asking the whereabouts of the sick man from some chance traveller along the way: sometimes finding gates in the barbed wire fences that shut in the cattle lands, sometimes obliged to pull staples and lower wires, leading the horses over and building their fences up again behind them.

In the small hours they reached their goal. Their knock at the door of the lone dwelling was answered by some inmate who came, grumbling, lamp in hand, to the door.

"Wal, what do ye want?"

"Ain't this where Bill N. lives? They tell as how he's pretty bad, and the priest here has come to see him."

"Yes. I been a leetle poorly; but what you want to come snoopin' 'round this time o' night for? I ain't dead yit."

Hours later a tired team, with an ill-humored driver and a worn young priest, still silently carrying the Blessed Sacrament, drew into St. John's. The Good Shepherd had gone once more in search of his own, and his own had not received him; yet, who dare say the quest was all in vain?



### A Morning Prayer

Help Thou me, Lord, the path is grey and dreary,  
With thorns beneath, and clouds o'erhead;  
Life's near horizon-faint and weary  
Hange low—a pall—o'er pleasures dead;  
Yet through the clouds I hear Thee calling,  
And midst the thorns Thy gory steps I see;  
There must I walk. When life's deep shades are falling,  
Thy Cross will span the chasm between my soul and Thee.

Help Thou me, Lord, within Thy arms reposing,  
When dawns the day, which sees no setting sun—  
With Thee for guide, and Time's wide portals closing,  
The goal in sight, and Life's poor race be run—  
My soul, with all its scars and sorrow,  
Will gain sweet peace for ever more.

## A Treasured Letter

NOTE: One of our alumnae who was graduated from St. Joseph's half a century ago, sent me an old manuscript letter, received while she was yet a student in the Convent, from a relative recently returned from an extensive trip. The writer of this letter was a priest (long since dead) of Nicolet, Quebec, who had laboured for some few years in Toronto diocese.

With the permission of the Recipient, I am giving it place in the Lilies, hoping it will prove as interesting to our readers as it has to me.—The Editor.

Dear——,

Once upon a time there were two young priests, who were very old friends, who dearly longed to see their native land and places of interest beyond the broad Atlantic. They accordingly made plans, packed their travelling paraphernalia and set out to satisfy their heart's longing. These two were Father M—— and my humble self.

I did not, as promised, write you during my wanderings, but shall try to give you from my notes an account of our journeyings abroad. We left the harbour of Quebec on ——, enjoyed the sail down the majestic St. Lawrence and on the Ocean, until a fierce tempest arose which made me quickly seek my berth, but Father M—— held out bravely against the storm whilst almost everyone else was prostrate. How he used to laugh when I would tell him that he had lost his vocation, that he was born to be a sailor! At 2 p.m. on the 12th of June, we descried, in the distance, a misty outline of the coast of Ireland. As quickly as possible the passengers crowded on deck, overjoyed at sight of land, but the Irish passengers were in perfect raptures; “and tears and smiles,” “and smiles and tears” expressed their delight, even more eloquently than the words of the poet:

“My native land! My native land!  
Live in my memory still.  
Break on my brain, ye surges grand!  
Stand up! mist-covered hill!”



Towards half-past nine the steamer reached Loch Foyle, where Mr. M. and myself had to take a little boat for Londonderry. At eleven, we landed in that city, treading at last on holy Irish soil. How I went to sleep that night is more than I can tell. Visions of the past, recollections of my childhood, memories of other years, rose up before me in solemn array. A landscape bathed in sunshine appeared first to my entranced imagination. Near a bright little stream stood a cottage surrounded by trees. Children were playing on the lawn under the eyes of their parents, while everything around them seemed comfortable and happy. Presently, a dark cloud shot over that sweet home, shrouding it in darkness and sorrow. Land vanished; the stormy ocean tossed its mighty waves to and fro, and I thought I could see, through the gloom, a gallant ship baring her breast to the storm. Flashes of lightning brought out now and then, in full relief, that same family, once so prosperous, so contented, in the little cottage by the stream, now seeking a new home on the western shore so far away. Years rolled on, father, mother, sister, brother, were dead and gone. "Why is that church decorated as though for a solemn festival?" Here come through the crowd a long procession followed by the bishop in full pontificals. A young man kneels before the Altar to receive the consecration of the priesthood, and the sacred building re-echoes with hymns of praise and thanksgiving. The scene changed again. In a large room, a young mother was sitting surrounded by three lovely children. As she listened to their innocent prattle, she seemed to remember days long gone by, but dear to her heart. And as she remembered, she turned pale and sad, until her emotion was relieved by her tears. Another ship crossed the wide sea! A young priest beheld once more his native land. He thought this must be the happiest moment of his life! but how could he forget then, that he was alone in the world, and a stranger in his own country! Such was the dream of my first night in Ireland, and when I woke up in the morning those voices of the past still rang in my ears.

O ye voices gone,  
Sounds of other years,  
Hush that haunting tone,  
Melt me not to tears!

After spending most of that day in Londonderry, we started off to the Giants Causeway, where we admired one of the great wonders of the world. Some forty thousand basaltic columns, all fitting closely together, stand on the sea-shore, or run out beneath the water. You can easily walk over the heads of those columns, whose shape is as varied as it is regular,—some are triangular, some are four-sided, some five-sided, and so on, till you find in some instances eight or nine sides in one column. To realize the awful grandeur of this world-wonder one must see it. An old legend describes it to the labour of giants seeking to build a bridge across the sea to Scotland.

From Antrim we crossed to Dublin, where, though strangers, we were received with characteristic Irish hospitality. Visited the churches and other places of interest and were invited to dinner by His Eminence, the Cardinal! but after all, I felt as though I could not enjoy those things till I had seen my native place, till I had found my own relations and friends. Parting with Mr. M. at Maryborough, I hurried to the County Kilkenny, where I expected to meet no less than a brother, who had been left a mere child with my grandfather many, many years ago. I therefore set to work, and travelled over the country for three days, making all manner of inquiries from Parish Priests to Parish books, and old residents! But all in vain. No one had ever heard of my family, no one could tell where my father had lived, for no one had known him. Giving up the whole thing in despair, I turned my back on that place, now the grave of my sweetest hopes. A few days later I was trying to forget this sore disappointment among the enchantments of Killarney, where my friend was anxiously waiting for me. The lakes and mountains were exceedingly fine when I visited on a clear, sunny day. Moreover, if you chance, as we did, to land on "sweet Innisfallen" about sunset, your delight is perfect.

Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell  
In memory's dream that sunny smile,  
Which o'er thee on that evening fell  
When first I saw thy fairy isle.

Cork was next seen and admired. Father Matthew's church, house and statue. The streets so narrow or so wide, the fine river Lee flowing through the town; everything, in fine, pleased us a great deal, including as a matter of course a trip to the cove, with

"The Bells of Shandon  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of River Lee."

Between Cork and Mallow is the famous "Blarney Castle" where the no less famous "Stone" is kept and kissed.

"But the Blarney's so great a deceiver"  
that we couldn't make up our minds to go near it, sending it a kiss with the hand from the railway, we came back to Dublin as honest and plain spoken as ever.

Two days after, the "Duke of Leister" landed us in Glasgow. The sail up the river Clyde was most agreeable. For miles, its banks are covered with docks where hundreds and thousands of vessels are built every year. The shouts, the noise of hammers, the dirty smoke, are almost beyond description, so that when you come to those docks, the pleasure is gone; and Glasgow itself, with all its trade and bustle, is too near to be clean and attractive. Fortunately, Scotland has other charms for the tourist. Nothing can exceed, for instance, the grandeur and loveliness of her nature about Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, Benvenue, the Trossachs, etc., and all the places forever enshrined in Walter Scott's poetry. On leaving those enchanted scenes, we passed through Callender, Stirling, and Edinburgh. Stirling Castle is worth a visit. Besides its real strength as a fortification, it contains the residence of the old Scottish Kings, the Star chamber, and affords a good view of the celebrated battlefield of Bannockburn. The Capital of Scotland is still more interesting. Be-



sides its Castle and the Chapel of the holy Queen Margaret, it is remarkable for its many Churches, and monuments of Scott and Burns, Holyrood Palace built by St. David I., King of Scotland. Before bidding farewell to "the land o' cakes and butter scots," we had the satisfaction of paying a visit to Melrose Abbey, also founded by St. David. The ruins of the church are simply admirable. How holy, powerful and clever were the men of the middle ages whom some people affect to despise!

The first city we happened to visit in England was York—that old Roman fortress, the birthplace of Constantine the Great. The Minster is magnificent, one of the windows alone measures seventy-seven feet by thirty-five. The following day I had the pleasure of calling at Sheffield, on Mrs. Lydon, formerly Miss Louie Hyde of Toronto. The welcome was as hearty as my visit was unexpected, and for two days I thought I was back again in old Toronto. In this second oasis of my journey I had scarcely leisure enough to notice the smoky atmosphere of the great manufacturing town. As cutlery is the chief business there, I may tell you that we saw, at Rogers, a monster knife with eighteen hundred and seventy-one blades. Every year a new blade is added—to keep up with the Calendar, they say.

From Sheffield, we proceeded to London, calling, however, at Cambridge to see the University. Eighteen or twenty colleges, as large as the Rosin House, form what is called the University of Cambridge. Each college is surrounded with trees and garden walks to no end. Just fancy a score of buildings like the University of Toronto, with their parks, etc., and you will have a fair idea of this famous seat of learning.

I hope you don't wish me to say anything of London. If St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Parliament Buildings, the Thames, the tunnel, the underground railway, the Tower, were not already so well known, I believe I could not, for the life of me, undertake to describe them. It would be much easier and shorter for me to say instead that I have dined in London

with Monsignor Capel, who converted the Marquis of Bute, and another day with John Francis Maguire, the member for Cork, and another of "the Irish in America," where in my humble history is told. Pleasant excursions were also made to Windsor Castle, Hampton Court, and the Crystal Palace, before our final departure from modern Babylon.

On our way to Dover we stopped a few hours at Canterbury, the scene of St. Thomas' martyrdom. The stone on which the holy bishop fell, in his cathedral, is to be seen, as well as the steps leading to his altar, worn by pilgrims coming from all parts of Europe to his blessed shrine. In the same town still stands the first church ever built in England, the Church of St. Martin. That same day we took the Dover boat to Ostend, thence to the ancient and picturesque city of Antwerp with its massive ramparts and wonderful harbour and magnificent public buildings. The great Gothic Cathedral is easily the grandest, and dates back to the thirteenth century. It took over 80 years to build. We were present at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in this holy place, and whilst we were kneeling before the altar the last rays of the sun streamed through the painted windows, clothing with all the hues of the rainbow the white clouds of incense which lingered around the Tabernacle. And presently was heard the sweet voice of a young child singing with the organ, the majestic *Tantum ergo*. Nothing that I know of can be compared with that voice, that music, that heavenly bliss. I could live a thousand years and never forget them.

I could live a life of pain

To hear those bless'd sounds again!

What shall I say now of the chimes pealing forth their solemn music, day and night, over the city? It is simply a thing to dream of for ever. They made indeed such an impression on me that whenever I think or speak of them, they ring in my ears again and drown my soul with their mysterious harmony.

After Antwerp, we visited Brussels, the capital of Belgium.

It is a very fine place, the "boulevards" or wide avenues planted with trees are particularly fine. We happened one day to attend an official "Te Deum" or "Thanksgiving" in the Cathedral. The King, Queen, all the Court, the Ambassadors, the general and officers of the Army were present. It was a grand display of dresses, decorations, etc., but a poor exhibition of piety. A short time afterwards, we went to see the battlefield of Waterloo, where Napoleon the First was defeated in 1815 by Wellington. It is about fifteen miles from Brussels. Some monuments raised by the English and the Germans are seen here and there; but by far the most remarkable is a large mound, or rather hill, sixteen hundred feet in circumference, one hundred and forty feet high, on top of which is a huge lion looking in defiance towards France.

Before coming to Lachapelle, or Aaken, in Germany, we passed through Louvain and Liege. The country is a home of agricultural science and fertility. No wonder indeed that Belgium is the most densely populated country in Europe. Germany, however, is still more interesting. Aaken is the birth-place of Charlemagne, one of the greatest kings that ever lived. The cathedral which he built himself and in which is preserved his body, is also remarkable for the precious relics it contains. I may mention a cincture of our Lord, made of brown leather about half an inch wide; a cincture of the Blessed Virgin, the size of my little finger, and made of white cord, resembling the cincture of the priest when he says Mass.

The city of Cologne is famous for its cathedral. Legendary accounts say that the plan was furnished by the devil to the architect, who was anxious to immortalize his name that he had promised his soul in return; but instead of giving Old Nick the paper on which was signed his eternal damnation, he held out a relic, which immediately put to flight the evil one. The legend adds that the church can never be completed. Six hundred men are now working day after day to finish the two great spires, and it is said it will require eight years to do it. The three Kings, or Magi, are buried in that wonderful building.



Starting from Cologne, we took the boat for Mayence. Nothing is more pleasant than this excursion on the Rhine. For twelve hours you enjoy the finest scenery of Germany. Banks covered with vines, beautiful towns, old castles, delight the eyes of the tourist who admires them from the deck of the steamer. Frankfort, Hulda, the burial place of the Apostle of the Germans, St. Boniface; Halle, the birthplace of the great musician, Handel, were the chief cities we met on our way to Berlin. The capital of the Prussian Empire did not take our fancy. In spite of some good streets and fine buildings, there is a coldness about it that we could not well get over. The summer residence of the Court is quite pleasant, though, and the Palaces of Potsdam are among the best we have seen anywhere. Stettin and Stralound, on the Baltic, were next reached. Here we crossed over to Sweden, as we intended taking the railway at Malins for Stockholm.

After two days' ride, we arrived safe and sound in the capital. The country reminds one of the sandy hills and stunted pine trees one meets between Barrie and Toronto. But Stockholm is a beauty. The fresh water of a lake and the salt water of the sea meet in the middle of the city. What a pity for Catholics to see this fair town and, indeed, the whole of Sweden, in the hands of Protestants. In that land once so devoted to our religion, there is now but one bishop and five priests. We had the consolation of seeing the first Swedish priest ordained since the Reformation.

Going from Sweden to Russia, was going from bad to worse in that respect. For you must know that it is forbidden for a Catholic priest to enter the Czar's dominions. Fortunately for us, our passports did not mention our profession or state, so we thought we would run the gauntlet. Sailing up the Gulf of Finland one fine morning, we passed by the great port and fortress of St. Petersburg, the formidable Krousladt, built in the midst of the gulf, seventeen miles from the city of the Czar. On reaching the latter, we rolled up our cassocks and breviaries in our heavy plaids, on our arms, opened our valises at the Custom House, and, as nothing

against the laws of the land was found in them, we were allowed to go on rejoicing. But no priest in the town would let us say Mass in his Church on account of the police, so we had to say Mass in a private chapel belonging to a lady we had been introduced to. Every morning Mr. M. would start before me from the hotel, and whilst he would follow a certain street, I would take another, one used to come in by the front door, the other would make for the back entrance. Mass once begun, our kind lady would close the blinds that nobody might see us. One day we were called to the head office of the police. Our friends were most anxious for our safety, a poor old Polish lady, especially got frightened to death; she did not sleep a wink that night. The Captain of the boat had omitted to sign our passports; the matter was explained, and everything passed off very smoothly. With the Russian police on our track, we managed to go about visiting and sight-seeing for nine days. The city was indeed worth all the trouble—it is a city of palaces. The winter Palace, or imperial residence, is really grand. In front of it flows the wide and deep Neva, between the grandest quays of granite in all Europe. Outside the town, the Czar's country seats of Tsarsko, Zelo and Peterlof are gorgeous and lovely places. But, how could we enjoy ourselves where our religion was so persecuted?

About the twentieth of August we took the railway for Warsaw, in Poland. The road is the dullest that can be imagined. Sands and desert, who ever saw the like? Thirty-six hours in the cars, between St. Petersburg and the capital of Poland; after spending some time there, we started off again for Vienna. Vienna, another long trip of twenty-four hours. In four or five days we had plenty of time to see the capital of Austria, which is certainly one of the finest cities of Europe. The old church of St. Stephen is the great attraction. We had also the good fortune of finding here an old missionary of Ontario, Father Newman, who was once pastor of Chippewa. He accompanied us in all our excursions in and around Vienna. We even made, through him, the acquaintance of one of the

chaplains of the Emperor, who joined likewise our party for several days, after which we took the boat, on the Danube, which was followed as far as Luiz; then, the railway brought us to Salzburg, the native town of Mozart. We had the pleasure of listening to a piece of "Don Juan" played on the piano of the great master, whose name and fame shall ever be the fair pride of that fair city. Munich is the capital of Bavaria and the "Athens" of all Germany could not be omitted. It is the headquarters of arts and sciences in central Europe. Museums, churches, monuments abound everywhere. One statue alone would make the city famous; it is the statue of "Bavaria," fifty-six feet high, with a head affording sitting accommodation for eight persons! But how we longed to leave Munich, however interesting, for a small mountain village sixty miles from it.

You have perhaps heard of the Passion Play in Oberammergau? If not, I am going to astonish you. Once in ten years the people of that poor village represent on the stage the Passion and Death of Our Lord, which they repeat every Sunday from June till September. About six thousand persons, sometimes more, come from all parts of Europe to witness that wonderful performance. The stage is a hundred and twenty feet wide, and a hundred and seventy deep. Streets and rows of houses give it the appearance of a city like Jerusalem; for you must also know that the stage is in open air. Now, to understand the way the play is managed, you should remember its chief parts, namely, the choir, the living pictures (*tableau vivants*) and the dialogue. The choir, composed of eighteen singers, men and women, all dressed in long flowing robes of various colours, come to the front of the stage where they sing in plaintive tones the fall of Adam. Presently the curtain is raised behind them, and the first *tableau vivant* is seen—a beautiful garden appears in the background, whilst Adam and Eve are running away in terror before the fiery words of the angel. The curtain falls, the choir sings our redemption through Christ, when we are shown again in the background a large cross standing on a hill. Below is a crowd



of veiled women kneeling in prayer, and looking up to the cross which, is pointed to them by an angel. The cross and women disappear, the choir is gone; but what do we hear in the distance? The shouts of the multitude are getting stronger and more numerous every moment, "Hosanna to the Son of David! Hosanna, Hosanna." Our Lord, clothed in purple garments, surrounded by His apostles, and riding on an ass, advances slowly on the stage, blessing in the most impressive manner, the surging crowd around Him. As He dismounts, everyone among the spectators is struck with His noble and thoughtful countenance, His commanding appearance, His almost divine expression. He then enters the temple to cast out the vendors or money changers, using in so doing the very words of Holy Scripture.

This begins the Passion Play, and it goes on with the regular succession of choir, the living pictures and dialogue, representing some scenes of the old Testament, having reference to the ensuing scene of the Passion. The dialogue is the play proper expressed in the language of the Evangelists.

The music of the choir is imitated after the oratorios of Handel, the hymn of the resurrection is particularly fine. The living pictures are composed of living persons with the dress and attitude of figures in a painting or picture, but as motionless as statues. The most remarkable, to my taste, is that of the "Manna in the desert." Three hundred persons, young and old, men and women, boys and girls, are there standing on the stage, their eyes raised to the sky, looking with delight and gratitude on the Manna falling over their heads as thick and white as large flakes of snow. Moses and Aaron are conspicuous among all others, whilst one cannot help noticing in front of the multitude quite a number of little children about three years of age. The little things are kneeling, joining their hands as they seem to thank God for the abundant fall of their "daily bread"; you look on the whole picture for three or four minutes, scarcely believing that all those personages are living beings like yourself. Not a muscle, not an eyelid is moved, so that when the curtain falls, you feel as

though it was all a dream, and so it was, in a spiritual sense, for now is spread before you the table of the Last Supper, on which Our Lord is about to place the real Manna, the "Bread of Life." Nothing can surpass the grandeur of that divine institution—the solemn discourse of Jesus Christ, before consecrating the Bread and Wine; the astonishment and piety of the Apostles as they receive the Blessed Eucharist, from the hand of their Master, are things which ought to be witnessed in order to be understood. But, who can express the anguish of the soul, as our Saviour is led by the mob to Mount Calvary, or crowned with thorns, or scourged by His executioners, or nailed to the cross? No language can render those feelings. Sobs and tears flow from the eyes and hearts of every one present. May I never forget that divine tragedy, as I saw it, on that day! Though we could not understand a single word of German, we never stirred for eight hours and a half in that vast amphitheatre; we were actually spellbound by the wonderful display before us. The actors are perfection itself; so much so that the managers of the great theatres in Europe acknowledge that the Passion Play is, by far, the most accomplished drama now on the stage. And, strange to say, it is got up by poor mountaineers, sculptors, joiners, carpenters, simple, unpretending women, but all as pious as can be imagined.

One day after that great event of our voyage, we reached Switzerland. The town and valley of St. Gall first attracted our attention. St. Gall was an Irish saint who founded here a monastery which gave rise to a beautiful city. It was here also that the "Salve Regina" was sung for the first time! "In hac lachrymarum valle," "in that vale of tears," we spent two days. As the whole country is celebrated for its rare beauty, we wished to visit at least the finest spots we could find without going out of our way. Thus we admired in turn Lake Zurich, the shrine of Our Lady of Einsiedeln, Lake Lucern, the Rigi, the towns of Lucerna, Berne, Friburg, Lausanne, Lake Lemane and Geneva.

Crossing into France from the latter city, we went to see

the snow-capped Mount Blanc, and the lovely valley of Chamonix, then in a few hours we reached Lyons, where we visited the Mother House of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and where we made the famous pilgrimage of Our Lady of Fourvière, two days afterwards, we stood on the Holy Mountain of La Salette. You know it was there the Blessed Virgin appeared, in 1846, to two little shepherds. It was our good luck to be present on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the apparition, 19th Sept., with about 8,000 pilgrims. The little shepherd, Naximin, now a man of 36 years of age, was also present and gave us an account of the apparition on the very spot where it took place. We saw him privately before leaving the hallowed spot. The "Grande Chartreuse" was next visited, without speaking of the pleasure I felt when I met good old Father Soulerin, formerly Superior of St. Michael's College, Toronto. It was with great regret that I had to leave France without seeing the holy shrine of St. Francis de Chantel at Annecy! but time was wanting now! We had to start immediately for Italy, passing through Mount Cenis, after which we studied the fair towns and fine monuments of sunny Italy. Susa, Turin, Milan, where all the ladies wear nothing on their heads but black lace veils, and where is the marvellous white marble cathedral. In the north and throughout the country generally, the railway runs between two lines of acacia trees, very fine indeed, but so thick as to hinder the traveller from seeing anything around.

From Verona, we made a short raid into the Tyrol, to see the town of Trent in which was held the accumenical Council of Trent in the 16th century. Venice was out next stopping place, the fair but sad Venice—built on the sea two miles from the shore, it is completely surrounded by water. The very streets are nothing but deep channels through which runs the salt water. If you go to Church or to the bank, or anywhere in the city, you must take the "gondola," or long, black canoe, the only vehicle here. One day we went to meet King Victor-Emmanuel, on his arrival in the ancient queen of the Adriatic. His gondola passed so near our own that not only could we see him well, but we might have shaken hands, had we not



been so disgusted with the old brute. That same evening the splendid royal band played several selections from the great masters, on the piazza di san mares. Such delightful music as we heard that night is a thing to dream of.

The Shrine of St. Anthony of Padua, the railway passes through Bologna, famed for its paintings, Ravenna for its old churches and traditions, Sinizaglia, the birthplace of Pius IX., Ancona and Loreto, where is the holy house of Nazareth. It is a small building of red-painted stone, some twenty feet long, by some 16 broad. In two cupboards are found three earthen cups, said to have been used by our divine Lord in His infancy. There is an altar at one end, where we had the privilege of offering Mass. The house is surrounded by a magnificent marble structure which is itself enclosed in a very large church. Such is the house inhabited for about thirty years by the Holy Family at Nazareth and which was brought here by the angels many centuries ago.

The last day of October, 1870, four months after our departure from Canada, we arrived in Rome, overjoyed to find ourselves at last in the city of the Popes where our Christian affections had long before preceded us, and where, also, we expected to hear from our dear friends at home. Letters and newspapers had been accumulating there since we had started from Nicolet, so that our first day in Rome was wholly devoted to the sweet remembrance of home and friends beyond the seas. Our next wish was to see the Holy Father, which favour was granted us a few days later. Having received from our hands several addresses from Three Rivers and Quebec, together with some hundreds of francs brought by us from St. Petersburg, the Pope spoke to us most kindly and blessed us with all those dear to our hearts. We were very happy at that moment, but a greater happiness was yet in store for us. We were to be admitted the 15th October to a private audience of the Holy Father, in his own private room. After speaking to us about a quarter of an hour, he gave us two splendid silver medals and allowed us the next morning to attend his Mass in his own chapel. There it was that we had the rare privilege of receiving the Holy Communion from Pius the Ninth.

Five weeks elapsed before our departure for the Holy Land. Rome, with all its monuments of Christian and pagan grandeur, occupied our attention to the last moment. Naples delighted us afterwards with its romantic situation, Mount Vesuvius, Pompei, but above all, with its Cathedral possessing the relics of St. Januarius who was martyred under the Emperor Diocletian and whose blood, preserved in phials, liquefies at certain times in the year when brought in presence of the Martyr's head, which is preserved in a silver reliquary.

Crossing the Mediterranean Sea, we visited Smyria, in Asia Minor, a town of some 200,000 inhabitants, where St. Polycarp, its first Bishop, had suffered martyrdom. A French boat running along the coast of Syria brought us in a few days to Jaffa, our first business was to hire a guide and four horses to start at once for Jerusalem. There being no carriage in the Holy Land, travellers must go on foot or on horseback, and it is often a great trial to one not accustomed to ride to cross this thirty-six miles of plain and mountain to reach the City of David. We set out, however, about three o'clock in the afternoon for Ramlet, where we arrived at six that same evening. The plain traversed then by the Pilgrims is the plain of Sharon, once inhabited by the Philistines, who were terribly punished by Samson when he sent out among their fields a great number of foxes with burning torches tied to their tails. The Blessed Virgin is also called the beauty of Sharon. Ramlet is about half way between the sea and the mountains. It is the ancient town of Arimathea. A few low houses make up now what used to be a formidable place during the Crusades. At eleven o'clock we went to bed; at one we were again on horseback, as we wished to be in Jerusalem in time that morning to say Mass. The full moon was shining in the heavens above, whilst the balmy atmosphere and the deep stillness around us filled our souls with solemn thoughts. Towards four o'clock we entered the mountainous regions. Nothing but rocky, barren hills before us. We advanced for hours and hours, the same steep road, the same rocky mountains, always and everywhere. When shall we see the walls of Jerusalem and tell the towers there-

of?—at half past nine we beheld at last the high ramparts and turrets of the Holy City, built on a high mountain and bursting forth, in all the glory of the morning sun. Oh, who can tell the emotions of the pilgrims on that thrice blessed moment. The tongue as well as the pen is powerless to express the feebleness of the Christian heart when you stand for the first time in sight of Jerusalem. In your ecstacy, you sing the words of the Prophet, "I have rejoiced in the things that were said to me; we shall go into the house of the Lord."

Half an hour later, we had the happiness of saying Mass in one of the Churches of the Holy City, and, in the afternoon, we visited the Holy Sepulchre. It is a large building, belonging to the Turks, who make you pay to enter it. As you go in, you find on your right hand a flight of eighteen marble steps leading up to a rocky platform above, 20 feet square; it is Mount Calvary. The very hole where was placed the cross is still shown, as well as the split of the rock caused by the earthquake at the death of our Lord. The latter is three or four feet in length, by three or four inches wide. The holy Sepulchre is a marble chapel built on the floor of the church, under the great dome, about sixty feet to the left of the entrance door. The inside chamber is six feet long and six feet wide. A slab of white marble covers the sepulchre and is used as an Altar for Mass. Further down the church behind the Calvary is a deep grotto in which St. Helena found the true Cross.

If you leave the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and direct your steps towards the east, you find yourself in a short time in the "via dolorosa" or the way of the Cross. Like all the streets of Jerusalem, it is very narrow. In fact, scarcely wide enough for a carriage to pass. Several spots are pointed out as the real Stations of the Cross, such as the meeting of Our Lord with His Mother, Simon of Cyrene compelled to carry the Cross, Jesus scourged by His executioners, the House of Pilate, etc. Close by the latter house is the eastern wall of the city. Beyond this wall is the valley of Jehospat, in the bottom of which flows, in winter, the torrent of Kedron. On the



other side of the torrent is the garden of Gethsemane, the grotto of the Agony, the tomb of the Blessed Virgin, all at the foot of Mount Olivet, the scene of the Ascension of Our Lord. In the garden of Gethsemane one is not a little astonished to find eight olive trees dating as far back as the Passion of Christ. On Mount Olivet the imprint of the left foot of our Saviour is an object of veneration for all pilgrims to this day. A hundred yards or so from this spot a French princess has lately built a church where "Our Father" was taught to the Apostles. Behind that little church are printed in large letters on the four walls of a cloister thirty-two translations of the prayer in as many languages, one of which is called "Canadian" or "Indian" Our Father.

Five or six miles from Jerusalem stands on the crest of a horse-shoe-shaped hill the interesting town of Bethlehem. Under the church built by St. Helena, we see the grotto of the Nativity perfectly preserved. The very spot where the Infant Jesus was born is marked by a silver star, and the manger a few feet lower down. The grotto is still used to say Mass every day. A mile and a half to the east of Bethlehem extends the field of the Pastors or Shepherds, whilst the sealed fountain with the enclosed garden are situated six miles towards the south.

We also made the long excursion to Nazareth ninety miles north of Jerusalem, always on horseback, as a matter of course. It takes generally four days to perform this voyage and so many to return, but as we extended our trip to the Sea of Galilee, and Mount Tabor, it took us full two weeks. The beginning was exceedingly fine and pleasant. Then the winter rains commenced to pour in perfect torrents day and night, so much so that we had to travel eight days in the rain, sometimes eight or nine hours a day. Fortunately, no uneasiness or sickness followed such a severe trial; we did not even catch a slight cough!

Passing successively through the Bible and world-renowned localities of Gabaon, Bethel, Betherly, Sichem, Jacob's Well, Naim, Endor, Hermon, Nazareth, Cana, Tiberias, the

Sea of Galilee, Capharnaum, Magdala, Thabor, Carmel, our small caravan of five horses achieved this interesting voyage in the happiest manner possible.

Having reached Jerusalem again on the 21st of December, we started on the following day for the Dead Sea and the Jordan, some thirty-five miles east of the Holy City. After bathing in the oily water of the former, as well as in the rapid waves of the latter; after sleeping once under the tent among the ruins of Jericho, we returned anew to our headquarters, only to make another start for Bethlehem on Christmas Eve. The ceremonies of the midnight Mass lasted five hours, and, as you may easily imagine, were most impressive. When the office of Matins and Lauds and High Mass are over, the procession to the grotto of the Nativity is formed. Behind all the clergy comes the Bishop of Jerusalem, bearing in his arms the Infant Jesus. Once in the grotto, the deacon sings the Gospel, and after the words, "Here was born Jesus Christ of the Virgin Mary," he takes the little wax figure from the patriarch, kneels on the floor and places it on the silver star above mentioned. Then he resumes the singing of the Gospel. When it is said that she wrapped up the Infant in swaddling clothes and laid It in the manger, the deacon kneels again before the silver star, takes up the little Infant in his arms to put it in the same manner in the manger. Nothing can give an adequate idea of this solemn ceremony. The next day we had the privilege of saying Mass on the Altar of the Magi, in that same manger. The same happiness was granted us again on New Year's and on the day of the Epiphany.

You will perhaps ask yourself the question, whether a person so fortunate as to be in Bethlehem on Christmas Day is apt to forget everything else in the world to think only of the high favours bestowed on him from above? I am willing to testify for myself and say that I felt so happy on that day that I wished all my friends around me to share in my happiness and unite with me in heartfelt thanksgiving. I even sat down that blessed morning to pen you a few lines from the cradle of Our Lord, but my heart was too full for utterance;

I felt I could not finish even one sentence. But how often did we speak of Toronto on that day! I had told you, before my departure, that I would be at Bethlehem on Christmas Day, and I thought you would not likely forget that most happy incident of our voyage. So we fancied sometimes we could hear you tell some one in the Convent, "I know who is in Bethlehem to-day."

Three weeks later we sailed from Jaffa on board a French steamer, bound to Marseilles. We were in hopes of visiting Egypt, but the cholera and quarantine prevented our landing at Port Said or at Alexandria. We had nothing else to do, then, than go on to Marseilles. Our navigation was smooth enough, though the Mediterranean is generally very rough in winter. A passing storm in the straits of Messina was the only remarkable feature of that sea voyage. Once in France, we made for Rome again, by the Cronicle road through Toulon, Hyeres, Caines, Nice, Savone, Genoa, Pisa, Lucca, Sienna, Florence and Assisi; Caines and Nice are great winter resorts for the aristocracy of Europe. Genoa is a city of palaces. The cemetery is particularly fine. In one of the large hotels is shown the room in which died O'Connell on his way to Rome in 1847. All the women of Genoa are dressed in black and wear on their heads long, flowing, white veils. In other towns of Italy they wore black lace veils.

Florence is the capital of Fine Arts in Italy, its endless museums of statuary and painting are a marvel to behold. We visited in Sienna the house of St. Catharine, the little room where Angels used to visit, where took place her mystical marriage with the Infant Jesus, and where are still seen her lamp, her veil, and many other objects which belonged to her. At Assisi, three churches are built, one over the other, on the Tomb of St. Francis. In the same town we saw the body of St. Clara, in perfect preservation. She is dressed in the brown robes of her Order, holding in her hands the books of the Rules. The skin of her face and hands seem soft and fleshy, but it is as black as ink. Close to the town is the Convent where she repelled the saracens with the Blessed Sacrament.



We reached Rome, for the second time, the 4th of February, in time to see the carnival. It was very dull this year, on account of the new state of things. The government of Victor Emmanuel did all they could to make it as lively as possible; but the Romans are yet too faithful to the Pope to countenance anything done by minions of the Revolution. On the 24th of the same month we were kneeling for the fourth time before our blessed Pontiff, asking his blessing for a safe return to our distant country. We paid a visit to Cardinal Antonelli, Cardinal Barnabe and General Kanzler, said Mass once more in the shrine of St. Peter, bade farewell to Rome, the country of the soul, the centre of the world, and took a final of fair Italy at Civita Vecchia. Two days later we landed again in Marseilles, where had landed eighteen centuries before Lazarus and his sisters Mary and Martha. The railway brought us the following day to Toulouse, Abbi, Tarbes and Lourdes.

Do you know anything about our Lady of Lourdes? It was there that the Blessed Virgin appeared, fourteen years ago, to a little girl by the name of Bernadette, asking a church to be built over the grotto of the apparition, and causing a miraculous fountain to flow from the bottom of the same grotto, finally giving her name as the "Immaculate Conception." Now, the church, one of the finest in France, is built. The fountain flows as abundant as ever, working hundreds of miracles. The statue of the "Immaculate Conception" stands in the place of the Blessed Virgin, and what I don't wish to forget, the little Bernadette, now a sister of charity, is living in Nevers, where we had the great and good luck of seeing her. We have visited most of the shrines of Our Lady in Europe, but none, I believe, is so pious, so impressive as the Shrine of Lourdes. In front of the grotto flows a nice river whose banks are shaded with trees. A green meadow extends on the other side of the river. The town of Lourdes, with its rocky fortress is seen in the distance, while the eye is delighted by the snow-capped mountains of the Pyrenees. As we arrived at the holy spot, some nuns of the Immaculate Conception, in their sky-blue dresses and white veils, were kneel-

ing in silent worship before the mysterious grotto. The marble statue seemed to be listening to their prayers, as the bubbling fountain sang forth the praises and mercy of the Mother of God. The golden rays of the setting sun streamed over meadow and river, shedding their dying glory around the blessed mountains, and making that scene a vision of heavenly beauty. On the 4th of March, after saying Mass in the church over the grotto, we started for Bayonne, whence we started again for Spain.

Burgos, the capital of ancient Castile, was the first Spanish town we visited. In the town hall are preserved the bones of famous Spanish warrior, "The Cid," whose house is marked by a monument in another part of the city. The Gothic Cathedral is a marvellous structure. New Burgoss is a convent of Nuns of St. Bernard, all dressed in "white merino," whose abbess is entitled to appoint every priest having jurisdiction in the forty parishes belonging to that royal community. They are quite independent of the Bishop, received only orders from Rome, according to an agreement between the Pope and Alphonso of Spain.

Further north is the battlefield, where Charles Martel crushed the invading forces of the Mussalmen, 300,000 of whom, it is said, were killed on that day.

Tours is a large city on the River Loire. The Gothic cathedral attracts the attention of all strangers, the chancel is in fact one of the finest to be seen anywhere. From Tours we turned towards Nevero, in the very heart of France. Through the Bishop's exceptional kindness, we were allowed to pay a visit to Bernadette of Lourdes. She is a smiling little nun of dark complexion, sickly appearance, and of graceful, though timid, manners. It was a great consolation to us to see and speak to a person who had seen and spoken to the Blessed Virgin. But the greatest wonder was to see a person who has learned from the merciful lips of Our Lady that she is to be happy in the next world! How confidently did we ask her to remember us in her prayers. She was the fourth privileged being we had met in our travels.

On our return voyage we had smooth sailing and enjoyed every hour of it. One of our best amusements was to go on deck in the evening to listen to the lively music and witness the livelier dance of the Irish Emigrants, footing it "in all kinds of meter," as Father Shea would say!

In Portland, the young ladies of the convent sang for us, with their sweetest voices, the pleasure of returning home after a long absence. This thoughtful little song melted us to tears, for indeed we were "returning" after an absence of eleven months, after a voyage of twenty-three thousand miles, through many a distant country, many a foreign clime. From Portland to Nicolet, everything ran as smoothly as possible, only, we thought it did not run fast enough. I must tell you that we were not in the least expected by our friends, and it had always been a pleasant subject of conversation for us, during our voyage, to say how we should tumble among them unawares. The anticipated pleasure and surprise was the greatest success one could possibly imagine . . . .

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### **Yesterdays**

Gone! and they return no more,  
But they leave a light in the heart;  
The murmur of waves that kiss a shore  
Will never, I know, depart.

Gone! yet with us still they stay,  
And their memories throb through life;  
The music that hushes or stirs to-day,  
Is toned by their calm or strife.

Gone! and yet they never go!  
We kneel at the shrine of Time:  
'Tis a mystery no man may know,  
Nor tell in a poet's rhyme.

—Selected.



## The Golden Room

**H**E was not like other children. There was something about him different from the rest of his playmates. Many of the people in the village believed that he had come from fairyland. When he was walking along the streets he would hear people say, "Look into that child's eyes. In them shines the wisdom of the angels." Others would say, "Why does he not play with the other children?" But he would not; he kept to himself always—thinking strange thoughts and dreaming still stranger dreams.

One day his mother took him upon her knee, saying, "Look into my eyes and tell me what you see there?"

"I see wood-violets dipped in moon-shine; pools of water stilled at even with the sheen of stars upon them. I see a light shining also that is not of the stars, but of love," the child answered. "And Mother, what do you see in my eyes?"

He lifted back his little head crowned with its aureole of pale gold hair and gazed at her with his grave eyes.

"I see dreams, little Poet. Tell me of what you see in that wonderful dreamland of yours."

"I see the Golden Room, Mother; its walls are of amber, its carpet is woven of gold autumn leaves encrusted with jewels of sparkling dewdrops. The walls are hung with tapestries of sunshine spun into golden tissue by the fairy folk. Flowers with pale gold petals, springing from calyxes of gold, are patterned on the shining folds. In the centre of the room is a bowl of beaten gold, traced with patterns of vine leaves. within this bowl there burns a single flame of light."

"Come with me," said the mother. She took him by the hand and they went out into the garden. In the centre of the wide stretch of green lawn was a pool of water, clear as crystal and banked with daffodils and narcissi, that ever gazed on their beautiful faces reflected in the shining depths. "Tell me what you see mirrored there," said his mother; and the

boy answered, "I see a child, and on his forehead there shines a beautiful star."

"It is the star of imagination you see. You are a poet. Keep an open mind and a pure heart and the star will always shine brightly for you. But if you do not do that, it will become tarnished."

That night the Poet-Child could not sleep. He slipped out of his little bed and went into the garden to sit by the pool. The flowers curtsied to the wind and shook out their dainty petals.

No one ever sees the winds, but to-night they revealed themselves to the Poet-Child. Some were beings with great out-spread wings and grotesque faces. These wore hoods over their heads, but their long hair escaping, streamed behind them. He caught a glimpse of strange, pale faces and shining eyes. "These must be the gentle night winds," he thought. They carried bowls in their hands, filled with the scent from the flowers. Their long pale fingers wafted it about them as they flew—and they sang in soft, low voices.

"Wind, wind, of what do you sing?" asked the Child.

"I sing lullabies to the flowers. I sing of the high tree tops and the wide, free spaces of the sky. I sing of little children smiling in their sleep, and of the perfumed incense of the flowers swung in their delicate censers. I sing of the wonder and the mystery of night."

"Wind, Wind, of what do you sing?" the Poet-Child asked of a Wind who came flying past. He had the strong rugged features of a man. His wings were widespread and powerful, his breath blew icy cold, while the touch of his fingers was chilly.

"I sing of the sea from which I have come—of the wild waves leaping high, white with foam. I sing of the long, white breakers rolling on a golden stretch of ocean beach. I sing of spray blinding my eyes. I have winged my way over a thousand leagues and am going back to the sea where the waves beckon me with their white fingers."

"I shall be a gale when I grow big," cried a little bow Wind.

He whistled into the Poet-Child's face and ruffled up his hair. "Good-bye, I am off for a frolic."

"Wind, Wind, of what do you sing?" he asked a gentle Wind who flew close by, and in passing, kissed him on the forehead.

"I sing of a strange land from which I have come—the land of the Golden Room. I sing of life's mysteries. I come. I go. I see many things—sadness and tears; happiness and joy."

"Wind, Wind!" cried the Poet-Child. "I want to go to the land of the Golden Room. Will you take me there with you?"

"Ride on my back," said the Wind.

They rose swiftly from the ground and he found himself flying through the air. They passed over strange cities and tumbling seas till they came to the land of the Golden Room, and the Wind left him at its threshold.

It was the same as the room in which he had been in his dream. The great door swung open to music and there were the walls of amber, and tapestries of golden tissue. The child stood alone in the great silence.

Then came a clamouring from without—and he heard voices calling, "We seek entrance to the Golden Room." A low voice answered, "What do you seek there?" "I seek wealth in the Golden Room." "Go home, you will not find it here."

Another voice called out, "I seek fame and renown." "Go hence," said the mysterious voice. "You will not find it here."

Then a voice sweeter than the others cried, saying, "I seek understanding and sympathy, gentleness and the love of sacrifice. I seek loving-kindness and the tenderness of a mother's heart."

And the voice answered, "Enter, for all that you seek is here."

The door swung open, and the Poet Child saw that a strange boy entered. His hair shone like a nimbus of gold



about his face, and on his forehead glowed a star of wonderful brilliance.

"How did you come here?" asked the Poet-Child. "I came by the Road of Wisdom," answered the other. "But how did you find the way?" "The angels lit beacon lights upon the road." Then turning to his companion, he questioned him in turn. "How did you come?" "I came on the wings of Inspiration," he answered.

The two children looked at each other. "Your star is beautiful," said the stranger. "A youth outside the door wore one that was tarnished and dull. It was he who asked for wealth and riches."

The stranger was the most beautiful child the little Poet had ever seen. His face shone with a wonderful light and his little limbs seemed transparent and ethereal. When he spoke it seemed as if the sweetest music filled the air. He took the little Poet's hand and said to him: "One day you will be a famous poet. The angels shall bring you your thoughts and you will clothe them in beautiful language and will set them to the music of the spheres; to the golden strains of melody that you will hear floating through the Gates of Paradise. Look at me. I am your Soul—the guardian of your star. Seek always to walk with me upon the mountain tops among the stars."

The child's voice ceased and it seemed that a great silence filled the room. Then the walls of amber faded away in a golden mist while the flooring of gold autumn leaves vanished into space, but the bowl holding the golden light remained for a while.

Then everything disappeared—and the Poet found himself in his mother's arms, and in her eyes, looking down into his, he saw the shining light.

"Mother, I have found the Golden Room—in your heart that is alight with sympathy and loving-kindness. In your eyes shines the golden light of Mother-love."

"You speak as one inspired!" cried the Mother.

"In a vision I saw the Golden Room and there I met face to face with my soul," answered the child.

"It is true you are a poet with a mind fashioned to perceive the inner meaning of beautiful things."

"When I am older," said the Child, "I shall sing many songs and will set them to the music of angels' lyres. The winds shall teach me their songs, and from the brooks I shall learn the secret of their laughter."

"God has given me a great treasure," said the Mother—and bending down her head, she kissed the little Poet on his forehead.



I cannot soar and sing my Lord and love;

No eagle's wing have I,

No power to rise and greet my King above,

No heart to fly.

Creative Lord Incarnate, let me lean

My heavy self on Thee;

Nor let my utter weakness come between

Thy strength and me.

—Robt. Hugh Benson.



## Possibilities for Catholic Women

BY HELENA T. GOESSMANN.

**T**HE subject of woman, her proper sphere, her duties in life, her culture, and, to use the popular phraseology of the present day, her higher education, has hourly hearings and numberless expounders in all climes and among all classes of men.

To utilize the facts of ancient history relative to her earliest conditions, we know that the pagans reasoned thus: Let woman be purely domestic, the menial care-taker of the house, the mother of her master's children, the serving maid of her liege lord, in other words, the passive and ignorant associate of a one-sided partnership.

Christianity at its first dawning refuted this theory by the nobler proclamation upon which her present exalted position is builded.

Let woman rather be virtuous and wise, the model of her daughters, the ideal of her sons, the companion and helpmate of her husband, sharing his joys and sorrows, being with him as one, said the new creed, and in proof of this the Christian school of ethics was found to contain laws protecting womanhood and virtue.

Athens and Rome may even at this hour have had their female Pericles, golden in tongue, and their women possessing the endurance of Brutus, but though such existed, their knowledge was the mysticism of a pagan philosophy lacking the touch of a Christian reasoning, and only capable of filling great minds with heathen dross in place of Christian gold.

Hersilia, the pagan, pleading for her countrywomen in the camp of the enemy, is far less grand a picture of those early days than that of the dead Dorcas, lying in her humble home in Lydda, with her weeping pupils and orphan charges gathered round her lifeless body, speaking her obituary to the



world as a woman, learned, wise and filled with good deeds.

Pagan Rome maintained with difficulty an institution of six Vestal Virgins, while the Christian Church held thousands within her fold who, going forth into the great world, taught the faith of Christ, clothed the poor, nursed the sick, instructed the ignorant, and repaid by kindly acts, the persecutions of those who in His hour of tribulation wrung from the despised and calumniated Saviour the words, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

Thus the new era for woman had dawned, brought forth by the consistent teachings of a Christian Church.

Women followed Jesus in His ministrations, sat at His feet and listened to His words of wisdom, stood with Him in His hour of trial,—walked within His blood-stained steps to Calvary's Height, knelt in tears and anguish beneath His Cross, and watched in sorrow beside the tomb where His Sacred Body lay.

Let us in the interest of Catholic women as prototyped by our faith, retrospect a trifle, and place ourselves in Rome about the 4th century after Christ. At the home of Paula, the patrician lady, learned in Holy Writ, exhaling the sweet odors of purity, giving bountifully from her store of noble women, instructing them in philosophy, discussing with them in Hebrew and Latin the Old and New Testaments, answering their questions and declaring Macrina, one of their number, to be more his peer than his pupil, so lucid was her understanding. From this body of learned women later, Marcella, timid, fervent, and inspired, stepped forth and refuted the heresy of Origen.

Toward the close of his life, Jerome is found writing to Laeta, the mother of Paula the younger, recommending to her a plan of studies for her daughter, including a complete course in Latin and Hebrew literature, so that, to use his own words, "she may be more fitted to act as a Christian Missionary of her faith in her own home."

In Athens, Lebanus, the pagan tutor, exclaiming in the midst of his associates, "Oh Gods of Greece—what women are

among these Christians!"—was only paying public tribute to the cultured Christian mother of his pupil, St. John Chrysostom.

A century later, Pulcheria trained and educated a king, at the same time ruling the mightiest realm of the then known world.

As the days of bloody persecutions passed away, the pagan philosophers lived only in their disputed theories, and the world, turning its face from God and right, waged war upon friend and foe. The Rome of old was fallen into decadence, Athens was scarcely more than a dream of the poet, while learning became valueless to the hordes, and then the convents and monasteries, which had grown in number during preceding centuries, became the treasuries of the manuscripts and the refuges of the scholars.

To be sure a Genevieve, a Clotilda, a Bertha, a Hilda, and numberless other good women in humbler walks of life, were sowing the seed of faith and reaping a heavy harvest of souls, but within the cloister walls peace reigned, and the hearts and minds of the inmates were more free to use their gifts of tongue and pen.

Our most advanced schools number them with their pupils, and the teaching forces of the country include many of the brightest minds among them.

The store, factory, and household employments are not the lesser claimants for their skill and devotion. Ambition is their characteristic trait, and the possible their only limit. As Catholics, they find no longer an obstacle raised because of creed alone in the truly intelligent community. Capability, not nationality or belief, decides their rights to enter within the charmed circle, where success is meted out according to honest worth; but in no place more than in public works of philanthropy are they welcomed and their co-operation met with by Christian cordiality and gratitude on the part of non-Catholic workers. With this in view, no true woman should stand aside and refuse to take part in a good work for the general help of mankind, because, perhaps, a few of her as-

sociates attend church in the Meeting House instead of the Catholic Chapel. If such be their rule of life, Catholic women will not possess a one-sided culture unfruitful of good to others, and pass their days in an atmosphere of selfish favouritism and mutual admiration. The possible danger of the buried talent will be obliterated by the glories of a multiplied one. Being strong in their faith and pure in their motives, they cannot be harmed by becoming a part of the useful activity about them. Then, with learning and culture, which joined to sweet charity—that fairest and largest of all virtues—they will prove now as was proven in the first ages of Christianity by queen and serving maid alike, that the Catholic Church in her truest and first sense preaches a creed which allows her women scholarship beyond the possibilities of a Sappho, creates mothers surpassing the devotion of a Cornelia, and home-makers patterning the ideal cottage at Nazareth; in fine, a womanhood line unto that picture of nature's great poet:

“The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,  
A perfect woman nobly planned,  
To warm, to comfort, to command;  
And yet a spirit still and bright,  
With something of an angel's light.”

Leoba, in the 7th century, following at his request St. Boniface into Germany, founding monasteries, converting pagans and teaching the true gospel, is a glorious picture of those turbulent times. Pepin Le Bref, and his mighty son Charlemagne, seeking her counsel in matters politic, and the Bishop of the sees of Osnabruck, Verden and Bremen consulting with her in spiritual questions, is suggestive of a broad and unselfish progress. Hrotsvitha, Abbess of Gendersheim, in Lower Saxony, writing comedies which are reviewed and criticized to-day by the ablest pens, and Richeda, her sister in religion, aiding her in the reading of these same dramatic works before the assembled community, might happen as well to-day as in the 9th century.



Herrade, two hundred years after compiling all the known literary and scientific knowledge of her times in that work, called, "A Garden of Delights," had in view the greater and broader instruction of her sisterhood.

About the same period Margaret, the mother of the "Good Queen Maud," when not involved in matters of state, gathered around her women of the court and neighbouring towns, and taught them the facts and best ideas of the day.

With these noble types of womanhood belongs a Catharine of Sienna, working, praying, studying; a Catharine of Genoa, becoming an angel of light in the home of a profligate husband, and a Theresa of Avila, receiving and revealing to a philosophical age the wonders and powers of an Almighty Love, while round her flew the missiles of battle, hurled by an Ignatius Loyola against the powers of darkness, and a Martin Luther wildly on the defensive.

A hundred years later Cassandra Fedela teaches publicly in the University of Padua, and argues with the most learned philosophers and theologians of that justly celebrated faculty, while Helena Cornaro receives the highest degrees within the power of its bestowal. That these names may not have the burden of supporting alone such vast honours through long ages of criticism and doubt, the 18th century brings within the proscribed limits of argument regarding possibilities for Catholic women, Maria Agnesi, who taught and lectured in her native city, Milan. Her contributions to mathematics, her introduction of algebra into Italy, and her compilation of analytical scientific facts have brought forth from such men as Fontenelle, of the French Academy, the famous Bossuet, and Colson of Cambridge, the most perfect and true recommendation of their merits in the form of translations into the French and English tongues.

Thus from Paula to Maria Agnesi the links of charitable lives, heroic deeds, noble impulses, and profound intellectuality are all present. While soaring almost beyond the sublime realms of human understanding, these same women founded hospitals, established schools, laboured with charity classes,

reared families, and served the world socially and materially by being necessary and glorious factors in its interests and progress.

To speak of those who followed them carrying on the good works and developing the same noble ideas, would be simply lapsing into a contemporary age, which is familiar to all and fully able to plead its own cause.

To be sure, if we lower the barriers between our Catholic conception of woman's place, and that of a certain class of modern reformers and enthusiasts, we can only destroy the beautiful old ideal in a misguided effort to develop a sphere beyond its utility and possibility. That unattractive personage, the Woman's Rights Agitator, a product of our own day, who would fill all the offices, do the voting, hold the rostrum and rob the home of its grandest influence, repels the honest and noble minded of both sexes.

The Catholic Church makes and upholds a virtuous domestic womanhood, and these qualities to be unalloyed, require the highest culture and knowledge appropriate to each individual's calling and station in life.

A faith founded upon the teachings of One Who lived and was subject for thirty-three years of His life to a woman whom He called Mother, will never treat with indifference a fact which her Founder made so apparent and beautiful in His example to man.

In the present progressive and thinking age, Catholic women are becoming more than ever before a part of the active world, where woman's work is not questioned.



Officers of St. Joseph College  
Alumnae Association

✦

1920—1921

✦

Honorary Patron—The Very Rev. W. R. Harris, D.D., LL.D.

Spiritual Director—The Rev. E. Murray, C.S.B.

Honorary President—The Reverend Mother Superior of the  
Community of St. Joseph.

President—Miss M. L. Hart.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, Mrs. Fred O'Connor,  
Miss I. Larkin, St. Catharines; Mrs. J. A. Thompson,  
Mrs. F. P. Brazil.

Treasurer—Miss M. Morrow.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. C. F. Riley.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Mary Brophy.

Out-of-Town Secretary—Miss Cecil Healy.

Press Secretary—Miss Mary Latchford.

Historians—Mrs. Gordon Taylor, Miss Benning.

Counselors—Mrs. J. J. Landy, Mrs. P. O'Sullivan, Miss E.

Mulqueen, Miss M. McGrath.





ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE DEBATING SOCIETY EXECUTIVE

Left to Right—M. McCormick, S. McCormick, M. McCardle, C. Coghlan, A. McDonald, M. Costello.



## Alumnae Notes

The "Lilies" is the official organ of your Alumnae. To members of the Alumnae it is only one dollar a year. It records all your activities. You really need it!

\* \* \* \* \*

February 10th.—A very representative audience from St. Joseph's College Alumnae attended the lecture by Dr. C. K. Clarke in St. Michael's Hall. Dr. Clarke told of conditions as they exist among the mentally defective throughout Canada, and illustrated his lecture by views showing cases of individuals and families depicting various stages of mental retardation. Praise was bestowed on the institutions of Vancouver and the excellent work of that Province being done through its special schools for defectives, also the work of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd in Halifax, and the Province of Quebec generally.

February 24th.—Following the policy decided upon by the Alumnae to endeavor to introduce the Home and School Clubs into the Separate Schools, a meeting was held in St. Francis' school for the purpose of organization. Officers elected were Honorary Presidents, Rev. W. A. McCann, Rev. F. Martina; President, Mrs. Mary Markle; Vice-Presidents, Rev. Sister Mary Elizabeth, Rev. Brother Cyril, and Miss McGarity; Treasurer, Mrs. P. F. McCarthy; Secretary, Mrs. G. Bagnato. Miss M. L. Hart addressed the meeting. Miss P. McBride and Mrs. Tom McCarron represented the Alumnae.

Another Club has been established in St. Clement's and promises to be very successful. Rev. A. Scafuro was elected Honorary President, and Miss Johnston, President.

Miss G. Lawler was elected Honorary Vice-President at the organization of a Home and School Club in the De La Salle. Miss M. L. Hart pointed out the interesting features of such clubs.

Mrs. W. A. Cavanagh was elected to the Directorate of the St. Elizabeth Visiting Nurses Association at their annual meeting.



Sincerest sympathy to Rev. A. Malone, C.S.P., in the death of his brother, Mr. Basil Malone; to Mrs. W. A. Cavanagh in her bereavement—the death of her youngest brother, Mr. Geo. Redmond O'Reilly, of St. Paul, Minn.; to Miss Dorothy Chalue; to Rev. Sister Liguori in the death of her beloved and aged mother, Mrs. A. Chalue; to the Misses Roche of Buffalo in the death of their mother.

\* \* \* \* \*

Through the mission of the Catholic Church Extension, St. Joseph's College Alumnae are having five Masses offered for the repose of the soul of the late Cardinal Gibbons, the beloved Honorary President of the International Federated Catholic Alumnae.

\* \* \* \* \*

St. Joseph Lilies gratefully acknowledge subscriptions from Mrs. H. R. Mackenzie, Mrs. H. F. Gadsby, Mrs. H. L. Mason, Mrs. P. F. Griffin.

\* \* \* \* \*

The third quarterly meeting of St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association was opened with a general meeting on Sunday afternoon, March 13th, Miss M. L. Hart presiding. Miss M. Morrow read the treasurer's report, and Mrs. C. F. Riley, the secretary minutes of the last general meeting. After the business was dispensed with, the afternoon was given over to "Readings from Catholic Poets." Mrs. J. C. Keenan came first, giving "Vanquished" and "My Home" from her own pen. Miss Rose Ferguson gave poems and short sketches from the lives of Coventry Patmore, Francis Thompson and Joyce Kilmer. "How the Cardinal Carried the Host" and "Tattoo," by Miss M. L. Hart. Alderman Mrs. Sidney Small gave a brief talk on "Citizenship." Miss Elizabeth O'Driscoll, M.A., a graduate of Cork University, Ireland, was the guest of the afternoon and delighted the members with her experiences at the National University of Ireland, Cambridge College of Pedagogy, Paris Catholic University and Sorbonne. Mrs. E. J. O'Neil extended a hearty vote of thanks, seconded by Mrs. W. A. Cavanagh.

At the adjournment of the meeting, tea was served in the library, where Mrs. J. C. Keenan and Mrs. W. A. Cavanagh had the honor of pouring. The polished tea table was artistically arranged with a silver basket filled with daffodils and pussy willow. Those assisting were Mrs. A. J. Thompson, Mrs. James E. Day, Mrs. J. J. Landy, Mrs. Thomas McCarron, Misses M. Morrow, M. Orr and N. Kennedy.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was later given by Rev. Cyril Kehoe, O.C.C.

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Mrs. Tom McCarron, our devoted Secretary, is taking a holiday with her American friends—Buffalo, Syracuse and Baltimore will be visited. Our good wishes attend her.

\* \* \* \* \*

We are delighted to know that Very Rev. Dean Harris, our revered Honorary Patron, has quite recovered from his recent serious illness.

\* \* \* \* \*

### **My House.**

(Cecile Joyce Keenan).

A little house I want to buy,  
Detached, so I can see the sky;  
With windows plenty for the light  
To keep the whole of my house bright.  
And far enough from neighbors too,  
To be not troubled what they do,  
Or what they think, or what they say,  
But each go friendly on his way.

I think I want it built of brick,  
With cheerful walls secure and thick;  
That, when winds whistle, staunch and warm  
'Twill stand between us and all storm.  
A fireplace deep where we may sit  
After the day with lights unlit,  
And, hearing revelry afar,  
Contented think, "How rich we are!"

A built-in book-shelf that will store  
 Our little stock of golden lore;  
 And by its magic we'll forget  
 The small, sharp things that sting and fret.  
 A patch of garden with a tree,  
 Whose sheltering arms shall comfort me,  
 Where planting seeds each Spring I'll know  
 The miracles that God lets grow.

Tho' small, the rooms they must be wide  
 That laughter may run free inside;  
 And let the Master Builder see  
 That Love shall never crowded be.  
 A modest, cheery, little place,  
 Within a self-respecting space,  
 Where humble Thrift may fearless roam—  
 A House that can be made a Home.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the Lenten recital given on March 15th in College Chapel under the Auspices of the Alumnae Association, outstanding singers from various church choirs took part, giving a sympathetic interpretation to the music of the season. The following programme was given following the prelude, with D. A. Morel at the organ. "He was Despised," from Messiah, Miss Corcoran; "Pro Peccatis," from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," Victor Gaynor; "Quis Est Homo," Rossini, Mesdames Quigley and Whittaker; "The Palms," Mrs. James Costello; "Zion's Daughters," Mrs. E. Corbett Malone. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Rev. C. McMullen, C.S.P., of Newman Hall, during which the "O Salutaris" was given in chorus and the "Tantum Ergo" sung by Mr. Morel, the beautiful service closing with the "Laudate" and organ number.

\* \* \* \* \*

April 10th.—Sunday afternoon representatives of seventeen parishes responded to the invitation of the Catholic Ladies' Literary Association to meet in St. Joseph's College Auditorium. Reports and addresses were given and a committee



formed from the federated societies. Musical numbers were given by Miss E. O'Donoghue and Mr. Elder. Miss M. L. Hart was in the chair, and in the audience were: Miss Rose Ferguson, Mrs. E. J. O'Neil, Miss E. Van Dusen, Miss Mary O'Brien, Miss K. Flanagan, Miss M. Morrow, Mrs. W. O'Connor, Mrs. A. J. Thompson, Mrs. J. J. Loftus, Mrs. Thomas McCarron and Rev. Dr. Cyril Kehoe, O.C.C.

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One of the largest and most popular card parties of the season was given on March 17th at the King Edward Hotel by the Women's Auxiliary of St. Michael's Hospital in aid of the furnishings of the nurses' new home on Shuter street. Ten prizes consisting of mahogany candlesticks, fern pot with shamrock, photograph frame, guest towels and colport cups and saucers were donated by Mrs. A. J. Gough, Mrs. P. O'Sullivan, Mrs. James E. Day. Tea was served at the small tables, and the head of each table constituted herself a hostess by carrying the tray of refreshments to the table. Those acting on the different committees were: Mrs. R. Greer, Mrs. Tom McCarron, Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, Mrs. C. F. Riley, Mrs. P. W. O'Brien, Mrs. J. F. Killoran and Miss Kelman.

Following the party a meeting of the Auxiliary took place at St. Michael's Hospital on April 14th, when the Honorary President, Mrs. Loudon, on presenting the second cheque for five hundred dollars, said, "It gives me very great pleasure to present to the Sister Superior and the Sisters associated with her, the money raised by the Auxiliary of St. Michael's Hospital. I must say that it gives us all intense pleasure to have it in our power to help along any work that the Sisters are engaged in promoting, for they are so truly good in their intentions and so kind in their way of carrying them out. It is perfectly wonderful the amount of money raised in so short a time by the Auxiliary. Mrs. Richard Green and her helpers are certainly wonder-workers. The faithful workers in the sewing circle are worthy of all the praise that can be given them. We assuredly are a proud and happy body of women to-day and hope to go on improving in our good

works." Mrs. J. Walter McKeown presided at the meeting.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Nurses' Alumnae of St. Michael's Hospital, many of whom are members of St. Joseph's, presented a cheque towards the furnishings for \$1,280. Much credit is due Miss C. McBride, convener of the Campaign, for her enthusiastic efforts in the collection of this sum.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, Miss Mary McGrath, were among the hostesses who entertained the Paulist choristers. The little boys were unanimous in saying that the hospitality of Toronto is unequalled.

\* \* \* \* \*

Congratulations to Miss Anna Kathleen McElroy, who became the bride of Mr. Henry Walsh on May 16th, and to Miss Shiela McLaughlin, who became the bride of Mr. J. Peter Walsh.

Congratulations also to Miss Cecile Rose Healy, our out-of-town Secretary, whose marriage to Dr. Harold Joseph Murphy is announced to take place in June.

\* \* \* \* \*

Enthusiastic efforts on the part of the Executive was the result of a very successful bridge, euchre and tea party on the afternoon of April 5th in aid of the scholarship fund, which is presented annually to the College by the Alumnae. Miss M. L. Hart, President, received at the entrance to the Auditorium. Four handsome prizes were donated by Mrs. James A. Burns, Mrs. Scott Griffin and Miss A. McDougall. Bridge prizes were won by Mrs. J. Elliott, and Miss M. Orr. The euchre prizes went to Mrs. C. O'Leary and Mrs. Farley. Tea was served at the small tables and twenty-five resident young ladies of the College were the assistants. The Committee in charge of details were Mrs. Fred. O'Connor, Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, Mrs. J. J. Landy, Mrs. Tom McCarron, Mrs. F. P. Brazil and Misses M. Morrow, M. McGrath and N. Kennedy.

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Toronto Separate Schools in staging their initial tourna-

ment of physical training at the Arena on April 28th, presented a spectacle which will long remain in the minds of all who saw it, and achieved so great a success as to practically insure its establishment as one of the city's yearly events of importance. Among the judges for the girls' events were Misses M. L. Hart and G. Lawler. The winners of championship trophies were: St. Clare's Girls, St. Paul's Boys, St. Clare's Boys, and St. Francis' Boys. The shield for the series of baseball contests of the season was won by St. Francis' Boys. St. Martin's Girls and St. Francis' Girls were given honourable mention.

\* \* \* \* \*

Little Marion Scott Orr won first prize in her school in the recent Milk Campaign. Congratulations, Marion.

\* \* \* \* \*

Wedding bells rung at St. Peter's Church on April 20th for Miss Gertrude Heck and Mr. Roper Roach. Miss Heck, a much-fêted bride, was given a tea and handkerchief shower by Miss Mary McGrath at her home in High Park Boulevard. Heartiest good wishes from the Alumnae follow Mr. and Mrs. Roach to their new home in Windsor.

\* \* \* \* \*

Heaps of good wishes to Miss Margaret Wilson, who was recently married to Mr. Carl Moyer of Niagara Falls, N.Y.

\* \* \* \* \*

Wrought in imperishable white marble is the statue of St. Joseph which was recently unveiled in the College grounds of St. Joseph's College, in honour of the Golden Jubilee of the Patronage of St. Joseph. The Statue is 6 feet in height upon a pedestal of 5 ft., and weighs 1,700 pounds. It is much admired.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. J. McDiarmid tripped off to Atlantic City for Easter. Before leaving Mrs. McDiarmid entertained to luncheon and bridge. It was a delightful party.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Thomas O'Connor was the hostess of a Silver Tea on Wednesday, April 26th, in aid of Holy Rosary Church.



Welcome home to Mrs. James Melady, who has been spending the winter in California. The same to Mrs. M. Healy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Fred. O'Connor had the pleasure of a motor trip on the other side in a new Morman, stopping off at New York, Atlantic City, Philadelphia and Syracuse.

\* \* \* \* \*

Congratulations to Rev. Sister M. Genevieve and Rev. Sister M. Alacoque, whose schools were successful in making a cot in the Hospital for Sick Children; to Mr. and Mrs. John McBride on the coming to their home of baby Frances Clare—a future Alumna.

\* \* \* \* \*

“The Canadian League,” the organ of the Catholic Women’s League of Canada, made its initial appearance at the Easter Sunday meeting. “In it a number of questions relative to the position of Catholic and social needs of the day are discussed. The dangers of present tendencies are pointed out. Catholics cannot remain without noting the activities and organizations constantly affecting legislation; they, too, must organize to protect their interests. Christian ideals will only influence present-day movements when they are presented in such a manner that the organizations of the day cannot ignore their power. A special article appears on the disabilities under which the present-day method of taxation places the Catholic schools.” It behooves all the members of the Alumnae to study political questions so as to act intelligently whenever the opportunity presents itself.

\* \* \* \* \*

The programme for the Dominion Convention of the Catholic Women’s League to be held in Toronto in June is one of the features of the May issue. Many members of the Alumnae are taking a very prominent active part, including Miss G. Lawler, Mrs. Scott Griffin, Mrs. J. C. Keenan, Mrs. W. A. Cavanagh, Mrs. W. H. McGuire and Miss M. L. Hart.

Mrs. A. J. McDonagh was one of the patronesses of a very jolly graduate dance given by the Royal College of Dental Surgeons at the Metropolitan Assembly rooms.

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In response to the request of Miss Ruth Israel, the following list has been sent to Mrs. E. P. Kelly, Governor for the Province of Ontario to the International Federated Catholic Alumnae: Ways and Means, Mrs. Fred. O'Connor; Music, Miss M. L. Hart; Art in Education, A student of the College; Press, Mrs. Thomas McCarron; National Catholic Welfare, Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse; Social Service, Miss M. Morrow.

\* \* \* \* \*

Remember the annual luncheon and meeting of the Alumnae will take place June 9th. We anticipate a big re-union.

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Mrs. James J. Sheenan of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, writes: "I offer you my congratulations on the comprehensive scope of St. Joseph Lilies. I have always had a personal interest in St. Joseph's, Toronto."

\* \* \* \* \*

We heartily felicitate Doctor and Mrs. McDonagh on the honour of having their son Joseph raised to the dignity of the holy priesthood. To Reverend Father Joseph McDonagh and to his newly ordained confreres, Father F. Caulfield, Father L. Markle, Father L. Woods, Father W. Smith and Father J. Clair we tender sincere congratulations and good wishes for many years of fruitful apostolic labour in Christ's vineyard.

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Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse is visiting her brother, Mr. W. Kennedy of Windsor, and will later go on to Bayfield for the summer.

\* \* \* \* \*

We are delighted to know that Very Rev. Dean Harris, our reverend Honorary Patron, has quite recovered from his recent serious illness.

LILLIAN McCARRON.

## Accession to the Museum

The following have been donated by kind friends who are anxious to help on the growing collection:

Photograph of Triumphal Title.

The above is a picture of the Triumphal Title affixed to the life-giving cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, such as it may be seen to-day in the Cistercian Basilica of the Holy Relics. The authenticity of the Title and the discovery of the same is attested in the very fullest manner in the Bull of Pope Alexander, of the 29th of July. Time has damaged the ill-made letters of the Title, especially the Hebrew letters. The picture measuring 7 x 10 inches was brought from Rome by Mr. Philip Pocock of London, Ont.

Attacus (Atlas). A beautiful specimen of Asiatic Butterfly from the Collection of Paul Hahn, Toronto.

Part of German Zeppelin LZ85, brought down by Allied gunfire near Salonica the night of May 5th, 1916. Courtesy of Mrs. J. E. Day, Toronto.

A splendid specimen of pure Amber and Meerschaum. Gift of B. P. O'Connor, Cleveland, Ohio.

A Temperance Medal received from the hand of Father Mathew by the late Andrew Devine before leaving Ireland in 1838.

Chinese Lady's Slipper, much worn, but still showing the exquisite embroidery of ancient times.

Also an Indian Axehead found near the present site of Orillia, Ont. Gifts of Mr. J. J. Murphy, Toronto.

The first stamped piece of California Gold, 1833. Gift of Mrs. McCann, California.

A Collection of Coins in which are the following: Penny, George III., 1797; Columbian Half Dollar 1492-1892; Columbian Quar. Dol., 1893; Silver Dollar, Mexican Republic, 1878; One Thaller 7A66; American 50-cent. piece 1830; Charles M. Cornwallis' Penny, no date; also a beautifully-carved Mother of Pearl Pendant, one and a quarter inches in diameter. Gift of Mr. W. J. Fitzgerald, Toronto.



## Community Notes

Since the March number of the Lilies was published, two of our beloved Sisters, both of whom entered the Community in the early summer of life, and gave long years of devoted service in our institutions—answered the call of death—Sister Mary Adelaide Ryan on the 6th of March, and Sister Mary of the Assumption Keenan on the 30th day of the same month.

Sister Adelaide was a sister of the late Rev. Father Ryan, C.S.B., also of Sister M. de Sales of St. Michael's Hospital, and aunt of Sister Margaret of St. Joseph's Convent. Sister Adelaide received the holy Habit of the Community in St. Catharines, May 18, 1875, and taught in the Separate Schools of that city for several years, and for some time in the Separate School of Port Arthur. Thirty of her forty-six years of religious life were spent in teaching and caring for Christ's little ones in the Sacred Heart Orphanage.

Humility almost to self-effacement and Christ-like charity were the characteristic virtues of our saintly Sister Adelaide.

In the chapel of the Orphanage the solemn funeral Mass was sung by the Chaplain, Rev. E. Murray, C.S.B., assisted by Rev. Father Coyle of Holy Family Church, and Rev. Father Sullivan of the Paulist Monastery, as deacon and sub-deacon. Some thirty priests of the diocese were present in the sanctuary. May her gentle spirit rest in peace!

\* \* \* \* \*

At St. Joseph's Convent, St. Alban Street, as the night clouds were giving place to the dawn, Sister Mary of the Assumption received her Holy Viaticum and calmly passed from the darkness of this mortal life into the bright light of eternal day.

Sister Assumption was a member of a highly respected family of historic Kingston and outlived all the members of her immediate family except one sister, Mrs. Fogarty of Rochester, N.Y., who with her daughter attended her funeral.

The Community Records credit Sister Assumption with sixty-three years of noble, self-sacrificing service in the care of the aged, the orphan and the sick, and in the difficult pioneer work of the up-building of our now flourishing institutions, in some of which she held the responsible position of Superior. Perhaps her greatest work was accomplished during her nine years of administration at St. Michael's Hospital, then in the first years of its existence. Owing to her foresight and economy, much of the valuable property that now belongs to the Hospital was secured.

The trying and distracting duties of her office were never permitted to interfere with her exact observance of her religious calling as a fervent Sister of St. Joseph.

The funeral took place on April 2nd from the Convent Chapel. The solemn Mass of Requiem was sung by the Rev. E. Murray, C.S.B., assisted by Rev. Father Pageau, C.S.B., and Rev. Father W. Murray, C.S.B.

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### **Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph.**

Who e'er would live a holy life,  
 Who e'er in joy would die,  
 Let him St. Joseph's aid implore  
 And on him help rely.  
 He, Jesus' foster father, was  
 The Virgin Mother's spouse.  
 Just, faithful, pure, whate'er he asks  
 Their grateful love allows.

The fiftieth recurrence of the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph was observed with befitting solemnity at St. Joseph's. A Triduum in preparation was conducted by Rev. N. Roche, C.S.B., and on the morning of the feast His Grace Archbishop McNeil celebrated Pontifical High Mass in the Convent Chapel. He was attended by Rev. Father Pageau, C.S.B., Rev. M. Oliver, C.S.B., and Rev. Father Donovan, C.S.B.

During the Mass thirteen children of the Academy had the happiness of receiving their first Holy Communion.

The special feature of the afternoon was the blessing of a Statue of St. Joseph erected in the Convent grounds by the Community in loving gratitude to their great Heavenly Patron. At 4.30 p.m. the young ladies of the College and the Sisters of the Community proceeded in procession across the quadrangle singing hymns in honour of Christ's dear Foster Father, and encircled the Statue, which was then blessed by the Convent Chaplain, the Rev. R. McBrady, C.S.B. After the recitation of the Litany of St. Joseph, the processionists entered the Chapel for Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

On February 25th the Reverend Father Camillus of West Hoboken, New Jersey, visited the College and gave an interesting account of his recent visit to Europe.

In Rome he was present at the canonization of St. Margaret Mary, and of the young Passionist Saint, "Gabriel of the Sorrowful Virgin," a celebration that attracted thousands from all parts of the world. He enjoyed a twenty-five-minute audience with our Holy Father, and a conversation with a saintly Capuchin, Father Pius, who, like St. Francis of Assisi, has been favoured with the stigmata.

Having visited the art galleries and museums of France, Milan and other Italian cities, he passed over to Paris, where all is life and gaiety. The attraction felt at Lourdes surpassed all others except that of Limpas in Northern Spain, whither the marvellous manifestations of the "Holy Christ" is drawing throngs of pilgrims.

For the last two years wonderful conversions have resulted from the influence of the miraculous crucifix which surmounts the altar of this little church. Upon entering the shrine, Father Camillus found a pilgrimage of children from surrounding towns gathered there. While prayers were being recited a child cried out suddenly, "Look, look!" The corpus on the dark wooden cross became vivified, a pallid colour crept over the whole figure, the lips became purple, the eyes blood-shot—all expressed the most intense agony. The head, which is ordinarily thrown back, bowed slowly forward. The narrator felt the eyes fix themselves on him and pierce the inmost depths



of his soul. The sacred breast heaved, then the head fell back to its original position—the agonizing scene closed.

The eloquent manner in which the Reverend Father narrated his experience doubtless impressed upon his audience the eternal importance of living in the Divine Presence of Christ Crucified.

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In one of the large reception rooms of the College stands a very beautiful Statue of the Child Jesus—the gift of Sister Immaculate Heart, Monastery of the Precious Blood. The presentation card bears the inscription:

“To My Beloved

ALMA MATER.

Tribute of a Loving, Grateful Pupil.”

The Community, Alumnae and pupils of the College sincerely thank Sister Immaculate Heart for the much-appreciated gift.

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The Community offers sincere sympathy to Very Rev. Father Carr, Superior of St. Michael's College, in his late bereavement—the death of his father.

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We received a most pleasing surprise when Very Rev. Father Matthias, C.P., of St. Michael's Monastery, West Hoboken, New Jersey, a former pupil of the Sisters of St. Joseph, called at the Convent and offered the Holy Mass in our Chapel.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Patrick Hughes, a member of one of the good old Toronto families who were the esteemed friends of our School in the early days of its existence, died recently at her daughter's residence in New York. To the members of her bereaved family the Community offers heartfelt sympathy.

**Mother Annunciation Mahoney.**

We have received from our Sisters in Peterborough the notice of Mother Annunciation's death, which occurred on the 22nd of May. The deceased was in the 73rd years of her age and the 51st of her Consecration to God in the religious life. She received the Holy Habit and made her vows in St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, and taught music in St. Joseph's College, Toronto, St. Joseph's Academy, St. Catharines, and in Barrie.

Besides being a musician of high standing, our Sister was possessed of fine literary ability—articles from her pen have appeared from time to time in the Lilies; her principal literary work was the translation of the Abbe Riveaux' Life of Rev. Mother Sacred eHart, successor to Rev. Mother St. John of blessed memory, who re-established our Community in France after the Revolution.

But, more to her now that she has passed from mortality to immortality, is the reward of that noble, upright spirit which aimed always to the attaining of the highest in the spiritual life and the saving of souls. In 1885 her spirit of noble sacrifice perhaps shown highest when she volunteered to leave the Diocese of Toronto and the work which was most congenial to her, to care for the poor Indian orphans in, the then, lonely trading post of Fort William, where she laboured until that place had grown to be a pretentious town.

Her next and last scene of labour was in St. Joseph's Academy, Lindsay, where she was Superior and taught music. Everyone in Peterborough Diocese knows the high standard to which her favourite art attained in that Academy under her leadership.

The late Sister Mary of Lourdes Mahoney of St. Joseph's, Toronto, was her sister. Two other sisters survive her,—Mrs. Butler of Buffalo and Mrs. Halloran of California. May her soul rest in peace!

**ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE DEPARTMENT EDITORIAL  
STAFF.**

Editor-in-Chief—Miss Dorothy Agnew, '23.

Assistant Editors—The Misses Claudia Dillon, Helen Kramer,  
Anna Hayes.

Local Editors—The Misses Mary Coughlin, Lucille Bennett,  
Margaret Keenan, Catherine Daughan, Catherine Ham-  
mill, Constance Shannon.

Exchange Editor—Miss Kathleen McNally.

Art Editor—Miss Mary Travers.

Music Editor—Miss Irene Cauty.

Reporter of College Notes—Miss Nora Foy.

**Roses and June**

The June roses softly were shedding  
A wealth of perfume so rare,  
As with lingering steps I was treading  
The paths of a garden most fair.

Around me was much wealth of glory,  
Much beauty and wonder of art,  
But the rose alone told me the story,  
The story of Christ's Sacred Heart.

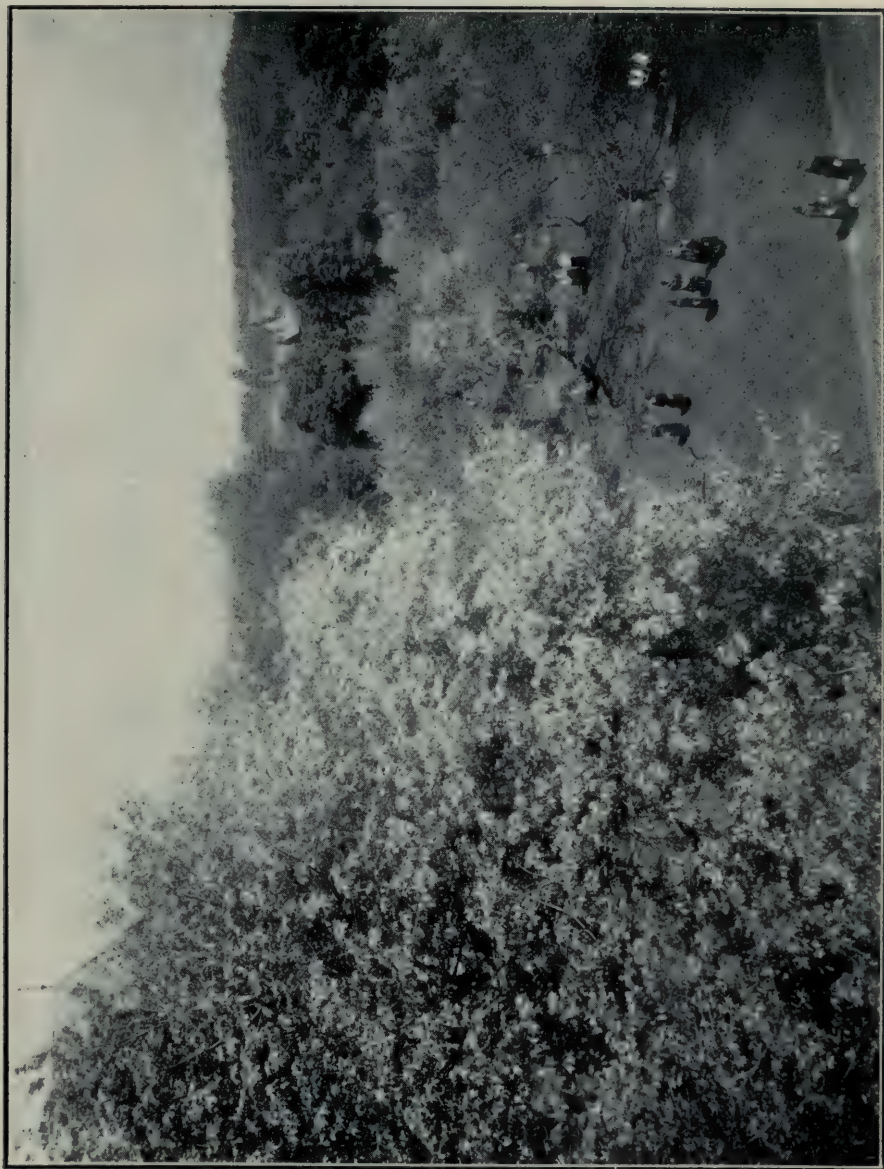
For there in its heart was the crimson,  
That spoke of His Blood shed for me,  
And the drops on its petals did glisten,  
Like blood tears on Gethsemane.

Around it entwined were the thorns,  
Its centre a circle of flame,  
That glowed like the love He has borne,  
Thro' changing years ever the same.

O Rose! in the wealth of our bowers,  
Well chosen of June time a part,  
For thou are the Queen of all Flowers,  
And His is the King of all Hearts.

MARGARET COMMERFORD.





A SUMMER SCENE



## Jane Austen—The Woman in Her Works

BY RUTH AGNEW, M.A.

**T**HERE is probably no novelist whose works are so impersonal and at the same time so illuminating as Jane Austen's. There are very few scenes in her novels which directly reflect her own home and family life, yet the most casual reader recognizes in them the work of a sweet-tempered, contented woman who was always shielded from rough contact with the world, and whose home life was perfectly happy and comparatively uneventful. Few of her characters are so subjective as to give direct voice to the author's personal opinions, but from the sum total of their words and actions one gleans a vivid impression of Jane Austen's personality.

Nearly all Miss Austen's female characters are quiet, home-loving women, who find perfect happiness in the peaceful pursuit of their domestic duties and simple pleasures. It is safe to infer that Jane Austen herself was of that type which she loved best to depict—calm, reserved, refined and dependable. All her works breathe the atmosphere of that placid, uninterrupted family life in which she so delighted, and we feel as we read them that they were written steadily, but in a leisurely fashion, without conscious effort, and without interrupting the ordinary duties and pleasures of life. It is impossible to imagine the author of "Emma" and "Pride and Prejudice," shutting herself up in her room to guard against interruptions to her work, writing with frantic speed when inspiration seized her, and ignoring the call of duty as well as of pleasure.

There is nothing in Jane Austen's works to indicate that she was ever seriously inclined either to love, or to marriage. Her lovers are rather disappointing when they arrive at the serious business of love-making; they lack passion; their proposals and responses fall flat. Much better are her pictures of sisterly love, which evidently played a strong part in her own nature. True, Jane Austen thought that marriage was, on the



whole, the happier state; no true woman, however heart-whole and fancy-free, could entirely suppress that slight feeling of regret without bitterness which is discernible in the description of Isabella Knightby, who, "passing her life with those she doted on, full of their merits, blind to their faults, and always innocently busy, might have been a model of right feminine happiness." However, that Miss Austen took a cheerful and eminently practical view of her own situation is evident in a conversation between Miss Woodhouse and Harriet, in "Emma":

"But you will be an old maid—and that's so dreadful!" said Harriet.

"Never mind, Harriet, I shall not be a poor old maid; and it is poverty only which makes celibacy contemptible to a generous public. A single woman with a very narrow income must be a ridiculous, disagreeable old maid—the proper sport of boys and girls; but a single woman of good fortune is always respectable and may be as sensible and pleasant as anybody else. And the distinction is not quite so much against the candour and common-sense of the world as appears at first; for a very narrow income has a tendency to contract the mind and sour the temper." *Emma*, Chap. X.

It is clear that Jane Austen knew intimately only one class of society—the gentry and their connections, such as landed proprietors, clergymen and other professional men. All her important characters are drawn from this one class. Her pictures of the aristocracy never display her usual grasp of her subject; in fact, the striking character of the haughty Lady Catherine de Bourg is exaggerated almost to the proportions of a caricature. On the other hand, she shows no interest in poverty, apart from the natural and sensible compassion of a tender-hearted woman. Like Emma, "She understood their ways, could allow for their ignorance and their temptations, and had no romantic expectations of extraordinary virtue from these for whom education had done so little." Evidently her sympathy with poverty took a practical form, and led her to visit the homes of the poor; for the description

of Fanny Price's home, almost photographic in its minuteness, is too vivid to be a mere effort of the imagination:

"The sun's rays fell strongly into the parlor in a stifling, sickly glare, serving but to bring forward strains and dirt that might otherwise have slept. She (Fanny) sat in a blaze of oppressive heat, in a cloud of moving dust, and her eyes could only wander from the walls, marked by her father's head, to the table cut and notched by her brother, where stood the tea-board, never thoroughly cleaned, the cups and saucers wiped in streaks, the milk a mixture of motes floating in thin blue, and the bread and butter, growing every minute more greasy." Mansfield Par, Chap. XLVI.

This is merely a realistic, matter-of-fact description by a keen, unimpassioned observer. Neither here nor elsewhere in Jane Austen's work is there a trace of morbidity, and it is very seldom that she even approaches pathos. She is more in her element in displaying her rich fund of quiet humour, and in poking gentle fun at the idiosyncrasies of her fellow-beings. At such times we see at their best her wonderful observation and skill in realistic description. No doubt she knew quite well people like the dryly humorous Mr. Bennett, timorous Mr. Woodhouse, and vulgar, kindly Mrs. Jennings.

Much of Jane Austen's art lies in her gentle satire, and many of her comic characters, particularly in their more exaggerated aspects, reveal a slightly cynical streak in their creator. This quiet irony is also frequently displayed in occasional remarks which seem like irrepressible reflections of the author's humorous mind. Such is the last sentence of "Sense and Sensibility":

"Among the merits and the happiness of Elinor and Marianne, let it not be ranked as the least considerable, that though sisters, and living almost within sight of each other, they could live without disagreement between themselves, or producing coolness between their husbands."

Keen as this irony is, it is always thoroughly good-natured; and her cynicism is never malicious, even when it is most serious.

That Jane Austen was a keen observer, and that she remembered practically every detail that she observed, we see clearly in every description, in every character. Almost any paragraph, chosen at random, would serve to illustrate Miss Austen's gift for describing exactly what she saw, even to the most minute particulars, in simple but striking language:

"Harriet, tempted by everything, and swayed by half a word, was always very long at a purchase; and when she was still hanging over muslins, and changing her mind, Emma went to the door for amusement. Much could not be hoped from the traffic of even the busiest part of Highbury;—Mr. Berry walking hastily by; Mr. William Cox letting himself in at the office door; Mr. Cole's carriage horses returning from exercise; or a stray letter-boy on an obstinate mule,—were the liveliest objects she could presume to expect, and when her eyes fell only on the butcher with his tray, a tidy old woman travelling homewards from shop with a full basket, two curs quarreling over a dirty bone, and a string of dawdling children round the baker's bow-window, eyeing the ginger-bread, she knew she had no reason to complain and was amused enough; quite enough still to stand at the door. A mind lively and at ease can do with seeing nothing, and can see nothing that does not answer."

Not more detailed, but perhaps more lively, is the following description of Harriet's indecision even when she had ceased "hanging over muslins and changing her mind":

"Emma joined Harriet at the interesting counter, trying, with all the force of her own mind, to convince her that, if she wanted plain muslin, it was of no use to look at figured; and that a blue riband, be it ever so beautiful, would still never match her yellow pattern. At last it was all settled, even to the destination of the parcel.

" 'Should I send it to Mrs. Goddard's, Ma'am?' asked Mrs. Ford.

" 'Yes—no—yes, to Mrs. Goddard's. Only my pattern-gown is at Hartfield. No, you shall send it to Hartfield, if you please. But, then, Mrs. Goddard will want to see it. And I



could take the pattern-gown home any day. But I shall want the riband directly; so it had better go to Hartfield—at least the riband. You could make it into two parcels, Mrs. Ford, could not you?’

“‘It is not worth much, Harriet, to give Mrs. Ford the trouble of two parcels.’

“‘No more it is.’

“‘No trouble in the world, Ma’am,’ said the obliging Mrs. Ford.

“‘Oh, but indeed I would much rather have it only in one. Then, if you please, you shall send it all to Mrs. Goddard’s—I do not know—no, I think, Miss Woodhouse, I may just as well have it sent to Hartfield, and take it home with me at night. What do you advise?’

“‘That you do not give another half second to the subject. To Hartfield, if you please, Mrs. Ford.’”

“‘Ay, that will be much best,’ said Harriet, quite satisfied; “‘I should not at all like to have it sent to Mrs. Goddard’s.’” Emma, Chap. XXVII.

Her remarkable insight into the finer shades of character is admirably illustrated in her concise but comprehensive description of Lady Middleton.

“‘Lady Middleton was more agreeable than her mother only in being silent. Elinor needed little observation to perceive that her reserve was a mere calmness of manner with which sense had nothing to do. Towards her husband and mother she was the same as to them; and intimacy was therefore neither to be looked for nor desired. She had nothing to say one day that she had not said the day before. Her insipidity was invariable, for even her spirits were always the same; and though she did not oppose the parties arranged by her husband, provided everything were conducted in style and her two eldest children attended her, she never appeared to receive more enjoyment from them than she might have experienced in sitting at home.’” Sense and Sensibility, Chap. XI.

It is plain that Jane Austen was as conservative as she was reserved. She shows her admiration of old-fashioned sys-

tems of education in her description of Mrs. Goddard's school—"not a seminary, or an establishment, or anything which professed, in long sentences of refined nonsense, to combine liberal acquirements with elegant morality, upon new principles and new systems,—and where young ladies for enormous pay might be screwed out of health and into vanity,—but a real, honest, old-fashioned boarding-school, where a reasonable quantity of accomplishments were sold at a reasonable price, and where girls might be sent to scramble themselves into a little education without any danger of coming back prodigies." *Emma*, Chap. III.

Jane Austen's natural reserve is reflected more or less clearly in all her important characters, and she never loses an opportunity of showing the importance of good sense over sensibility. Her reserved, sensible characters, like Elinor Dashwood, Fanny Price, and Elizabeth Bennett, show how highly she valued absolute command over the feelings and restraint of the passions. She detested sentimentality, but her type of "sensibility," Marianne, is a charming and lovable girl in spite of—or possibly, because of—her girlish romanticism. In so far as her sentimentality is girlish, it is sincere, and on that account not blameworthy. Affected sentiment is particularly abhorrent to Miss Austen's reserved temperament, and she has no patience with the "mere jargon of admiration," with which many people pay tribute to real or fancied beauties of nature. The blunt words of Edward Ferrars may be taken as an expression of her own opinion:

"I have no knowledge in the picturesque, and I shall offend you by my ignorance and want of taste, if we come to particulars I shall call hills steep, which ought to be bold! surfaces strange and uncouth, which ought to be irregular and rugged; and distant objects out of sight, which ought only to be indistinct through the soft medium of a hazy atmosphere. You must be satisfied with such admiration as I can honestly give. I call it a very fine country . . . it unites beauty with utility—and I daresay it is a picturesque one too, because you admire it; I can easily believe it to be full of rocks and promontories,

grey moss and brushwood, but these are all lost on me. I know nothing of the picturesque . . . I like a fine prospect, but not on picturesque principles. I do not like crooked, blasted trees. I admire them much more if they are tall, straight and flourishing. I do not like ruined, tattered cottages. I am not fond of nettles, or thistles, or heath blossoms. I have more pleasure in a snug farm-house than a watch-tower—and a troop of tidy, happy villagers please me better than the finest banditti in the world.” *Sense and Sensibility*, Chap. XVIII.

Perhaps the most obvious phase of Jane Austen’s character is her innate refinement, sometimes approaching fastidiousness, and sometimes leading almost to what we would now call snobbishness—for instance, in Emma’s contemptuous manner of speaking of the worthy Robert Martin. Allowances must be made, however, for the different character of society in another country, and in a past century.

More than anything else Jan Austen abhors vulgarity; though she draws the supremely vulgar Mrs. Jennings with a gentle touch, because she is, after all, a sincerely kind-hearted and good-natured woman, she has no mercy on the mean, petty vulgarity of Lucy Steele:

“Elinor saw, and pittied her for the neglect of abilities which education might have rendered so respectable; but she saw, with less tenderness of feeling, the thorough want of delicacy, of rectitude and integrity of mind, which her attentions, her assiduities, her flatteries at the Park betrayed; and she could have no lasting satisfaction in the company of a person who joined insincerity with ignorance, whose want of instruction prevented their meeting in conversation on terms of equality, and whose conduct towards others made every show of attention and deference towards herself perfectly valueless.” *Sense and Sensibility*, Chap. XXII.

She also displays her refinement in her disapproval of matchmaking and husband-hunting, sometimes directly, as in Mr. Knightley’s blunt reproof directed at Emma’s match-making propensity, but more often by showing the unhappy consequences of such unwomanly pursuits. The matches which



Mrs. Norris made with such delight, in "Mansfield Park," brought about a disastrous situation; Emma received more than one sharp and humiliating lesson before she was cured of planning matches for her friends. Charlotte Lucas, who frankly confessed her views of matrimony, got her husband at last, but she was not to be envied her choice.

All Jane Austen's female characters are much better than her heroes. This is but natural, since Miss Austen was herself an unmarried woman, and was probably more frequently and more closely in contact with women than with men. Women play the most important rôles in all her novels, and each of them has a vivid and distinct personality, fully developed and minutely described in the course of the book. All of them are attractive, sweet-tempered, sincere, affectionate young ladies, and there is probably not the slightest exaggeration in Mr. Austen-Leigh's statement that "there was scarcely a charm in Jane Austen's most delightful characters that was not a true reflection of her own sweet temper and loving heart."



## Why I Consider the "Ancient Mariner" a Great Poem

MISS A. C. SIMPSON, ARTS '22.

**I**N what does the greatness of any poem consist? A great poem is well known and widely read by many people of all times, because it has characteristics which appeal to the human heart. It is a "Joy for ever." Let us examine the poem in question with regard to this source of interest and pleasure.

Coleridge, the writer of this poem, ranks high in the category of English poets and it is a well-known fact that anyone who is at all familiar with his works has read "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." The nature of the poem is such that it can find no deep appreciation in the mind of the practical thinker. It appeals strongly to the imaginative and so much so that as soon as the Mariner begins his story we forget our earthly surroundings and find ourselves off with him in another world, sharing his misfortunes and troubles. We are fascinated, just as was the Wedding-guest by the Mariner, who related to him the story. The poem is a kind of fairy tale, and interests us much as used "Alice in Wonderland" in our childhood days. Coleridge gives the poem this fascinating characteristic by creating an atmosphere in an unknown past, an unknown sea, and telling the story as it were, not to his own age, but to an imaginary audience, while at the same time presenting events in such a manner as to make them appear real to the reader. The whole imaginative effect is wonderful and certainly this is an appealing characteristic.

If we have any love for true poetry we must admit that the poem appeals to our love for beauty and for music. Take for example the description of the harbour,

“The harbour bay was clear as glass,  
So smoothly it was strewn,  
And on the bay the moonlight lay,  
And the shadow of the moon.”


The melody of verse gives us the impression of unearthly music; the many vividly-sketched nature pictures, opening out before us, one after another, intensify the sense of reality and produce a sense of contrast and relief to the more weird and painful scenes of the story. The ultimate secret of the impression produced by “The Rime of the Ancient Mariner” is that every one of these components serves to intensify the others; there is perfect unity of conception and execution.

Another gift with which the writer is endowed is that of suggesting the uncanny, and appealing to the universal taste for the marvellous and weird.

“They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose  
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes,  
And it had been strange, even in a dream  
To see those dead men rise.”

We are brought back gently to real life by the soft moralizing of the Ancient Mariner. This moralizing removes the strain of the weird experiences and hence serves an artistic purpose. We feel a sense of relief, but hope to enjoy such experiences again.

I believe there are very few people who may not derive great pleasure from the reading of this wonderful poem.





## Reflections

CAMILLA WRIGHT (FORM III.).

It was late Autumn, the landscape was desolate and dreary, the crackling of the dry dead leaves added to the dreariness and seemed to oppress the spirit of the solitary traveller on the lonely country road. The wind whistled through the trees and the moaning wail echoed the gloomy thoughts of the wayfarer, whose appearance fitted into the surroundings. With eyes seemingly trying to see beyond the horizon, he plodded along, not even noticing the whine of the little terrier by his side.

At the division of two roads he turned, leaving the main highway and entering a narrower path, along the sides of which ran a low, white, picket fence. He continued his way a few paces and then sat down on a rough bench fashioned from the wood of a birch tree. For a few minutes he remained deep in thought, then with a bewildered air looked up, and, as he viewed the landscape, there crept into his eyes a look of pleasure and contentment.

A short distance from where he sat a small white archway crossed the path. Looking through and beyond this arch, his eyes rested on a long, rambling old house nestling among the trees. A verandah ran the full length of the house, to the walls of which half-dead tendrils of a summer vine were clinging. The apartness and quiet beauty of that old homestead appealed to the Artist, for such he was.

As he gazed on the scene, his thoughts wandered through the gates of memory where he saw blue drifting clouds, a bright sunlit sky, and a dear old house nestling among tall, stately pines; a woman, beautiful, with a fair, youthful face, seated on a broad verandah. He heard the merry laughter of children at play and the low, soothing voice of the young mother reading to a child on a small stool at her feet.

The picture changed, but the same peaceful home remained. The mother, still lovely with the loveliness of maternal years;

and on the same old verandah, half hidden by the climbing roses, sat the group of other days—young men and women now. All beautiful and still the same in the eyes of the mother—not serious-faced these, but smiling and gay with the joyousness of youthful manhood and womanhood.

He closed his eyes and let memory feast momentarily upon this proudest scene of life's drama.

Again he gazed upon the quiet homestead, but that fair, sweet, fostering presence was not there. Only one of that once happy group remained, and he bore the stoop of age and the silver of time upon him.

The traveller awoke from his reverie. In his eyes appeared the soft light of hope, and in his heart he felt a strange longing.

The quiet homestead had revealed its past to him, and memory, that blessed comfort of age, had awakened within him ambitions long dormant, and the stars of hope and faith shone again. He arose with strong determination to follow those sacred guides until he should happily enter within the portals where hope is lost in possession and faith in Vision and Love is all.





Our Exchange Sanctum at this season is assuming an air of loneliness, for the editors' quills are now being laid aside to be taken up by other hands at the opening of the next College Year.

In this, our last appearance for the Scholastic Year, we send greetings to all the knights and ladies of the pen who so cleverly conducted the Exchange Departments of the several College Journals we have had the pleasure of receiving. Greetings also to the student contributors whose essays, short stories, poems, etc., we read with pleasure and profit.

To all we send good wishes for future success.

To whip her on her charted route.

The heights by great men reached and kept

Were not attained by sudden flight,

But they, while their companions slept,

Were toiling upward in the night.



## College Notes

Among the advantages accorded to pupils attending St. Joseph's College may be mentioned the opportunity given to see or hear any great artists who visit Toronto, to visit under the guardianship of their teachers or chaperons, places of educational interest, etc. During this term the pupils of Form I, under the direction of their teachers, viewed in the Art Gallery a splendid exhibition of pictures by Contemporary American Artists. Every school was represented by first rate examples, and the pupils had an opportunity to see and appreciate the work being done in the United States.

The Modernists were adequately represented and about twenty pictures of the ultra-modern movement in painting were shown together in one of the rooms, those may be taken as thoroughly representing the American adherents of Cezanne Van Gaugin.

Question after question along deeper and wider paths than the teachers had thought of venturing upon were poured on the guide. At length we are beginning to realize that each country has its own distinctive style of art and that each artist has his own particular way of painting the thing as he sees it. I wonder if any of us want to really see as do the artists of the Independent Society of Artists? We have not reached that point yet.

\* \* \* \* \*

We considered ourselves greatly privileged to be present at the Recital of Lenten Music in our Convent Chapel on March 15th.

\* \* \* \* \*

March, the month of transition, holds in its Lenten days some of the sweetest feasts of the year. Among these stands out prominently the feast of the great Saint of Ireland. The week of the feast, the Fourth Form students strove by having an oratorical contest to imbue their listeners with love of Ireland and an appreciation of Ireland's greatness as shown in her saints, scholars, statesmen, characteristic traits, etc.

The prize for the best oration was won by Miss M. Coughlin, who gave without notes a resumé of Ireland's history from 1172. The event was declared one of the most interesting of many held in the auditorium.

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An enthusiastic and most successful meeting of the College Athletic Club was held on the twenty-second of April, to organize the sports for the season.

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As the Feast of St. Joseph, Patron of the College, fell on Saturday in Passion Week, the usual half holiday was not given until April 23rd. We enjoyed it all the more as we had the pleasure of anticipation as well as the half-day's free recreation.

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An outing of interest and of educative value was that given us on April 5th, when, accompanied by our teachers, we attended a dramatic entertainment by St. Michael's College, when the Collegians presented George Eliot's *Silas Marner*, dramatized by Mr. Basil Laughrane, a student of the College.

The performers, one and all, displayed splendid dramatic talent.

We heartily congratulate the actors and the clever dramatist.

\* \* \* \* \*

Other enjoyed outings were our visits to the St. Michael's and St. Patrick's Bazaars.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association met in the College Auditorium. Rev. Dr. Kehoe gave an address on the true meaning of Literature. Mrs. E. J. O'Neil spoke along the same lines, and Miss O'Driscoll on Modern French Poets. Musical numbers were given by Miss Eveleen O'Donoghue and Mr. Elder, with Mrs. J. G. O'Donoghue as accompanist.

On April 21st Mr. James L. Hughes, LL.D., former Inspector of Toronto Public Schools, eulogistically introduced by the

Convent Chaplain, the Rev. Father McBrady, C.S.B., delivered a discourse on the life-career of the great Scotch poet, Robert Burns, and screened many pictures of some of the loveliest natural scenery of Scotland.

\* \* \* \* \*

The annual May procession in honour of our Immaculate Mother, and the Reception of candidates into Her Sodality, took place on the 4th of May.

Before receiving the eighteen young aspirants, the Rev. Father McBrady, C.S.B., the Convent Chaplain, taking for his text, "Virgin Most Prudent, Pray for Us," addressed an appropriate and impressive exhortation to the students, which if put into practice will be of saving importance to these young girls in after life.

\* \* \* \* \*

Quite a pleasing entertainment was given by the younger members of the school in aid of the Chinese Mission. Rev. Father Fraser, President of the Chinese Mission College, Almonte, Ont., was present, and thanked the performers and told several anecdotes of his experiences among the heathens in China.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Faculty and students of the College wish to extend to Miss Helen Robins their sincere sympathy in the death of her dear father.

\* \* \* \* \*

The students and their friends enjoyed an unusual musical treat on May 9th, listening to the Opera Mirella, in three acts, composed in 1864 by the celebrated Catholic Musician, Charles Francois Gounod. Given in its entirety, organized by and under the direction of Maestro Carboni, Officier d'Academie, Officier de l'Instruction Publique, Membre de la Societe des Auteurs et Compositeurs de Musique,—Paris, France.

A prelude lecture on the Life of the Composer was given by Mr. A. J. Felton, A.D.A.M.



## ACTS.

Act I. Scene in a mulberry plantation where silk worms are cultivated.

Act. II. A festival within the arena of Arles.

Act. III. A scene in the desert of Croy—a wild, barren plain, burnt up by the heat of the sun.

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Mirella (Soprano).....Miss Catharine Robinson  
 Tavena (Contralto) .....Miss Georgia Watts  
 Vicenzina (Soprano) .....Miss Isabel Jenkinson.  
 Andrelundo (Soprano) .....Miss Elsie White  
 Vincenzo (Tenor).....Mr. Henry Lighbown  
 Urias (Baritone).....Mr. Charles Rigby  
 Ambrogio (Bass) .....Mr. J. O'Meara  
 Raimondo (Bass) .....Mr. W. R. Curry  
 Chorus of silk gatherers in the mulberry plantation.  
 Maestro Carboni at the Piano.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Edith Pengilley, a talented pupil of Mr. P. C. Kennedy of the Canadian Academy of Music, gave a brilliant Recital in the College Auditorium on the evening of May 'rd. Selections from Bach, Dussek, Chopin, Weber, Cyril Scott, Moscheles, Sharpe, Stojowski, Mendelssohn, Rubinstein, Sauer and Moskowski made up her programme, which was rendered throughout with wonderful technique. Miss Pengilley rendered her entire programme of seventeen Classic selections from memory.

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Another charming evening of music and song was given us by Mrs. McGann and her two gifted daughters, Mrs. Whitaker and Mrs. Quigley.

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During May the Primary, Junior, Intermediate and Senior Music pupils gave their final Recitals for the year, all of which were well attended and enjoyed by the interested parents and friends of the aspiring musicians.

**Programme, Senior Recital, May 25, 1921.**

- Duo. 2Pianos—Menuet d'Arlesienne ..... Bizet  
1st Piano, Miss H. Kramer; 2nd Piano, Miss E. Egan.
- Solo—Polonaise ..... Chopin  
Miss V. Henderson.
- Solo—Spinning Song ..... Mendelssohn  
Miss C. Loftus.
- Solo—Gavotte ..... Godard  
Miss V. Good.
- Vocal—Break O' Day ..... Sanderson  
Miss M. Moran.
- Solo—(a) Papillons ..... Olsen
- Solo—(b) Minuetta ..... Schubert  
Miss H. Smith.
- Solo—Harmonious Blacksmith ..... Handel  
Miss M. Mahon.
- Solo—Forest Elves ..... Seyhtte  
(Miss C. Laforest.
- Solo—Impromptu in C Minor ..... Reinhold  
Miss A. Hayes.
- Vocal—La Villanelle ..... dell Aqua  
Miss V. Good.
- Solo—Water Wagtail ..... Cyril Scott  
Miss L. O'Flaherty.
- Solo—Air de Ballett ..... Moszkowski  
Miss B. Crowley.
- Solo—The Lark ..... Klinka-Balakirew  
Miss M. Orr.
- Vocal—May Dew ..... Sterndale Bennett  
Miss P. Kelly.
- Solo—Rondo Brilliante ..... Weber  
Miss I. Canty.
- Solo—Reveil du Printemps ..... Friml  
Miss T. McNab.
- Violin—Mazurka ..... Henry  
Miss D. Smith.
- Solo—Rigoletto ..... Liszt  
Miss F. Quinlan.
- Vocal—Still as the Night ..... Bohm  
Miss M. Morrow.

- Solo—Capriccio in A Minor ..... Mendelssohn  
Miss C. Moore.
- Solo—Witches Dance ..... Macdowell  
Miss H. Kramer.
- Solo—(a) Berceuse; (b) Prelude ..... Chopin  
Miss E. Carroll.
- Vocal—Haymaking ..... Needham  
Miss E. Allan.
- Solo—Rhapsody ..... Brahms  
Miss E. Egan.
- Vocal—Robert, Toi que Jaime ..... Meyerbeer  
Miss E. Shannon.
- Quartette—Danse Macabre ..... St. Saens-Giraud  
1st Piano, Misses E. Carroll and F. Quinlan; 2nd Piano,  
Misses E. Egan and I. Canty.

### GOD SAVE THE KING.

• • • • •

On June 5th the delegates who attended the Convention of the Catholic Women's League of Canada assisted at Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament in the Chapel of St. Joseph's Convent. After which they were conducted to the College Auditorium, where they were entertained by the pupils of the College. Miss Ruth Agnew, M.A., presented this address of welcome:

To the Honoured President, and the Delegates of the Catholic Women's League of Canada:

The pupils of St. Joseph's College wish to express a most cordial, a thrice hearty welcome. We regard it as a very great honour to be visited by ladies who are not only of the highest social and personal importance in themselves, but who come to us as representatives of the Catholic women of this wide Dominion of Canada. We conceive your presence here to have a meaning and an impressiveness which imperatively claims and commands our attention. We rejoice in the good fortune which has fallen to our lot, and we are at a loss to know how to express our heartfelt gratitude to the gracious President of the Toronto Subdivision, who has secured for us



the favour of this visit. To Miss Lawler St. Joseph's owes a debt of gratitude which has already swelled a measure far beyond the calculable. Among other things, and not the least, she has been to it a glorious sun whose steady rays have kindled the fires of our ambition. She has lured many on and up the steeper paths of Learning's Height, where her light has shown the way.

Through occasional attendance at public functions of the League and through our interested perusal of its monthly bulletin edited in Toronto, we have learned of its manifold activities. Among them we note with special attention its zeal for raising the educational standard among the Catholic women of Canada. Also a very considerable tangible support has been given to this educational interest by the establishment of splendid scholarships. One of these was won last year by a pupil of St. Joseph's, Miss Mary McCormack, who has since completed in our College the first year of her course for a degree from the Provincial University of Toronto. We thank the members of the Toronto Subdivision for their munificent donation of this scholarship, which we hope others of St. Joseph's pupils may yet be fortunate enough to win.

The furtherance and safeguarding of Catholic education which is distinctly set forth as one of the chief aims of the Society, is at present a vital question which should not be treated with indifference. What avails it to cultivate the mind with knowledge unless we confess the Headspring of Knowledge? What purpose does study serve unless it be set towards its true and ultimate end? What vanity to enrich the mind if, with all its wealth of endowments, it yield no harvest of wholesome deeds and words! The picture drawn for us of individual influence due to educational culture is often engaging and attractive, sometimes it is stimulating, now and then it is eloquent with the eloquence of deeds; but its power of accomplishing good must always be increased and strengthened by the encouragement and co-operation of others. In this united action and mutual support is the great advantage, in fact the "*raison d'être*" of this most promising and wide-embracing League. May the number of its members

then rapidly increase, that its influence may be felt both far and wide!

We congratulate the very capable Presidents, the efficient Executives, the various painstaking officials and the active, enthusiastic members of this vigorous Society on the excellent work they have already accomplished, on their numerous membership and the progressive and harmonious spirit which animates them all. May the grand old Catholic Church, whose martyred sons have watered her cross-tree with their blood among the primeval forests of Canada, find in her daughters not only protecting guardians but valiant defenders of the faith thus planted—zealous women who will bear unfurled her blazoned banners from coast to coast! May all their plans for extended organization and development be successfully carried into effect! May full satisfying happiness come to all from the consciousness of doing so! Whatever these plans for well-doing at all events, the common problem—yours to-day and ours to-morrow, is not to fancy what were fair in life to do provided it could be, but finding first what can be done, then how to make it fair up to the limit of our means, and this with highest, noblest, holiest motives, finding for our thought a guidance, and for heart and soul a stimulus in that beautiful, inspiring motto—"For God and Canada."

A very delightful musical programme was then rendered, after which Miss Gertrude Lawler, M.A., addressed the pupils and delegates. Speaking as a graduate of St. Joseph's and as a Senator of the University of Toronto, her words of enthusiastic loyalty to her Alma Mater and of zeal for the continued advance of the College in the work of higher education were, as always, a source of the highest inspiration.

Miss Guerin of Montreal, Dominion President of the League, expressed her warm appreciation of the entertainment. At her request, and much to the joy of the pupils, Reverend Mother granted a full holiday.

The Very Rev. Dr. Kehoe, O.C.C., expatiated on the constantly increasing importance of women's work in the Church, after which Miss Hart, President of St. Joseph's Alumnae, voiced the feelings of all in a hearty "Caed mille failthe."



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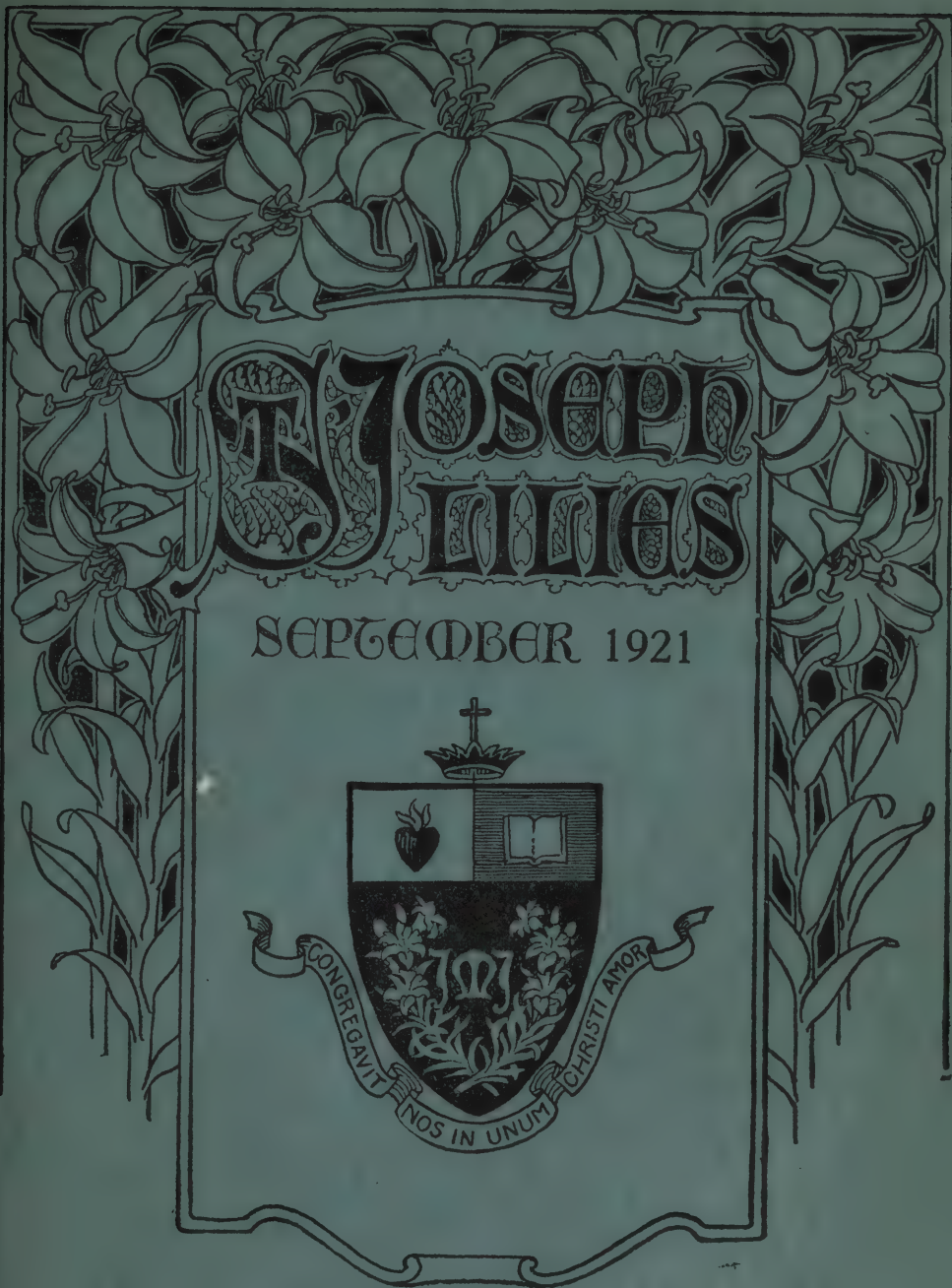
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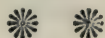
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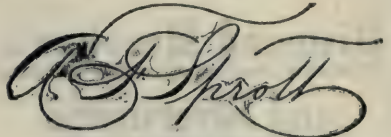


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# CONTENTS

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Dante Alighieri (Portrait) .....	Frontispiece
Dante's Sixth Centenary—Rev. A. O'Leary, D.D.....	5
Some Autumnal Morning—Frederick B. Fenton.....	13
Where They Laid Their Beloved to Rest—Very Rev. Dean Harris .....	14
Evngine —J. Corson Miller .....	21
Uses and Beauty of the Commonplace—Edith R. Wilson, M.A. ....	22
Statue of St. Joseph (Portrait) .....	27
The Finding of Jesus in the Temple at Jerusalem in the Midst of the Doctors—Rt. Rev. Alexis Mary Lepicier	26
God is Sweet—Father Ryan .....	33
Cardinal Manning—Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D., Ph.D. ....	34
The Gift—Aline Kilmer .....	50
The Soul of Music—Caroline D. Swan .....	51
The Call of Autumn—Caroline D. Swan .....	55
The Two Eves; Contrast of Conduct in Temptation—Rev. K. McCrae .....	56
The Madonna (Portrait) .....	57
The Veiled Madonna—Elinor Donnelly .....	62
Conversions Through the Rosary .....	64
The Genius of John Keats—Elizabeth O'Driscoll, M.A.....	66
The Sacred Heart—Eamonn de Valera .....	79
Manners and Religion—T. J. Brennan, S.T.L. ....	80



Officers of St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association, 1921 1922 .....	87
Alumnae Notes .....	88
Address Given by Miss Guerin, President of Catholic Wo- men's League of Canada at Dominion Convention, Toronto .....	100
Community Notes .....	105
A Tribute .....	110
St. Joseph's College Department, Editorial Staff.....	112
A Word of Cheer .....	112
Graduating Exercises—St. Joseph's College Academy....	113
Academy Graduates 1921 (Portrait) .....	118
Valedictory—Kathleen Young .....	119
Graduates Biographies .....	121
Graduation Day—Aileen McGuane .....	126
St. Joseph's College and Academy Results of the Final Examinations for the year 1920-1921 .....	127
College Notes .....	131
Accessions to the Museum .....	132





DANTE ALIGHIERI



# Saint Joseph Lilies

*Pro Deo et Alma Matre.*

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VOL. X.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1921

No. 2

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## Dante's Sixth Centenary

**R**AVENNA has guarded Dante's mausoleum throughout six centuries. The exiled seer laid down his cross September 14th, 1321, in this peaceful haven of the Adriatic. The Exaltation of the Saviour's Cross was a fitting day for his second passing into the spirit world.

Florence recognized his worth too late and has vainly sighed for his hallowed dust. Dante's tomb on the Arno is still empty, but the Baptistery he loved is being restored to commemorate the six hundredth anniversary of his death.

Responding to the call of the Vatican and the Quirinal, all Italy honors her distinguished son. But Dante's admirers dot the universe. Ruskin's "Central Man of the World" is acclaimed by Pope Benedict the "pride of humanity." All the Nations of the earth are lauding his Trilogy, and the Church of Dante leads this chorus. Ireland chants his praises with a passion truly Celtic; Belgium, France and Catholic Spain have taken up the dominant note; England and America are vying with them in paying tribute to the immortal Florentine. Dante's sexcentenary has awakened responsive chords afar off, even in pagan Japan and China.

Those outside Catholic Unity are cheered by our poet and deem themselves privileged to accompany him through circled Hell, terraced Purgatory and spheric Heaven. But Dante is the "Master-poet of the Catholic Faith," to quote the late Cardinal Manning. Amid this world acclaim we salute him as one of ourselves. "Dante is ours," writes the Holy See to the Catholic World. Dante has crystallized the Catholic thought of the Thirteenth—the greatest of centuries.

Dante is the opotheosis of our faith, Catholic in life, Catholic in verse, ours by every right and title. Though all do not share his tongue, Dante's faith is our common heritage. The faithful find a peculiar charm in his masterpiece, the *Trilogy* that has merited to be called *Divine*.

One ought to be conversant with Italian to enter fully into Dante's mind. His verse loses much in translation, but by no means all. It is advantageous to read him in another tongue rather than be deprived of him wholly. Raphael's copies exhibit many of his masterly touches though wanting his coloring. It is well to view a replica of the Transfigured Christ or the Sistine Madonna when one cannot see the original. Dante is inspiring in any idiom. His thought is majestic. His knowledge is vast and deep. He has no peer as a learned historian, a profound philosopher, and a sane theologian. The *Divine Comedy* is more than a mediaeval romance. It is the greatest motion-picture the world has shown.

It is a matter of regret that Dante publications of the last century flowed from the pens of Anglo-Saxon Protestants. Lord Macaulay brought Dante into prominent light and assured him a place in English literature. Dean Church added impetus to Dantean study by a classic essay wanting only the poet's faith. This lacune blemished his appreciative tribute. It caused the Dean to underrate Dante's devotion to the Church, the Mother he revered while carping her faults. Cary and Longfellow had previously given us poetic versions of the *Divine Comedy*. The former is very popular with students. As a prose translator Butler disputes the palm with Norton. Both versions are admirable. English works have commendably multiplied within the pale in the past score of years. Following in the wake of Dr. Hogan and Dr. O'Donnell, the Irish reviewers, our own Dr. Zahm and Dr. Rivard have graced our libraries with able commentaries. The late Brother Azarias often lectured on Dante. Dr. Walsh and Dr. Thomas O'Hagan have earned the respect of Dante lovers by their writings and their spoken word. Those of a philosophic turn of mind are favored that Ozanam has been trans-

lated from the French. Dr. Hettinger surpasses all German writers, and Father Bowden of the Brompton Oratory has placed his classic before English readers in an attractive style.

With Cary for a text and these orthodox guides, the Catholic can enter into the spirit world through the dark circles of *Inferno*, up the narrow terraces of *Purgatorio*, and onward to the glories of the *Paradiso*. Adoring God's justice, blessing His mercy, and catching a glimmer of happiness to come, the reader must disdain with Dante the passing show of time and matter.

'Tis no easy task to enter Dante's Holy of Holies. One must breathe the poet's religion to command the "Open Sesame." Non-Catholics miss much of Dante's meaning in spite of commendable efforts to grasp it. Acknowledging the debt we owe many of them, we wish them the grace of faith. Right interpretation of the *Divine Comedy* presupposes Catholic doctrine, a certain familiarity with the Art and Ritual of the Church that inspired it. Others may enthuse over brilliant passages, but they cannot view them in their proper setting. The more the Catholic cons the cantos, the more he reveres them second only to the Bible. Faith guides him through Hades with a firmness of conviction that knows no wavering. It strengthens his belief in the Middle State and exhorts him to pray for the Holy Souls. It raises him up to the Empyrean with the rapture of St. Paul. Dante believed in the reality of woe, the resignation of suffering, the joy of glory. He gives out to others his intrepid faith, his abiding hope, and his consummate love. His love for his childhood's religion grew with maturity into a passion. He respected the Church, her dogmas and her practices. He loved her ceremonies and time-beaten institutions. He cautioned all men against vain conceit. He pitied those who would be tossed about by winds of doctrine. He named the remedy and sure refuge of peace: "You have the Old Testament and the New, and the Church to guide you." With this rule of faith all should rest content and work out salvation humbly yet securely.

Dante was born in 1265 and lived fifty-six years. His was



pre-eminently a Catholic age. Men lived the same faith, recited one creed, and breathed a common religious air. The Church extended her mantle over all and enthused her children to unparalleled perfection in science and art. Dante was the personification of that epoch which built the Gothic Cathedral, moulded Catholic Philosophy and produced the Miracle and Morality Play. The age of Aquinas and his erudite "Summa" gave to posterity Dante and his Divine Comedy. Our poet commingled with the learned of his time, with the poets and painters, the sculptors and architects, the saints and scholars of cultured Europe. He embalmed their best in his wonderful poem, he holds the key to the Middle Ages. Minor blemishes may be traced to their sources, his innate pride and personal spleen, but they do not destroy the worth of his work. His rancor and resentment make it all the more intensely human.

An imperfect knowledge of the Church has often led Dantists into devious paths with no Virgil to warn them. Partisans have floundered through his pages in quest of their own views. Wrenching lines away from their context, they have imagined Dante unorthodox. Theses have been framed to prove him the Precursor of Luther and Calvin. He has been hailed as another Mazzini, a hater of the Church and her form of government. But all such calumnies have been repeatedly confuted. Fair-minded men like Dean Church of Oxford and Principal Caird of Glasgow University, have been foremost to vindicate Dante's orthodoxy. They have called upon students to solve difficult passages with another key, leaving his faith undisturbed.

The Church on her part has no reason to deny that her poet was fallible and at times resentful. Pride and bitterness were self-confessed faults of his giant intellect and indomitable will. The Florentine nursed the decree of exile from his natal city. He held Church politics responsible for his banishment. Dante anathematized papal peccability, but held to the dogma of infallibility. One of his works was placed on the Index as tainted with dangerous views of the

Empire, but the Divine Comedy was never aspersed. Dante assailed Pope Boniface VIII. through personal pique. Party strife was rife at the time. The Guelf of Florence was swept by adversity into the Ghibelline camp. One cannot deal with the poet's aberrations in this article. Monsignor Hettinger and Frederic Ozanam have explained them away and vindicated Dante's purity of faith. They do not deny that he erred under keen provocation. His language betrays the rancor of his heart and is minatory against abuses in high places. The Catholic shudders as he skims these passages, and Dante willed it. But the Divine Comedy should be read in its entirety, not in isolated lines. Though the poet descants upon fitful gusts that shook Peter's Barque, the fact that the Papacy weathered the storms proves that the Divine Pilot was at the helm. Dante remains the "Master-poet of the Catholic Faith." It would be an easy matter to quote the Divine Comedy upon every point of orthodoxy. It breathes Catholicism from beginning to end. The Church alone could engender the poem. Dante had a clear insight into her past and an almost prophetic view of development. His artistic ideals were modelled by Giotto, his philosophy was drawn from the Angel of the Schools, his mysticism from the Seraphic Doctor. He knew the Sacred Word of God and was an astute Theologian. This fact caused Dr. Hettinger to remark: "Were all the libraries of the world destroyed and the Scriptures lost with them, the Catholic system could be reconstructed out of the Divine Comedy."

The great Raphael was of the same mind, and accorded Dante an honored place near the Altar of God in his famed "Disputa." The laurel-crowned Florentine stands among the galaxy of saintly Pontiffs and learned Doctors. One can almost imagine him lisping his faith, repeating his confession of Paradiso's gate. Aubrey de Vere attributed his conversion to the study of Dante. Viewing the Trilogy from outside the pale, he was charmed by Dante's pilgrimages with Virgil and Beatrice. He was moved by the depth of Divine Justice, the breadth of Divine Mercy, and the height of Divine Love.

And he said to himself: "If I wish to dwell in a world where my gaze shall look upon beauty, I must enter the Catholic fold, the Church that inspired Dante, the Prince of Poets."

What affected de Vere may influence others. In answer to honest enquiry to-day why not quote Dante upon vexed problems like the Eternity of Hell, the Efficacy of Prayer for the Dead, the Veneration of the Virgin Mother? Dante casts a halo over Holy Writ, and witnesses unto Catholic Tradition. If resentment impelled him to impeach some occupants of the Papal See, he respected their Office. As parent pardons a prodigal child, Peter has condoned his wayward steps. Pope Pius IX. placed a laurel wreath upon his tomb at Ravenna. Leo XIII. knew Dante by heart and admired him as the "Ornament of Christendom." Our reigning Pontiff has enshrined the Divine Comedy in all cultured minds. Benedict in a sense has placed the Seal of the Fisherman upon him whom Carlyle called the "Saint of Poetry." The Hero-worshipper chose Dante for his "Hero Poet." None may question Dante's orthodoxy since Peter has spoken, since our hero has received commendations without number from the Heads of the Church. If the poet fell more than once under the cross of exile, the Church has absolved the man "beaten down by adverse fortune." Dante remains the most eloquent "singer of Christianity."

The late Brother Azarius two decades ago made stirring appeals in Dante's behalf. He pleaded with Catholic Reading Circles to place the Divine Comedy foremost in their programmes. His admiration for our poet was unbounded and contagious. He used to contend that a relish for Dante is the hall-mark of culture:

"The human intellect has no sublimer truths to feed upon than those growing out of the Divine Comedy. Language contains no sweeter tones than those that Dante sings sometimes. Human concepts were never more clearly unrolled, human genius never soared into higher regions."

Thanks to his lectures still speaking in print, Dante is abandoned and forgotten no longer. The American Hier-



archy—Archbishop Dowling, Bishop Burke and the Right Reverend Rector of the Catholic University—have seconded his efforts in this revival. The Master-poet of Cardinal Manning is now being studied in Catholic Colleges and Academies. Literary Circles are devoting years to the unearthing of his treasures. The writer of this article has directed one for the past three years and will lead the same members through Dante's Trilogy three winters yet to come if God so wills. Apt to repel rather than attract at first view, the Divine Comedy grips the assiduous reader. Admiration waxes into enthusiasm when reviewing the poem in its proper setting, the age that produced it. Russell Lowell was charmed by successive readings, and counselled his class to peruse Dante for the fiftieth time as he had done. Dante demands supplementary study of contemporaneous history, the influences that thrilled his Italy and all Europe. Dante's message from the unseen world glows brighter the more it is gazed upon. Some stop at the Inferno, others wend their way through Purgatorio, but stop at the gates of Paradise. The poet has given warning that the last is the most difficult:

“All ye, who in small bark have following sail'd,  
Eager to listen, on the adventurous track  
Of my proud keel, that singing cuts her way,  
Backward return with speed, and your own shores  
Revisit, nor put out to open sea,  
Where losing me, perchance you may remain  
Bewildered in deep maze. The way I pass  
Ne'er yet was run.” Par ii., 1.

Those only may follow Dante who are consecrated to patient study and research:

“Ye other few, who have outstretched the neck,  
Timely for food of angels, on which here  
They live, yet never knew satiety;  
Through the deep brine ye fearless may put out  
Your vessel; marking well the furrow broad  
Before you in the wave.”

The Divine Comedy is a living poem. It forces open the memory, the reason and the will. It inspires loathing of evil, pity for repentance, and joy over victory. It indicates a real passion for the good, the beautiful and the true. Dante is more than a poet, he is a consummate artist. His mind is so versatile and his style so condensed that novices should only scan his lines with an able commentator. Like a vast Cathedral—St. Peter's or Westminster—the Trilogy must grow upon the beholder. Its beauties do not strike the superficial, but the patient student finds new perfections, freshness and vigor at every turn. The shallow may read newspapers and novels, but one must probe beneath the surface to work his way into the greatest mediaeval poet.

Dante should receive earnest attention from more centres of higher education. Pope Benedict's call to the cultured world is both a reproach and an invitation. Those of his household must no longer allow strangers to translate and comment the poet that is ours. "*Aligherius noster est*," writes the great White Shepherd. Dante is the Catholic Religion set to music. Carlyle naively called him the "Saint of Poetry." Our Pontifex Maximus has approved in a way his poetic canonization. The Church has given him the laurel crown, 'Dante is ours—the Supreme Catholic Poet.' The immortal singer is our glory and our pride:

"Among her sons, not one more full of hope,  
Hath the Church Militant." Par. xxv.

Toronto, September, 1921.

REV. A. O'LEARY, D.D.



## Some Autumnal Morning

(BY FREDERICK B. FENTON.)

Some grand Autumnal morning,  
When the year is at the mellow  
And the sun's luxurious amber is  
Decking mead and wold,  
I shall wonder joyous carefree as  
A boy at life's fresh dawning,  
When the leaf is turning yellow,  
And the trees are green and gold.

Some fresh Autumnal morning,  
When the last fly is buzzing  
And the last bee is humming in the  
Leaf be-scattered dell,  
When birds in droves are homing,  
Ere winter's cruel coming,  
I shall ponder on the swiftness  
Of life's little day as well.

Some weird Autumnal morning  
When the mists enshrine the hill-tops,  
And the fog wreath like a mantle  
Winds about each city street,  
I shall wander, wistful turning,  
To where altar lights are burning,  
Where Christ Himself is waiting,  
And the Mass is soothing sweet.



## Where They Laid Their Beloved To Rest

VERY REV. DEAN HARRIS.

(Conclusion).

“There were some who had been eye-witnesses of Calvary’s scene of ignominy and glory, who went down with the first faithful into the caverns under Rome, into the bowels of the earth, and were witnesses unto death to the Divine power and love of the Word made flesh.”—Mangan, “Heathen Civilization,” page 298.

Among the consecrated bodies of martyrs, confessors and virgins deposited in the Catacombs of St. Sebastian, there reposed for a time the remains of Saint Peter and Saint Paul.

Tradition records that the two apostles were martyred the same day, June 18th, A.D. 66. St. Peter was crucified in Nero’s Circus on the Vatican Hill where now rises that architectural wonder of the world, St. Peter’s Basilica, and in whose sacred crypt rest the ashes of the first of the apostles, the chief of the Apostolic Senate.

Saint Paul was beheaded outside the walls of the Imperial City on the site of the wonderful church which now bears his name and under whose high altar is the Sarcophagus containing the remains of the Apostle to the Gentiles.

After the martyrdom of the two apostles their bodies were purchased by devout Christians, the blood washed away, the bodies anointed, embalmed and buried near the Via Cornelia close to the Circus of Nero. When the Emperor Domitian published his edict of persecution and extermination of the Christians, the remains of the apostles were exhumed and hidden in the Catacomb of St. Sebastian. The Roman converts of the apostles, fearing profanation of the bodies and desecration of the graves by a Roman mob, removed the bodies by night and interred them in a lower gallery of the great Catacomb.

From St. Sebastian we entered the following day the Catacomb of Saint Calixtus, we descended from the busy scenes

of life to the deep shadows and the repose of death. The darkness was profound and the silence like unto that which was when God said "Let there be light." Our guide lighted his torch and we followed him. The farther he advanced the more we became interested and amazed by what we saw. But if his torch became extinguished and we had no matches, how could we escape from the abyss?

The repose, the utter awe, the intense stillness in this region of the dead was like unto that which fell upon Calvary, when the Lamb of God died upon the Cross. I looked around me and everywhere, in halls, galleries, corridors of the dead and underground lanes, I saw innumerable marble slabs sealing the mural graves of martyrs for the faith, of young men and maidens, of confessors and virgins who in the days of persecution had dedicated their lives to God, to Jesus Christ and His imperishable Church.

Here, after her martyrdom in A.D. 177, was deposited the body of the Virgin Saint Cecilia, so often glorified in painting and poetry; here also was the "sepulchral chamber of the Popes" in which were the graves of Pope Urban (A.D. 230) and Saint Sixtus II., martyred in the persecution of Valerian (A.D. 258), and of the Martyrs Anteres, Fabianus, Lucius Eutychianos and many others whose names are not inscribed here, but are found written in the Book of Life. The remains of Saint Cecilia now repose in the church built in her honour, in 821, by Pope Paschal I.

The graves of the heroic and Saintly men and women hid from the public eye in this catacomb of St. Calixtus, were decorated with an art, rude indeed, yet so triumphant as to make their subterranean poverty radiant with paintings and emblems of all that is brightest and most consoling to the hopes of the followers of Christ.

For me the rude graffites scratched on the clay the mystic sculpture on the mural tablets, the half-effaced figures, the epigraphic signs, the sacred symbols and images, revived the ages of Roman persecutions.

The bloody times of Nero and Domitian, of Tiberius and Caligula.

Standing that memorable morning in this underground room by the side of the baptismal basin, I recalled the past of the centuries of these awful days, and I saw in a vision the corpifeiri—the corpse-bearers—entering with the torn and mutilated bodies of the martyrs taken from the refuse of the circus to deposit them in these mural and consecrated shrines. The very afternoon of the day their bleeding and mangled bodies were brought to the Catacombs for burial, the martyrs were exposed in the Flavian Ampitheatre, were cursed and viewed with contempt in the exhibition of the circus, between the teeth of the lions, in agony, in tortures and death. Their writhings, their awful sufferings, their agonies, served to amuse a decomposing populace from whose hearts mercy, pity, tenderness had gone forever.

But tremendous as was the power of Imperial Rome the power of God was greater. Retribution did not linger, and vengeance soon fell upon the guilty people and the bestial city.

“Careless seemed the Great Avenger! History’s pages but record

One death grapple in the darkness ’twixt false systems and the Word;

Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne.  
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown

Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.”

One loves to recall that when all Rome was shouting “Throw the Christians to the lions,” during the bloodiest years of persecution, the torch of Catholic life lighted at the tomb of the Resurrection, was never extinguished. Here in the Catacombs priests and people animated with the same faith, conscious of the same perils, filled with the same heroism, knelt in adoration at the feet of God, singing hymns of adoration and canticles of praise. The intense silence of the place, the mystery surrounding it, the poverty of the worshippers, and above all the ever-present fear and expectation of being arrested and condemned to a glorious, yet ignominious, death in the circus, imparted



to these gatherings of the Saints a celestial charm, a poetic beauty.

Wonder not that even now, after the passing of the centuries a sacred souvenance attached itself to the place, to the people, to the consecrated articles associated with the religious life of those Catholics who lived in the years of the Terror.

The victims of the ferocity of a brutal and lustful people and the fugitives who descended for safety into this region of the dead, conquered the world. Their heroic deaths and their unalterable faith have raised temples and altars to Him for whom they died, have infused vitality into human hearts and have sustained these hearts with the hope and promise of immortality.

Bosius, who in 1593, discovered and explored the Catacombs of Saint Calixtus, writes that for size, beauty and splendour it outclasses all other Roman Catacombs. With all his patience, enthusiasm and explorations continued for many years, he would not state that he had reached the utmost bounds of this vast and interminable labyrinth.

This Sepulchral City far down beneath the surface of the earth, has its own immense underways which underlie its excavated streets and galleries.

In an oratory excavated from the tufa, the soft earth of this Catacomb, Popes administered the Sacraments to the candidates for the palm of martyrdom and the august and tremendous Sacrifice of the Mass was offered up in this venerated sanctuary whose most rare and precious ornaments were the vials filled with the blood of martyrs, the instruments of torture and the sponges which absorbed the pools of blood after the games of the circus were ended and the maddened spectators had emptied the hugh ampitheatre.

This Catacomb of Saint Calixtus is a consecrated Museum, shrining invaluable memorials of the piety, faith and art of the first Roman converts to Christianity. Here, painted in fresco, and figured in stone, is the miraculous fish which represented our Saviour. Here also were painted anchors, em-

blems of hope; the bag and crook of the Good Shepherd; the lamb, typifying our Lord, awaiting slaughter; the ship of Christ—the Church—defying the tempest; the mystic vine—the Church whose roots and branches underlie and overspread the world: the supper of the Eucharistic Bread; the Resurrection of Lazarus, who appears at the opening to the tomb, rejuvenescent and beautified by the Divine command which fell on his decomposing flesh. This painting types the re-birth of the human race and the world, by the power of the crucified Son of God, restored to a new and better life.

Here, too, were frescoes of the peacock emblem of immortality, Moses striking the rock, and ascending the mount; the Good Shepherd, and the miracle of the paralytic lifting his bed. In these symbolic figures we perceive the genesis of modern Christian art.

While gazing on them I could understand how the saintly and spiritualized Frederic Ozanam thought he saw the faces of the angels of God, in the converts of the times of persecution.

These paintings, emblems and symbols were the mysterious beginnings from which came in after years the Angels of Fiesole, the martyrs of Fra Bartolomeo, the Conception of Murillo and the Virgins of Raphael.

No man or woman of refinement, who penetrates into this sanctified abyss, who wanders through its maze of streets, who studies the half-blotted frescoes and touches the sacred relics, can look upon the closed and open graves of confessors and martyrs without experiencing a thrill of sacred terror, without feeling an emotion of holy inspiration and a deep and permanent reverence always produced by the memory of divine heroism and divine sublimity.

In the excavated oratory of this great Catacomb of the first popes and bishops, surrounded by their converts, administered the Sacraments to the candidates for the palm of martyrdom, and here, too, the august and tremendous sacrifice of the Mass was offered up for those "Followers of the Lamb" dying in foul prisons or expiring in the arena of the awful Coliseum.

The most rare and precious ornaments of this subterranean sanctuary were the sponges and vials holding the blood of the slain for Christ, the instruments of torture—the whips, the hand-cuffs, the pinchers,—but above all the bodies of the saints done to death by wild beasts in the Flavian Amphitheatre or in the foul Arena of the Circus.

The rites and altars of the imperishable Church of God will forever perpetuate the memory of these saintly and heroic souls who made the supreme sacrifice for God and a redeemed humanity.

It seems to me that the lights on our altars to-day burn more brightly for him who recalls the piety and courage of those who knelt under the flame of the lamps and torches illuminating the dark recess of those dismal chambers of their underground refuge.

A flight of steps carried us down to a second Catacomb, the galleries and subways of which contained their own graves, tombs, rooms, and chapel. Far away in the depths of the second Necropolis in its hidden recesses perpetual fountains of running water gleamed under the light of our torches. Here, loving hands washed the wounds of many a soldier of Christ rescued from the torture and to this pool many a pursued and fainting fugitive came like the panting deer to be refreshed.

I yet recall the thrill of holy fear I experienced when I gazed upon this weird and fascinating stream. In the dumb silence of my surroundings I recalled the awful past and saw the immeasurable gulf separating those dwellings in the Rome of the Caesars from the despised burrowers hiding under the Imperial City. "The Epoch," writes Canon Farrar, in his "Early Days of Christianity," which witnessed the early growth of the Church—in the Catacombs—was an epoch of which the horror and the degradation have rarely been equalled and perhaps never exceeded in the annals of mankind."

In the great and populous city the amusements of the rich and poor were sanguinary and infamously corrupt; in the Catacombs where the worshippers met to adore and praise God



their joys were social and religious, the outpouring of innocent and happy hearts. Above were the soldiers with their burnished armour, the successors of those who had conquered the world: The priests of false gods who were oracles of the past and seers of the future; the proud and wealthy praetors and patricians, the slaves of the Circus and the City, the gladiators, the triumphal arches, the luxurious public baths, the colossal monuments; the palatial homes of the wealthy, and the monoliths and obelisks, witnesses of many ages and spoil of so many victorious battles. But down in the caverns of underground Rome the honorable simplicity of Christian poverty obtained among the converts to the faith of Christ.

Gluttony, impurity, unbridled lust, ostentation, extravagance, heartless cruelty and unfathomable corruption rested in the City of the Caesars.

While

“On that hard, pagan world disgust  
And secret loathing fell,  
Deep weariness and sated lust  
Made human life a hell.”

The dwellers in the subterranean caves gave to God their offering of pure bodies and chaste souls.

Above infanticide was shamefully universal; below the baptized little ones were cherished as those whose angels beheld the face of God in heaven.

Above slavery was in many instances made intolerable by the cruelty and hardness of heart of the master; below the Christian slave was welcomed as a friend and brother emancipated while in the Catacombs by the Blood of Jesus Christ.

In the world above marriage was detested as a disagreeable necessity and its very meaning destroyed by the frequency of divorce; below in the caves, marriage was consecrated and honourable; it was recognized as the only institution which had survived the loss of Paradise and was Sacramental in its perpetuity and heaven-appointed blessedness.

In the Imperial City there was the sadness of men and women living without belief in God or hope of a hereafter,

whose misery found utterance in the despairing cry, "Let us eat and drink to-day, to-morrow we die." Below in the cavernous depths of the Catacombs the followers of Jesus Christ were radiated by external hope and the promise of the reward awaiting them beyond the grave. Here the beautiful ideal of universal brotherhood, of human love towards all, was regarded as precious and inviolate, for was not the Son of God crucified for every human being.

Obscurity and silence when too long prolonged invite fatigue, chill and lassitude. We all want the warm air and the light—above all the light. So when we came out from Saint Calixtus and breathed the clean, exhilarating air, and saw the sun flashing on the snow of the distant Apennines and inhaled the odor of grass and the perfume of flowers, our hearts were lifted up to God. We blessed the beneficence of His creation and saluted the earth which offers an eternal stage for all tragedies and a theatre on which atrocious evil has in all epochs competed with heroic benevolence and heroic charity.

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## Evening


BY J. CORSON MILLER.

Like grave-eyed Druid councillors of old,  
Holding stern conclave on some hillside green,  
Those giant elms, in sombreness serene,  
Faced towards the West, while Autumn's breath blew cold.  
The sunset's royal colours were enrolled,  
And where, afar, Mount Shasta could be seen—  
Austere and crowned with snow—a new moon's sheen  
Of utter peace slipt through bright Evening's mold.

No human voice broke on the listening air,  
The trees in lonely majesty flung high  
Their slumber song to the blue-curtained sky;  
The winds were still, while Nature knelt in prayer.  
Then suddenly I saw you drawing nigh,  
And lo, Love's hallowed hand made night more fair!

## Uses and Beauty of the Commonplace

BY EDITH R. WILSON, M.A.

UR great American President, Abraham Lincoln, is said to have remarked once, with his characteristic quaint pleasantly, to a friend who had alluded somewhat disparagingly to certain "commonplace persons" "that he thought the Lord must have a special regard for "commonplace people," since He had made so many of them. Possibly the remark has its lesson for us, since contempt for the commonplace is by no means confined to the men of Lincoln's generation nor even limited in its application to our fellow man. "As common as dirt," or "as the dirt beneath our feet," have become proverbial expressions of contempt, since what can be more common than the earth on which we tread? Yet how sweet are the uses of this same despised Mother Earth! As we examine them, they seem to present us with a meet symbol of that charity which "covereth a multitude of sins." Is there anything unsightly, or offensive, near us, of which we would be rid? At once we bury it beneath the earth, which receives it silently into her bosom, spreading above it her mantle of brown; not only concealing what offends us, but freeing and purifying it from all that is dangerous, or injurious, for this commonplace element is by no means merely negative in its action. With all embracing charity, does Mother Earth accept the wreck and refuse man has thrust away, and transform it by the healing alchemy of her touch, into a thing of new and living beauty. The decaying mass from which we shrank blossoms forth in fruit and flower. Scarlet poppies deck the battlefields of the late World War, and travellers tell us that where man had wrought his most hideous devastation, where shell and shrapnel, with hissing breath, had most deeply torn the quivering earth, leaving it scorched and bare, or piling it with bodies of the slain, precisely there, the dese-



crated earth has wrought her greatest miracles of bloom and beauty! But not only has the poor, despised earth this power of transforming other substance, she is herself in many of her forms, a source of exquisite beauty. The crimson glories of the sunset sky, its wealth of gold and amethyst and opal, with the purple splendours of its trailing clouds, even the matchless azure of the great dome above us, unflecked by cloud upon some perfect day, are all due, as scientists tell us, to the presence of floating microscopic dust in the atmosphere. (1) It would require a Tyndall to explain all this to us in detail. One remarkable instance of it was noted by him in the wonderfully brilliant sunsets which followed the last terrible eruption of Krakatoa in the Island of Java, which owed their prismatic tints to the wide diffusion of finely divided volcanic dust throughout the atmosphere. Dirt or earth, however, covers but one quarter of the globe's surface. Water is a still more common-place element, covering three-fourths of the same, yet in which of its protean forms is it not "a thing of beauty and a joy forever?" from the bubbling spring or laughing brook at our feet, to the great ocean whose waves kiss our shores and sunder our Continents. And who does not love the snow? We could ill spare the beauty of its dazzling whiteness on our Alpine peaks, while the Iris-tinted pinnacles of the Northern Iceberg, first to catch and last to lose, the colours of the king of day, offer a scene of splendour baffling the traveller's praise. Even in the humbler tracery of that magic artist, Jack Frost, what a wealth of delicate beauty lies hid! and again in the glittering raindrop! Longfellow writes:

"How beautiful is the rain!  
After the dust and heat,  
'In the broad and fiery street,  
In the narrow lane,—  
How beautiful is the rain!"

But even more precious to us is water by its uses. More notably even than Mother Earth, perhaps, it is the universal

purifier, washing away polluting stains and restoring pristine fairness. As the emblem and medium of purification, it was chosen by our Lord as the "matter" in Baptism and has so become a sacramental element. Not only does it wash away impurities, but it is the great health preserver of our little globe; without the healing coolness of our ocean reservoirs, pestilence and disease would sweep unchecked across an arid world, tempered by no refreshing breeze, no equalizing currents, no gossamer mists at dawn could be wooed upward by the sun's gentle warmth. No fleecy clouds could veil his noon-day splendour, nor mitigate the pitiless heat of his rays. Upon water as a beverage, our very life is dependent, deprived of which, even for a short time, we would sink into feverish delirium and final unconsciousness. To what beautiful symbolism of things does not this use of water lend itself! When the sacred writer would describe an exile's longing for tidings of his home, that terrible "heimwels" which devours the heart of the banished one, he says, "As a cup of cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." When he would contrast the joys of the spiritual life with the unsatisfyingness of earthly pleasures, he writes, "Will a man leave the snow of Lebanon for a rock?" and again, "My people have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters and have hewed themselves cisterns—broken cisterns that can hold no water." Yet water covers only three-fourths of the globe. A still more common element is the air, always and everywhere surrounding us, bathing us in its depths, enfolding us in its embrace, unseen though not unfelt, the very breath of our nostrils, and life of our life. As the gentle zephyr it fans our cheek; as the prosperous breeze, it has wafted unnumbered vessels across the ocean; as the mighty hurricane, its terrible force has swept all things before it. Its invisible particles reflect and diffuse the sun's light while retaining its heat and so cover our earth with a luminous and protecting mantle without which we should be exposed to extremes of light and darkness and to the unspeakable cold of outer space. Our Lord chose it as the symbol of His Holy Spirit. "The wind (literally

spirit) bloweth where it listeth and ye hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth; so is everyone that is born of the spirit." When He would impart the Holy Spirit to His Apostles, He breathed upon them, saying, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost" and frequent breathings from an integral of all the sacramental acts in the Oriental Church. If our Lord has thus chosen the common things of this world to set forth the attributes of His own Divinity, or typify His sacramental action upon our souls, may we not draw a still further lesson from this choice? Are we at times depressed by a sense of our own mediocrity? Convinced that we are thoroughly "commonplace people" and therefore correspondingly useless in the economy of nature or grace? May we not rather take fresh courage, without loss of humility, from our very lowliness, and believe that the Lord of all, who maketh both great and small, hath a special regard and design for us, and has fashioned us to be, not indeed the gleaming pinnacles of His temple, its glowing and glorious mosaics, its gilded architraves, but the stone and the cement,—living stones and cement,—the very fabric out of which the great House of God on earth is upbuilded and compacted?

(1) See Wallace: *Wonderful Century* Chapter 9, Importance of Dust.





## The Finding of Jesus in the Temple at Jerusalem in the Midst of the Doctors

BY MOST REV. FATHER A. M. LEPICHER.

**G**REAT indeed was the sorrow of Mary and Joseph who, returning to their home after the Paschal Feast, they discovered towards the close of the first day that they had lost Jesus. But when on the third day, they found Him again, the joy they experienced fully made up for their fears and anxieties.

This joy, however, was intended by God to be a reward for their special diligence in seeking for Jesus. In fact the Sacred text tells us that, so soon as they became aware of the absence of their dear Son, they sought Him among the kinsfolk without losing a moment's time. But the divine Saviour was not to be found in the midst of His earthly relatives nor in the tumult of the world, as He Himself said (Luke, 49), "Did you not know that I must be about My Father's business?" To be certain of finding Jesus, it is necessary to withdraw from the world, to bid farewell to earthly affections, to hasten to the House of God and have recourse to the ministers of the Sanctuary. There we may be sure of finding Jesus, if through mortal sin, we have come to lose Him, or if, for some purpose unknown to us, He at times seems to withdraw Himself from our souls, depriving us of the light of His presence and of the balm of His spiritual consolations.

Although free from every stain of sin, Mary and Joseph had to pass through the hardest trial to which God, by a just disposition of His will, may ever submit His own faithful servants. This trial consists in the withdrawal of those consolations, lights and comforts which the presence of divine grace usually brings along with it. During those three days, Mary and Joseph experienced all the grief, all the sadness



**STATUE OF ST. JOSEPH—IN THE COLLEGE GROUNDS**

The Dedication Tablet bears this inscription:—

**Golden Jubilee**

**1870—1920**

Behold the faithful and wise steward whom the Lord set over His family (Luke xli., 42).

Erected by the Sisters of St. Joseph in humble gratitude of their glorious Patron.

Feast of the Patronage, April 13th, 1921.





and anxiety which are the ordinary accompaniment of spiritual dryness. God had ordained that it should be so to the end that these two saintly persons might have greater compassion on us, if ever it should happen that He, with or without any fault on our part, chooses to deprive us of His sensible presence and leave us, as it were, abandoned to ourselves.

On such occasions, however, we should imitate the parents of Jesus who did not abandon themselves to despair; but rather groping along as it were in the gloomy night of tribulation, they diligently searched for Him, who was the love of their souls (Cant. iii., 1). Let us likewise seek Jesus in prayer and penance, with humility and constancy, and we will be certain of finding Him, as it is written (Psalm ix., 10), "Thou, O Lord, hast not abandoned those who seek Thee."

It would be impossible to describe the joy of St. Joseph upon finding in the temple at Jerusalem Him whom he loved as a Son, whom he had, it is true, always possessed in his heart, but whose visible presence filled him now with a joy as great as was the sorrow caused by the separation. And as the sorrow of Mary during the three days' loss had been the cause of new sorrow for the holy Patriarch, so now seeing the joy of his beloved Spouse, he felt his own joy increasing a hundred fold. He now was inexpressibly happy to have found again the Sacred Treasure entrusted to his care. He exulted to see Jesus so greatly honoured by the doctors of the law, who invited Him to sit in their midst and allowed Him to freely put questions to them. It caused Him inexpressible joy to hear Jesus answering those wise men in such a sublime manner, that they were all filled with admiration at His wisdom.

Oh! with what effusion did St. Joseph press to his bosom his beloved Jesus, in whom he did not know what to admire more, the greatness of the divine Goodness which abode in Him substantially, or the immense tenderness and mercy of His most sacred Heart, which was pouring out its treasures of knowledge and grace upon men, as a prelude of that copious

redemption which He was to procure to the world and which one day would change the face of the earth!

Oh, then indeed could St. Joseph say with even greater truth than the Spouse of the Canticles: "My beloved to me and I to him." (Cant. xi., 16). "I found Him Whom my soul loveth; I held Him and will not let Him go." (Ibid. iii., 4).

The fact of losing Jesus in the temple and finding Him again after three days, considerably increased in St. Joseph's heart that pity which he spontaneously felt for poor sinners and for persons suffering from desolation and dryness. This virtue of pity, which is but an offshoot of charity, St. Joseph had received from God in a special manner from the first moment of his sanctification and it ever continued growing in his soul, so that to him are applicable the words of Job: (Chapter xxxi., 18), "For from my infancy mercy grew up with me, and it came out with me from my mother's womb."

Now, then, that St. Joseph experienced how baneful for the soul is the separation from Jesus and what a trial it is to be deprived of the sweetness of His presence, he began to conceive an immense compassion for all those who have the misfortune of losing Jesus through sin, or who are visited with dryness of spirit or troubled by grievous or distressing temptation.

This tender compassion for the tempted and afflicted grew so much stronger in St. Joseph as he then had under his eyes a wonderful example of this same virtue in his holy Spouse, Mary, who almost forgetting her own grief during those three terrible days, had principally in mind the sorrow of the holy Patriarch. This may be inferred from the observation in which she burst out when she finally found Jesus: "Behold Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing." (Luke ii., 48). By mentioning St. Joseph in the first place, the Blessed Virgin wished to signify how much the grief of her holy Spouse had weighed upon her own heart.

### St. Joseph of the Oak Tree

A mission was once being given in a little country village named Villadieu in the diocese of Angers, in France, in May, 1856. The missionary who preached it was a priest of the Society of Jesus, called Father Louis N. As the mission was brought to a close, the parish priest took the missionary to a place outside the village, to show him a marvellous oak tree of extraordinary height and shape, the girth of which was fifty-four feet. While the missionary was wondering at the proportions of the stately old oak, it occurred to him that it would be quite appropriate to place an image of St. Joseph in a kind of large niche which nature had hollowed out in the tree itself. Accordingly, he suggested this to the parish priest who fully agreed with him.

Until that time the niche had served no other purpose than that of protecting wayfarers against the inclemency of the weather. Now, however, acting upon the missionary's suggestions, the parish priest determined to adjust it into a small chapel to be dedicated in honour of the great Patriarch St. Joseph. The family to whom the tree belonged as well as the diocesan authorities, willingly gave their consent and the work was soon begun. A small altar with a tabernacle was placed there, and above in the niche a statue of Saint Joseph. Soon after, the Holy Sacrifice was celebrated in that place, while a hundred priests and more than a thousand pilgrims were fervently calling upon the help and assistance of the chaste Spouse of the Immaculate Mother of God, invoking him with the title of "St. Joseph of the Oak Tree, pray for us."

The news of the dedication of the strange chapel spread rapidly throughout the country. The spot began soon after to be the center of numerous pilgrimages and the Holy Sacrifice was offered daily in the new sanctuary. One day more than thirty thousand pilgrims assembled from various parts, joining themselves with the inhabitants of the village, to praise St. Joseph and invoke his powerful intercession in the trials of life. It would be difficult to say what fervent prayer



ascended to the throne of the glorious Patriarch from the modest sanctuary. And no wonder that Heaven rewarded the piety of the faithful with extraordinary graces both spiritual and temporal.

Pope Pius IX., in a Brief of June 23rd, 1857, enriched this shrine with copious indulgences, which made the Sanctuary even more dear to the faithful of that region. As a result, it was soon found necessary to build a chapel, in order that the pilgrims might satisfy their devotion by approaching the Holy Sacraments. True, the money for this end was lacking; but the generosity of both inhabitants and pilgrims was more than equal to the occasion, and the Chapel was soon erected. But even this became inadequate; whereupon it gave place to a church which is the present shrine of "St. Joseph of the Oak Tree."

Pilgrims journey to this hallowed spot not only from Angers and the surrounding country, but also from Brittany, Normandy and even Belgium and Holland. Every year from sixty to eighty thousand strangers visit the shrine and more than seven hundred Masses are celebrated there. Not a day passes in which the Sanctuary is not visited by some new pilgrim, although the pilgrimages are more numerous at the time of the principal feast, which occurs in August, when all those who have requests to make to St. Joseph as well as those who have already received favours, come to pay the homage of their filial devotion to the glorious Patriarch, who never fails to answer their prayers.



## God Is Sweet



But God is sweet.

My mother told me so  
When I knelt at her feet  
Long—so long—ago;  
She clasped my hands in hers,  
Ah! me that memory stirs  
My soul's profoundest deep—  
No wonder that I weep.  
She clasped my hands and smiled—  
Ah, then I was a child—  
I knew not harm—  
My Mother's arm  
Was flung around me; and I felt  
That when I knelt  
To listen to my mother's prayer,  
God was with mother there.

Yea, God is sweet!

She told me so;  
She never told me wrong;  
And through my years of woe  
Her whispers soft and sad and low,  
And sweet as angel's song,  
Have floated like a dream.

—Father Abram Ryan.

## Cardinal Manning

REV. M. J. RYAN, D.D., PH.D.

**T**HE publication of a life of Manning by Mr. Shane Leslie reminds me that I have some reminiscences of the Great Cardinal in my desk, written for me once by my lamented friend, Mgr. O'Riordan of the Irish College in Rome, who lived for a while under Manning's roof in the years 1883 and 1884. He writes as follows:

"Manning's hair was quite white when I knew him—I have no knowledge of its native color—and not much of it there at all,—thin, long ribs of hair from his poll encircling his head. His eyes were small, I remember well,—I cannot recall the color,\*—normally they gave out an inspiration of kindness, but when he was in bad humor they shot like fire. But kindness was at the base of his character.

"He said Mass in a chapel on the ground floor; Mgr. Johnson, his first secretary, served—and then he heard Johnson's Mass afterwards. Then all came to breakfast together. The Cardinal looked over the morning papers; put aside some, and those which contained anything which he wished to read carefully or to note, he took up to his study. I remember well his trailing two or three newspapers along, as he climbed upstairs. One morning I was in before the others for breakfast. Old Newman, the butler, had a coat airing before the fire. He said, "That's the Cardinal's overcoat." "Indeed," said I, "Do you know how long he's had it?" said he. "I don't."

"He got it when he became Archbishop," said he. That was seventeen or eighteen years before. I remember seeing him long afterwards wearing it. The sleeve ends were running into threads. I suppose he wore it to his death" (perhaps not, however. There is a letter of the Cardinal's promising to give away an old coat in Mr. Leslie, p. 490).

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\* Mr. Leslie says they were dark brown.



“He was rather careless about dress, but on occasions he dressed beautifully.

Dinner was at twelve or one o'clock, I think. He was not a vegetarian, as was generally supposed. He really had a good appetite. His teeth were bad, and the meat was boiled to rags for him. Of course he took no wine; he drank lemonade. I can well remember old Newman pouring it out from the bottle into his glass. The Cardinal then pointed to Newman to cork the bottle, and he took the rest of it on the following day. He had a habit also of gathering up the bread crumbs with his fingers and eating them, so that nothing was lost.

“I recollect one day James Knowles, the founder and editor of the “Nineteenth Century,” came to lunch. The Cardinal was writing on article on the School Question in reply to Dr. Dale, a Unitarian minister of Birmingham. He discussed his points of reply with Knowles. He usually, on other days, spoke freely about many things. I recollect once his complaining of a little book on the Sacred Heart translated from the French and published by Washbourne, without an ‘Imprimatur,’ it had according to him something not quite correct.

I of course kept my tongue quiet all the time at meals. One day he turned to me about some question discussed: Well, what does Frater Silentiosus say to it?

He was very genial to every one; but when his authority came into exercise, your function was to listen and receive, and he was boss.

As an example of his genial ways, I recollect one day a young Oxford man whose family lived in the Cardinal's old family home outside of London, was at dinner. The Cardinal seemed as interested as any young student in the old College ways and habits. He asked about certain phrases, and sayings and doings. He told that in his time the students had a toast—for sport of course. It is the famous old one of Jacobite times, which I then heard for the first time, and it has stayed in my memory:

“God bless the king, our noble faith’s defender!  
 Long may he reign, and down with the pretender.  
 But which be the pretender, which be king—  
 God bless us all, that’s quite another thing.” \*

Though he took no wine himself, the wine was always placed on the table, and the first day I was there, the butler filled up my glass. I took it, thinking that the others would.

(Mgr. O’Riordan had come from Rome, where everybody drank the light Italian wines as we drink tea or coffee at dinner). They did not take it, however. And there was my problem. However, not to be inconsistent, I took the glass every day when the butler poured it out. He used to offer me a second, which I always declined. Having saved my consistency, I became a teetotaler, about half a year afterwards, though I have never taken a pledge.

“Tea was at seven or half past seven in the evening, and we saw no more of one another till the morning. I used to hear the Cardinal mounting upstairs to bed often towards eleven o’clock. He was during that time writing the *Eternal Priesthood*.

The house where he lived had been once a military club. The top floor was quite spacious. The four corners were partitioned off by boards plastered. One was a chapel where Father Guiron, his second secretary, said Mass, and I, while I was there. In the one opposite the Cardinal slept. One of the others was occupied by Mgr. Johnson. The other corner had two rooms for visitors. The walls of the rest of the large space were lined with books.

“He was always ready to go anywhere for a meeting of the League of the Cross, and he was delighted when he found himself surrounded by a large number of working men at those meetings. I recollect one at a place called Buck’s Row, in the

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† I have seen this years ago, written otherwise:

God bless the King, God bless the faith’s defender!  
 God bless—(no harm in blessing)—the Pretender!  
 But, etc.

East End. The platform was a sort of cart. The men had to mount the Cardinal up into it; it was high and had rails. He made his speech quite in his own simple and earnest style. But his gala-day was at the annual gathering of the League at the Crystal Palace. Many went there just for an outing, who were not teetotallers.

"He liked a witty saying. I remember he went one holiday evening to SS. Mary and Michael's Church, Commercial Road, to preach and give Benediction. The guard of the local League were arrayed along the long sacristy, and also the Boy Guards. The Cardinal went from one to another of them. One Boy Guard was ill, and his little brother came in his brother's cap and sash. He was quite a little fellow, about seven or eight years. When the Cardinal came to the little fellow, he said to Father Gorman, one of the priests of that church, "And who is this little fellow?" "O never mind him," replied Father Gorman, he is one of the infantry." "Good," said the old man.

He came to preach on the 15th of August, 1886, at St. Patrick's, Wapping, while I was there. One of the altar boys there had an angelic face, which fascinated the Cardinal, and he thought he was good and should be a priest, and asked his name. He was good, indeed, but felt no vocation to the priesthood, and is now married long since. The old man spoke of his beautiful countenance, and remarked that the countenance reveals character, and then added an illustration with a proverb—for he was very fond of mother wit and proverbial sayings,—Q said of Z that if Z was not a rascal, then Nature does not write her own hand, and Q was right; Z was a rascal.

I remember, too, that he didn't call the letter Q kew, as we call it; he called it quin. I suppose it was so called in his early school.

"I had written an article on "The Philosophy of Prayer." He came into my room and sat down and began, 'I have been reading an article of yours this morning.' He said some words of praise, and then started a difficulty. I saw what he was driving at, and answered it as St. Thomas does. You will recollect the point and its application. "They can't answer



that," he said; "they can't go behind it." I thought it a good way of phrasing and of furnishing a point beyond which there lies a mystery. His was not a deep mind, but he had a singular power of hitting straight at a difficulty, and solving it in a satisfying way for the generality of men.

"I called once to see him after I had left the diocese. It will help to show you the ascetic character of the man to tell you the invitation he gave me to dinner. When I was leaving him upstairs, he said, 'Call on Canon Johnson, my secretary downstairs, and stay and have food with us.' What I saw in the word he used was—Eat to preserve life and health, and not to please appetite."

The life of Manning by Mr. Leslie is a book that was much needed, and will do a great work. One wonders that those who honoured and loved the Cardinal's memory should have allowed a counter-agent to Purcell's detestable biography to remain so long unwritten; for false conceptions cannot be driven out by mere negations, but only by positive truth. However, it is better late than never. *Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor*. The avenger has come, and he is a convert to the Catholic Faith. We all owe thanks to Mr. Leslie.

This biographer, however, says that his work is rather a supplement than a supplanter of Purcell, and that, I think, is a pity. I should like to have a life of Manning which would make it possible to forget Purcell altogether. For Purcell was a fool who did more harm than a knave. A biographer generally is an advocate, but Purcell was an advocate not of his subject (we cannot say, "his hero") but an *Advocatus Diaboli*. He was one who actually disapproved of everything that his subject did, except the one action of becoming a Catholic. A simple, stupid man, who thought himself qualified to sit in judgment upon one whose greatness he was quite incapable of perceiving, Purcell got it into his head that it was the duty of an ordinary biographer and also within his competence to distinguish between the operations of grace and of nature within the soul of a man; and his view of nature was really like that of Luther or Calvin—that it is utterly corrupt, de-

void of free will, and incapable of any natural virtue; indeed the book produces the impression that Manning received actual graces which sometimes "constrained" him, as Purcell says, to act rightly (as if he had not a free will), but that he never received the state of sanctifying grace, remaining always the same worldly bad man as he was before. In this respect the book might have been written by one who disbelieved inherent righteousness and free will.

Moreover, it is evident that Purcell was unduly flattered by the assistance which he received from Gladstone in many conversations, and that he fell altogether under the influence of that great man's judgment, which, of course, could not be quite fair to one whom he had tried very hard to keep in the Church of England. Indeed, Purcell was so much influenced unconsciously by the Anglicans with whom he associated and by the Anglican biographies which he read, that he unintentionally uses their very phrases, e.g., that converts "went over" to "Rome" instead of "came over to the Church," as a Catholic should say. However, there was one consolation about Purcell's book. We knew from it the worst that could be known about Manning. As Macaulay says of Boswell's Johnson, the greatness of the hero appeared in spite of the biographer.

Mr. Leslie has given us new and valuable information, but the most precious of all his documents is the letter which Manning in 1875 wrote in defence of Newman.

A biographer who only tries to supplement Purcell and not to give a complete picture, must of necessity write somewhat as an advocate. Besides, I think it is clear from this and other writings that Mr. Leslie, who feels a literary man's intense interest in politics, prefers political ecclesiastics, such as Manning and Archbishop Ireland, to the more strictly religious kind, like Newman and Bishop McQuaid. Under these circumstances it is very much to Mr. Leslie's credit that he has not thought it needful, like some others, to disparage Newman for the exaltation of Manning. Both were great men and holy men, who rose to high rank in the Church by the buoyancy of

intellect and virtue, and comparisons, as the proverb says, are odious. Let us honor both.

Manning was by nature a statesman, and all his youthful dreams ran upon parliament. His early friend, Miss Bevan, related that he used to say that he would like to take up some great cause alone, with the whole Senate against him, and by dint of persevering advocacy bring everyone around and so win success for his cause. His father was a friend of Wilberforce, and no doubt Manning grew up to admire the heroic campaign against slavery. Newman was by nature a poet and a philosopher, as Dante or Aquinas was, but without their religious advantages during the first half of his life. "The specialty of Newman," says Aubrey de Vere, who knew him well, "is, that whereas men of letters are often timid men, like Erasmus, and men of speculation can generally find some superfine reasons for not carrying out their principles to their natural conclusions, he has always united the heroic daring—the noble, warlike element in Faith which makes it burn its ships when it has effected its landing—with the keenest intellect of the time, and what is more extraordinary, with the most tender character and the most sensitive temperament." He had great elasticity; you couldn't keep him down. But as a man of action, Manning was greater than Newman. Not that Newman in this respect was below the average; far from it. Gladstone ranks him among the great men of action trained by Oxford, along with Wolsey, Laud and Wesley; and Bishop Ullathorne in a well-known letter enumerated the great works accomplished by Newman in addition to his books. But Manning in action was still greater—stronger, shrewder, and more effective,—more versed in the ways of the world, and though an honest and noble man, had his full share of the wisdom of the serpent and perhaps did not always strictly confine his use of that talent to his dealing with the children of this world.

Manning loved the Irish; and Newman loved them, I think, even more than he, for Newman was a more affectionate man; and as a poet he was in character more like the Kelt, and he



had more personal friends among them. In his old age after the death of Ambrose St. John, the one whom he leaned upon as on a son was the Irishman, F. William Neville. When he accepted the office of Rector of the Catholic University of Dublin, he hoped to bring the English Catholics into unity with the Irish as in the old, happy times before the †Norman conquest of both islands; and when he founded the Oratory School afterwards, one of his hopes was that it would feed the University: "O precious seal and testimony of gospel unity," he said, in his Introductory University Discourse, "when the English went to Ireland, as Aldhelm tells us, 'numerous as bees'—when the Saxon St. Egbert and St. Willibrod preachers to the heathen Frisons, made the voyage to Ireland to prepare themselves for their work, and when from Ireland went forth to Germany, the two noble Ewalds, Saxons also, to earn the crown of martyrdom. Alcuin was the pupil both of English and Irish schools—the representative both of the Saxon and the Celt."

Father Gallway, the Irishman who was Provincial in England, upheld Newman's theological opinions and said that the Roman College (i.e., S.J.) did so. Cardinal Cullen, too, when asked by the Pope for a report on Newman's writings, declared them perfectly orthodox.

There is a passage in Newman's historical sketches which always comes into my mind when I think of Manning and Newman: "The instruments raised up by Almighty God for the accomplishment of His purposes are of two kinds, equally gifted with faith and piety, but from natural temper and talent, education or other circumstances, differing in the means by which they promote their sacred cause. The first of those are men of acute and ready mind, with accurate knowledge of human nature, and large plans, and persuasive, attractive bear-

‡ A professor of history notices so many misconceptions that I think it not superfluous to say that Henry II. was not an Englishman, nor Strongbow. The Irish Chronicles call them French. The first mercenaries that McMurrough brought over were Flemings. Hence we have such family names in Ireland as Fleming, French, Walsh (Welsh), English, Scott, Kent, York, Holland.

ing, endowed with prudence, patience, instinctive tact and decision in conducting matters, as well as boldness and zeal. Such in a measure we may imagine the single-minded, the intrepid, the much-enduring Hildebrand, who at a time when Society was forming itself anew, was the saviour humanly speaking, of the Church of God. Such in an earlier age was the majestic Ambrose; such the never-wearied Athanasius, these last named luminaries of the Church came into public life early and thus learned how to cope with the various tempers, views, and measures of the men they encountered there.

“Again, there is an instrument in the hands of Providence of less elaborate and splendid workmanship, less rich in its political endowments, so to call them, yet not less beautiful in its texture nor less precious in its material. Such is the retired and thoughtful student, who remains years and years in the solitude of a college or a monastery, chastening his soul in secret, raising it to high thought and single-minded purpose, and when at length called into active life, conducting himself with firmness, guilelessness, zeal like flaming fire and all the sweetness of purity and integrity. Such a one is often unsuccessful in his own day; he is too artless to persuade, too severe to please; unskilled in the weaknesses of human nature, unfurnished in the resources of ready wit, negligent of men’s applause, unsuspicious, open-hearted, he does his work and so leaves it; and it seems to die, but with the next generation it lives again; and on the long run it is difficult to say which of the two classes of men has served the cause of truth more effectually. Such, perhaps, was Basil, who issued from the solitudes of Pontus to rule like a king and yet minister like the lowest in the kingdom, only to meet little but disappointment and to quit life prematurely in pain and sorrow. Such was his friend, the accomplished Gregory of Nazianzus, however different in other respects from him, who left his father’s roof for an heretical city, raised a church there, and was driven back into retirement by his own people, as soon as his triumph over the false was secured. Such, perhaps, St. Peter Damiani, in the middle age; such St. Anselm, such St. Edmund.

"No comparison, of course, is attempted here between the religious excellence of the two descriptions of men; each of them serves God according to the peculiar gifts to him. If we might continue our instances by way of comparison, we should say that St. Paul reminds us of the former, and Jeremiah of the latter.

"Such are the two main characters which are found in the Church,—high energy, and sweetness of temper; far from incompatible, of course, united in the Apostles though in different relative proportions as in Paul and Barnabas, yet only partially combined in ordinary Christians and often altogether parted from each other."

It seems to me that Newman here has unconsciously sketched the types to which Manning and he severally belong. Thus he says of Basil and Gregory between whom there was a misunderstanding "Gregory the affectionate, the tender-hearted, the man of quick feelings, the accomplished, the eloquent preacher; and Basil, the man of firm resolve and hard deeds, the high-minded ruler of Christ's flock, the diligent laborer in the field of ecclesiastical politics. Thus they differed; yet not as if they had not much in common; both had the blessing and the discomfort of a sensitive mind; both were devoted to an ascetic life; both were men of classical tastes; both were special champions of the Catholic Creed; both were skilled in argument and successful in the use of it," and both are recognized saints.

Mr. Leslie says very truly that "the differences between Manning and Newman were exaggerated by a horde of Protestant journalists, Catholic busybodies, and excitable converts," and he might have added, most of all by Purell, the systematic misrepresentater of Manning, and quite destitute of all sense of proportion.

It must be added as regards Newman and Manning that the temporary estrangement between them was due to no personal quarrel or conflict, but was the work of gossipers, misrepresenters, calumniators, busybodies, tale-bearers. There are six things which the Lord hates, and the seventh His



soul detests, says the Scripture, and that is those who sow discord between friends. The origin of the misunderstanding created between them was this: Manning, in the year 1861 published some lectures in defence of the Temporal Power of the Pope, in which the conclusion was better than the premises, some of the arguments being so unwise that the book would have been placed upon the Index,\*\* but that Manning had friends in Rome who took care that his good intentions and zeal should be remembered. In the Rambler, a Catholic magazine owned and edited by Sir John (afterwards Lord) Acton and Mr. R. Simpson, there appeared in November both a favorable article upon Doellinger's book which condemned the Papal Government, and a severe review of Manning's book. Manning was told by some gossipers that "Newman had seen the notice beforehand, or was cognizant of it, and that it expressed his mind; it was believed also (by whom?) that a letter of his formed part of it" (Manning's statement in 1877). For this story there was no foundation whatsoever. At this time Newman was continually warning the staff of the Rambler that he strongly disapproved of their spirit and tone. There are two letters about this time from Newman in favor of Manning and his book. On June 7th he wrote: "My dear Sir John,—As to Manning I cannot quite follow you. I am sure he has a great respect for you. His lectures (in defence of the Temporal Power) contain scarcely a sentiment which you could not accept. People who don't know him seem to me to misunderstand him." (Correspondence of Lord Acton 1. P. 31). On August 21st: "Manning, I am sure, is of all men most desirous to keep all Catholics together. It is a good sign that Manning is free to exercise his own tolerant nature as regards yourself" (Ward's Newman, 1. P. 535).

Newman had not written a line for the Rambler since Sep-

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\*\* Mr. Wilfrid Ward says that the book had to be remodelled to escape theological censure. This is an exaggeration. The placing of a book on the Index is not, of itself, equivalent to a theological censure. In this case there was no theological error, only inexpedient assertions.

tember, 1860, and on June 20, 1861, he wrote to Acton about Simpson, who was always satirising everyone and everything (and who probably was the author of the criticism of Manning in the following November). "My own feeling is that the Rambler is impossible." On July 5th: "I must, though it will pain you, speak out. I despair of Simpson. I despair of any periodical in which he has a part." In October he wrote to Simpson himself, urging him to stop the magazine.

Such being the attitude of Newman at this time towards The Rambler and towards Manning, does it not seem that the latter showed less than his usual wisdom in believing the story that Newman had a hand in the criticism of his book? Might he not have frankly asked Newman by word or by letter whether there was any foundation for the tale? But Manning's belief of the falsehood was the little rift within the lute and it grew wider. York Place had been a centre of censure upon Newman, and now Manning became infected with its spirit. Nicodemus said: "Does our law judge anyone until it first hear him and know what he doth?" And a few months later Newman replied to a friend, a priest in London, who asked why he was not publishing any new work, in the words of St. Paul, "*Nos indamatos, homines Romanos, miserunt in carcerem; et nunc occulte nos ejiciunt? Non ita, sed veniant et ipsi nos ejiciant.*"

It is pleasant to know that they were reconciled again. We owe Mr. Leslie thanks for publishing the letter which Manning wrote in defence of Newman in 1875. And it is a pity that he did not notice that Newman's letter congratulating Manning on his elevation to the Cardinalate, a couple of months later is signed "Yours affectionately," a signature which Newman never used without meaning it.

I believe that the parties who principally had caused the misunderstanding and estrangement between them were Acton, a disciple of Doellinger, and W. G. Ward, the editor of another Catholic magazine, who were in every way opposite, and each apt to run to extremes, each also anxious to drag an ecclesiastical patron along with him. The editors of Acton's correspondence, who are Anglican, say "Acton thought he had yoked

Newman to his chariot and never forgave him for refusing to be driven in the team." As for W. G. Ward, he at one time was such a zealot and busybody that he seemed to think he had a Providential mission to watch over Manning and keep him from thinking well of Newman. When the life of Samuel Wilberforce was published in 1882, Manning, after reading it, wrote to Lady Herbert, "I now can understand the personal alienation of Gladstone's mind towards me. Unconsciously, perhaps, he must have been affected by this unhappy mind. A whisperer separateth chief friends (Proverbs xxi., 28)." He may perhaps have reflected that a whisperer had influenced himself against Newman at one time. Yet in justice to Ward, it must be said that he was not a schemer like Acton, that his opposition to Newman was honestly confessed and was perfectly straightforward, and that in those very years he publicly gave this testimony to Newman in the preface to his work on Nature and Grace: "I have introduced a large number of quotations from Father Newman; and chiefly, though not exclusively, from works written when he was a Protestant. I have had two reasons for this. In the first place, I was desirous that Catholic readers should know how large a fund of deep Christian Philosophy is contained in Newman's Protestant works, and those who may be struck by the specimens which I bring before them will not improbably be led to consult the originals. In the second place, I was once enmeshed in the toils of a false philosophy which could have had no other legitimate issue than a further and further descent towards the gulf of utter infidelity. From this thralldom, the one human agency which effected my deliverance was Father Newman's teaching. My deliverance was wrought not merely through the truth and depth of those philosophical principles which he inculcated, but also through the singular large-mindedness whereby he was able to make those principles both intelligible and attractive to any variety of character. I do not quote those passages from him as external testimony for this or that truth to which my own reflection had brought me; every one of them had its place in opening that truth itself on my apprehension. I might in my present



circumstances venture to differ from him on some very important points on which Catholics are allowed to differ; but I must not on that account appear to forget that to him, as to the one human cause, I owe the blessing of having become a Catholic at all. I hope it will not be considered egotistical to speak of the intellectual relation in which I stood for many years to him; for such relation was not peculiar to myself. Very great numbers of our converts would have substantially the same testimony to give though with accidental differences according to each individual case." There are a few things in Mr. Leslie's book that I do not like. Thus he writes: The uncornerable Barnabo replied, "I know Manning best, but I love Newman." I feel quite sure that Cardinal Barnabo was sincere in saying this and also in adding that Newman was a saint and the saints were always persecuted, like Palotti; that people made use of Newman's name and pretended to have his patronage because he was so charitable. Mgr. Nardi, as Newman recorded, told him that he had no enemies in Rome, and that his only enemies were in his own country. The Bishop of Birmingham, after a visit to Rome, told him the same thing. If Mgr. Talbot said that Newman had preached a sermon in favor of Garibaldi and subscribed to his expedition, he must have heard that contemptible story from some Englishman.

I must add that Mr. Leslie's book in some places has a lack of reverentialness towards great men in the Church and a smartness, even an air of superior good sense towards them, that seems to me not Irish. But perhaps it is "democratic." And I must point out, for the sake of our younger readers, that the style is not a model for imitation. Somebody once told me that at Harrow the leading articles of the Daily Telegraph were given as models of composition to the boys, and there are some traces here of the style of the newspapers and the magazine. The witty and satirical tone that is well in a magazine, is not suited for serious history. Some of Mr. Leslie's remarks seem to be made for the sake of epigram, as when, e.g., he says that Manning was most formidable as an enemy and Newman as a friend. Kingsley would not have said that Newman was

not formidable as an enemy, nor did the public say so. And Mr. Leslie knows this very well, since he says in another place that Newman could have dealt with W. G. Ward as he had dealt with Kingsley if he had not been restrained by consideration for Archbishop Manning, who was identified with Ward, in the *Dublin Review*. Therefore I assume that Mr. Leslie sometimes sacrifices fact for the sake of wit. Southey, a great master of English writing, as I may remind our young readers, once reminded Jeffrey that the style of satire cannot be suited for narrative, and he informed a friend who was going to write a history, that the golden rule is: Write as clearly as possible, as briefly as possible and as rememberably as possible, going straight forward to the meaning without any affectation of ornament.

But these are small defects in a most valuable book which shows us the real Manning, whom I for one always believed in, despite the cloud of misconceptions and misrepresentations created by Purcell's unintelligence.

Doubtless neither Manning nor Newman was either infallible or impeccable. It is an old saying that the canonization of a saint is not the canonization of his actions; many of the saints were penitent sinners; and it is another wise saying that "*Les Saints ne nous instruisent pas moins par leur défauts que par leur vertu.*" Both, however, were great men and holy men. They were not the only saints who have misunderstood one another. It is a comfort to know their estrangement was not due to any personal quarrel and was not lasting.

Whispering tongues can poison truth,  
And constancy lives in the realms above.

But in spite of all, Manning in his later years came around to many of the policies which Newman had shadowed forth, and thus came to understand Newman again.

Mr. Leslie has shown us how great and noble and saintly a man was Manning. Yet Manning's biographer will excuse us if we say with Cardinal Barnabo, "I love Newman." After all, the poet will always be sweeter to our heart than the states-

man, and his gifts are of a rarer kind; the man of action cannot hold the field of fame in competition with the man of letters; and the innocence of the dove is more lovable than wisdom, equal to that of the serpent. Newman's influence to-day is far greater than he in his beautiful humility ever dreamed.

The judgment of the American Bishops, such as Gibbons and McQuaid, who knew both well, that Newman was the greater man, is likely to be accepted. But if comparisons must be made, the comparison here is not between greater and less, but only between greater and great; and however judgments may differ in comparisons, we may all agree that both were great and may say of each in his own way, with more truth than Goethe of Schiller:

Denn er war unser! Mag das stolze wort  
Den lauten schmerz gewaltig übertönen.  
Er mochte sich bei uns im sichern port  
Nach wildem sturm, zum dauernden gewöhnen.  
Indessen schritt sein geist gewaltig fort  
Ins ewige des wahren, guten, schönen  
Und hinter ihm im wesenlosen scheine  
Lag was uns elle bandigt, das gemeine.

Rev. Dr. Dollard, who needs no praise from me to the readers of the Lilies, has very obligingly given me this version in blank verse:

For he was ours! Let that proud, cheering word  
Drown the loud sounds of sorrow and of grief!  
Here in our midst as in a harbor safe,  
Time was vouchsafed him, after tempests dire,  
To gird and to prepare his shaken soul  
For that great life which shall endure for aye.

Into the bosom of Eternity,  
Where all things blest and beautiful abide,  
His mighty spirit went, and left behind,  
In all its sham and unreality,  
This world's vain-glory that enchains us all.



## The Gift



He has taken away the things that I loved best,  
Love and youth and the harp that knew my hand,  
Laughter alone is left of all the rest.  
Does he mean that I may fill my days with laughter  
Or will it too, slip through my fingers like spilt sand?

Why should I beat my wings like a bird in a net  
When I can be still and laugh at my own desire?  
The wise may shake their heads at me, but yet  
I should be sad without my little laughter,  
The crackling of thorns is not so bad a fire.

Will He take away even the thorns from under the pot,  
And send me cold and supperless to bed?  
He has been good to me. I know He will not.  
He gave me to keep a little foolish laughter,  
I shall not lose it even when I am dead.

—Aline Kilmer, in *The Outlook*.

## The Soul of Music

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

A CERTAIN writer says of a very beautiful woman, "The lifting of her eyelids was like a strain of music." It is all one needs to know of her. What more exquisite than the silent increase of light, the fascination of dawn? And these few words show a strong grasp of the fact that the soul of music is everywhere.

It is a power all-pervading, regnant throughout, the universe.

Shakespeare was sensitive to it. What could be dearer than his famous lines:

"There's not the smallest orb, which thou beholdest,  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims."

Our discords and daily wranglings cannot dispel this potency of song; it quietly resolves them into chords of deeper beauty. As the soul of man rules over his passions, so the soul of music turns our crashings and thunderings—even the fanfare and trumpet blasts of war itself—into harmonies and sea-strengths before unknown.

For the soul of music, like the flaming spirit of humanity, expresses itself in a thousand ways. The hills, the sea, the stars overflow with it and give the composer infinite sources of melody. The lights and shadows, dawns and twilights of our earthly days stand arrayed in beautiful opposition. The great master gladly voices these; their contrast vivifies his scales, major and minor, so he can evolve from them all of life and all of melody. Then, below swirls the sea, which stands for the mystery of all created things. Only Handel seems to have conquered the essence, the spirit, the secret of the sea. His paint-

ings of it are tremendous. The chorus "And with the blast," with its hushed cadence, "The Depths Were Congealed in the Heart of the Sea," form a wonderful utterance, comparable to nothing save a tragedy by Aeschylus.

With the masters the natural sentiments and tenderer feelings of life, its passion and pathos, are often interwoven with all this. Rubinstein says, as to the Ballad in F, major, No. 2, of Chopin, "Is it possible that the interpreter does not feel the necessity of representing to his hearers a field flower caught by a gust of wind, the entreaty by the flower which at last lies broken there? This may also be paraphrased the field flower, a rustic maiden, the wind, a knight"—and so on.

The "Pastoral Symphony" is another case in point and a noted example of tone-painting. It expresses in music the rustic, the merry,—as does also Schumann's "Country Farmer"—the simple, the hardy; and imitates natural phenomena as storm, thunder and lightning, also the note of the cuckoo and the twitterer of small birds,—the music of nature fell into Beethoven's receptive soul, in this and other cases, as seed into good ground, the fruitage being, indeed an hundred fold.

In these infinite gradations of sound, the composer revels. His means of producing vary with his kaleidoscope thought. From joy, bliss and even ecstasy, as of seraphic spirits to depth of woe, remorse and pain he can journey on the possible tones of voice, wind instruments or strings. From the dirge to the Strauss Waltz or the trumpet-blare of battle is a fearful range, but the maestro has it in hand. He can fill it all with the penetrative feeling.

His instruments are in themselves wonderful. The pure, clear, high delicacy of the flute is like nothing else, save the reeds of the Piping Faun, in classic days. "The violin is the violet," says a beautiful writer. In colour, tenderness and sweetness, it bears out the comparison. Then, like scarlet and orange, we have the brazen trumpet and thundering drum. The organ, however, combines all these with its wonderful undertones which Milton so loved and has enshrined in one magnificent line,



“And let the bass of Heaven’s deep organ blow.”

Much hangs also on the temperament and mood of the lis-

tener. “Did you enjoy the concert?” asked John Philip Sousa of a woman interviewer, who visited him after his matinee in some city.

The writer testified that the band’s music made blood run faster. Sousa smiled, “That’s the barbaric in women,” he said. Band music has a strong appeal to the physical and women always respond to it quickly. It does get into the blood more than other music because wind instruments have a physical effect that no other instruments have.”

It is perhaps easier for most people to apprehend romantic than classic music, for the reason that the former has given poetic basis. In some works this is plainly announced as in Schumann’s “Forest Scenes,” Greig’s Procession” or Mendelssohn’s “Midsummer Night’s Dream” overture. Sometimes it reveals the personal temperament of the author, as in Liszt’s Hungarian Rhapsodies. In Chopin’s creations, on the other hand, the poetic basis is only dimly divined by the listener. Romantic music attempts to realize precise moods in musical sounds, to unite music with images and thoughts, to pervade and illuminate definite feeling with musical motion and colour.

The symphony, to be wholly enjoyable, requires much comprehension of music. An untrained public will not care much for classical works; yet the symphony concerts have so educated the people of Boston that, little as they were appreciated when first established there many years ago, the rush to obtain admission is now something amazing and the price of the tickets fast becoming prohibitive. By simply listening to great music, season after season, the public has learned to love it.

There is much spiritual education in thus fixing the attention and learning the secret of silent receptiveness.

In a long passage of Shelley on rapture the great Polish Pianist Paderewski, insists on a lyrical and vital nature of music. He says, “Music is the only art that actually lives. Her elements, vibration, palpitation, are the elements of life

itself. Wherever life is she is also. Peoples and nations arise, worlds, stars, suns that they may give forth tone and sound; when silence falls on them then life ceases also."

Here we have the great musician trying to bring us into touch with the soul of music. He realizes that music is cosmic, therefore greater than the other arts. Like pure mathematics and the circling of the stars, it opens out into many vast and otherwise unknown regions of the Divine.

The first educational step towards becoming an intelligent listener is the appreciation of variations. This trains the ear to recognize a theme through all its external disguises or internal transformations. It leads to the comprehension of thematic work, and without this one cannot fully enjoy classical music. The principle of the fuge—its wondrous suggestion of the infinite, through its eternal unfoldings and unwindings—lies at the base of all great composition. "When counterpoint sits down to work," remarks John S. Dwight, "Fugue looks over his shoulders." Mere melody has in it a principle of decay its stales by repetition; therefore, the great religious music of old has worn the undecaying form of Fugue and Counterpoint.

It resolves itself, in final analysis, therefore, into a law of development, a divine idea, which genius feels and obeys of necessity, as the plant follows the spiral in its growth. "The mighty compositions of Bach express all imaginable emotions in this form, being alike," says Rubinstein, "in one thing only, their beauty." Music on the mathematical side, grows more and more wonderful, as we learn to understand it and perceive in it a sweet and continuously-opening revelation of the Divine.



## The Call of Autumn

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

Beneath a wondrous blue of Autumn sky

The trees, the shrubs, the low, responsive reeds

Answer the breeze, while e'en the poorest weeds

Wear Cloth of Gold. Pale amber boughs swing high

And tawnier shades below intensify

Their gleam. Now dark-red supersedes.

Late August hues and fires the sunbrowned meads;

Neath crimson lights the cranberry marches lie.

The scarlet oaks are burning to thy praise,

O Lord of Hosts, within Thy forest shrine,

'Tis all a sweet epitome of Thee.

Thy beauty swings above us, like the blaze

Of Autumn suns. It saith—Thy love benign—

In countless tones and colors "Come to Me."



## The Two Eves

### Contrast of Conduct in Temptation

REV. K. J. McRAE.

**W**HEN the tempter came to the first Eve, and demanded, "Why hath God commanded you, that you should not eat of every tree of Paradise?" she should have asked him at once who he was, and what authority he had for making such a demand. For she should have known that his question "was the suggestion of a doubt. To question authority is more than half-way towards setting it aside. Eve should have recognized that God's commands are not to be questioned, His reasons not to be demanded. If he commands or reveals to us, His word is enough; we should trust Him sufficiently to accept it without explanation" (Bellord's *Meditations on Christian Dogma*, Vol. I., Page 204).

Eve's answer to the tempter was not true. God had said, "Of every tree of Paradise thou shalt eat; but of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat, for in what day soever thou shalt eat of it, thou shalt die the death." (Gen. ii., 16-7). Eve changed "Thou shalt die the death" into "Lest perhaps we die" (Gen., iii., 3), something altogether different. This untrue answer naturally encouraged the tempter to deny God's threat, saying, "No, you shall not die the death," and to add, "For God doth know that in what day soever you shall eat thereof, your eyes shall be opened; and you shall be as Gods, knowing good and evil" (Gen. iii., 3-4). Eve "was not shocked or indignant when Satan blasphemed against the veracity of God" in this way. "He imputes base motives to the All-Holy, the desire to deprive His creatures of their rights, and keep them in undue subjection. He promises great power and happiness as the reward of sin: You shall be as God. These are the ordinary stages of temptation,



THE MADONNA





the ordinary motives placed before men to make temptation seem plausible. Many are deceived. They take one false step, and this originates a long series of evils.

"Eve listened, parleyed with the tempter, and trusted the bold assertions of this unknown being, instead of the word of God, whom she knew and whose goodness she had experienced. Gradually faith, trust, love of God, and the power of grace were weakened within her. She doubted God's goodness, suspected Him of jealousy lest Adam and she should rise to equality with Him. She coveted more than God had given her, desiring forbidden knowledge, a dangerous independence, an impossible dignity. She entertained the suggestions of base ingratitude against her benefactor, of breaking away from His authority and making herself His equal, His rival, His enemy. There was also the sensual desire of the forbidden fruit: The tree was good to eat, and fair to the eyes, and delightful to behold; and she took of the fruit thereof and did eat, (Gen. iii., 6). Thus does sin begin unperceived, develop with rapidity, and culminate in some fatal enormity." (Bellord, pages 204-5).

How silly was Eve's final reason for eating the forbidden fruit—its beauty, etc., as if the most beautiful fruit could not be the deadliest poison! and how utterly silly, too, are the reasons for which many of the sons and daughters of Eve risk ruin! They will plead that their tempter, or temptress, is an "angel," in their infatuation not seeing that he, or she, is the mere slave of a fallen angel, and, therefore, all the more cunning and deceiving.

Let us now examine the conduct of the second Eve, the Blessed Virgin Mary, in what was in appearance at least a very great temptation. The Gospel tells us that the Angel Gabriel was sent to her, and saluted her, Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women. Who having heard, was troubled at his saying, and thought with herself what manner of salutation this should be. And the Angel said to her: Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found grace with God. Behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb,

and shalt bring forth a son; and thou shalt call His name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High; and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of David his father; and He shall reign in the house of Jacob for ever, and of His Kingdom there shall be no end. And Mary said to the Angel: How shall this be done, because I know not man?" (St. Luke i., 28-34). Now for the first time, an angel of God bows before one of the fallen race, and speaks to her as the servant of a king might salute a powerful princess. He proposes to her the greatest honour ever conferred on a child of Adam, to be the Mother of the Divine Messias. It was a higher dignity than the tempter proposed to Eve, You shall be as gods, knowing good and evil, (Gen. iii., 5). Mary, with the intuition of faith, believes the word of God, but she asks assurance as to the mode of its accomplishment. Under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, she had renounced the lower and natural order of life, and had adopted a preternatural idea as her rule. She first of all the children of Eve, originated the state of perpetual virginity, a germ which, in the Kingdom of her Son, was to bear such beautiful fruit, which was to be one of the most fertile, beneficial, divine details of the Church. The Incarnation of the Son of God had to wait for its accomplishment until a virgin should fit herself to be its instrument, by renouncing the natural order, which seemed necessary for that mystery, and embracing the supernatural order in the spirit of sacrifice and faith. She was ready to forego the glory that every Jewish maiden aspired to (of being the Mother of the Messias), rather than be unfaithful to the divine inspiration which had dictated her vow. She chose the tree of supernatural life, and therefore she merited its fruit, the Motherhood of Jesus Christ . . . The angel assured Mary of God's power to do what is naturally impossible; and at once she gives herself up to do His will: Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to Thy word, (Luke i., 38). How different she is from Eve in her undoubting faith, her prompt obedience, her preference for the higher course, the absence of self-conscious-

ness, the depreciating of herself in spite of her dignity. Therefore the holy Ghost speaks words of benediction to her by the angel and St. Elizabeth, and reverses the malediction pronounced on Eve. The tree of life was now substituted for the tree of knowledge, the supernatural was introduced into the current of the natural life, the angel with the flaming sword was withdrawn from the entrance of the Eden of Grace. Eve had led up to the fall; the second Eve now opened the way to Redemption, and accomplished the prophecy of crushing the serpent's head." (Bellord, Vol. I., pages 342-3).

The first Eve, by eating of the forbidden fruit, and inducing Adam to eat of it, brought sin and death into the world; the second Eve, by being ready to sacrifice the greatest possible honour, if necessary, in order to obey the divine inspiration to a life of perpetual virginity, brought an antidote for sin, and life, into the world.





### The Veiled Madonna



It stood in a showman's window, in a crowded thoroughfare—  
An image of Mother Mary in attitude of prayer,  
A delicate, pure achievement of Sculptor's highest art,  
Revealing in every feature the reverential heart.

For over the head of the virgin the master hand had thrown,  
As if with an angel's tenderness, a marvelous veil of stone;  
And over the maiden visage, so like a thing of flesh,  
Like a spider's web o'er a lily, was cast that filmy mesh.

Till out of the airy shadow, the faultless lineaments  
Emerged in their gracious sweetness, their grave young innocence,  
Even as once they brightened (instinct with life and breath)

The old Egyptian doorways, or the Porch at Nazareth.

'Twas well to stand undiscovered, and watch the hurrying  
crowd

Ebb and flow to the window, with praises low or loud;  
Like to the dark Egyptians, or the Nazarenes of old,  
The rabble was won by the magic of that image pure and cold.

Unto the dusty workmen who halt in the sun or rain,  
Unto the ragged gamins who gape thro' the crystal pane,  
Unto the merchant princes, worldlings or children young,  
She spake, thro' the spell of her silence, with sweet, mysterious  
tongue:

"Come over to me," she whispered, "and be enlightened all,  
And watch at my gates in patience till the dews of grace shall  
fall;

Come over to my children—the Mother of God above  
Am I—and of fear and wisdom, of hope and of holy love."

And they cannot choose but come over, not choose, but pause  
for a space,

Till their hearts are filled with the glory of that veiled and  
virgin face.

For she spreads the spirit of Jesus abroad in the sunny street;  
And the world, the flesh and the demon are drawn to her royal  
feet.

And going their ways through the city to their haunts of toil  
or ease,

Men carry about them a fragrance, an exquisite odor of peace,  
Sweeter than lilies and roses, subtile as light can be—

'Tis the breath of the veiled Madonna and her clinging memory.

—Eleanor C. Donnelly.

## A Conversion Through the Rosary

The conversion, in 1874, of the Queen Mother Mary of Bavaria, relict of King Maximilian II., caused a great sensation through Germany, for she was by birth a Prussian Princess, and had hitherto been a zealous Protestant. Her liberality to the poor and her charities of various kinds had made her an example among her co-religionists of high and low degree; and from the day of her conversion, she became a model of still greater piety, practising the virtues of a good Catholic with charming simplicity and admirable fervour. It was not generally known, perhaps, that Queen Mary's conversion was due to the Rosary.

When, in 1842, she was married to the heir to the Crown of Bavaria, she was in the prime of life and gifted with the most brilliant qualities. Great, presumably, was the influence she was destined to exercise over the hearts of her people. Her Catholic subjects began to feel uneasy on the score of their religion. To ward off the impending danger, some pious ladies of Munich formed among themselves an Association, the sole object of which was the conversion of their future Queen; and they decided upon the daily recitation of the beads for this intention.

When death claimed the King, her husband, Queen Mary was cast into deep sadness, and began to see the futility of Protestantism as a comforter to the dying or to their surviving loved ones. She was forcibly struck, on the contrary, with the prayers and ceremonies with which the Church aids her departing members, and notably with the common practice of its devout children in reciting the Holy Rosary. Thenceforward she determined to seek her consolation in prayer. On one occasion she asked the good Sisters in charge of a hospital she used to visit to instruct her as to the meaning of the beads and the manner of saying them; and, turning their explanations to good account, she set herself to reciting the Rosary with a fervour



which grew more and more intense as the days and weeks went by.

Passing a part of the summer at one of her country-seats in the heart of the Alps, she came in contact with a well-known priest of the neighborhood. By slow degrees she obtained from him instruction on all the points of the Catholic religion. At last, after long and fervent prayer, accompanied with deep study, she determined to become a Catholic.

As soon as her resolve was reported in Berlin, every effort was made to induce her to change her mind. They sent her one of the chief Protestant pastors, in whom she formerly had great confidence. He put forth all his arguments to prevail upon her to remain a non-Catholic. It was all to no purpose; for, after having bootlessly spun out all his logic, and losing his temper, he added: "Then, Madam, all you have to do now is to say your beads." "I am already," said the Queen with a smile, "in the habit of saying them every day."



## The Genius of John Keats

BY ELIZABETH O'DRISCOLL, M.A.

**K**EATS' genius lies in his own characteristic way of looking at life and things, and in the close connection between his thought and the expression of his thought in poetry. With him, art, that is, his medium of expression, was not only an accompaniment evoking abstract conception (as in the case of Wordsworth and Shelley), but it was in some indefinable way so closely linked and confounded with his thought as to be part of it. He is distinguished from all other poets by the quality of his imagination and the nature of his art. For him alone the sensation of beauty is the beginning and end of truth. All his work is the spontaneous product of an extraordinary keen sense of beauty—a sense so pure, so dominant as to fill all his mind and his soul and his conscience—as to constitute all his intellectual and spiritual life. It is for him, love, philosophy, morality, religion.

In his early poems the glory of his imagination swept aside and soared far above his thought, but with the growth of his intellect he laboured to come into his own. And he did come, not without toil, into regions where the imaginative glow was fed and sustained by the white heat of vital ideas. The main body of his poetry rests on a few great general thoughts which gain strength and energy as his genius matures.

From the very beginning he is consumed by his passion for the Beautiful. "What the imagination seizes as Beauty must be truth," he said and so he believes in the immortality of Beauty as in the eternity of truth. This has first great general idea, is implied everywhere, in his sonnets, in his odes, in his longer poems. You can read it between the lines of everything he wrote. But nowhere does it get more perfect expression than in the opening of *Endymion*, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

In the Nightingale Ode this thought is contrasted with another which arises naturally out of it—the transitoriness of all things human. Beauty represented by the bird's song, contrasted with fleeting, anxious human life.

“Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird.”

This is his second idea: all things fade and pass away, passion and joy “whose hand is ever at his lips, bidding adieu”—and fame, and life itself. Beauty alone had perpetuity. Hyperion narrates the sad changes in the very empire of the Titans, in order to attain an ideal of permanent beauty, for always “First in beauty shall be first in might.” That is the eternal law.

Yes, by that law another race shall drive  
Our conquerors to mourn as we do now.

In the Grecian Urn the same idea is expressed with exquisite poetic insight; the contrast between the shortness of life and the eternal duration of Beauty, this time enshrined by art.

Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;  
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;  
She cannot fade, though thou has not thy bliss,  
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Here the human soul, agitated by doubts and suffering, confronts Beauty with a thousand questions. Being human, it is oppressed with a sense of the nothingness of things earthly. But it is illuminated by a splendour of revelation, granted by that very beauty that it yearns for, and it bursts into a hymn of faith. Mortal sorrow is for ever conquered; infinite certainty has been reached; eternal Beauty and eternal Truth are one.

“Beauty is truth, truth beauty”—that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

The next great idea that disengages itself from his poetry



is that Nature, being part of the eternal Beauty to which his soul aspires, has enduring though varying loveliness, and so it is a refuge from the ills of life. He is conscious of this in the early sonnet. "The poetry of earth is never dead." He is supremely and magnificently conscious of it in the unfinished Ode to Maia and in the Autumn Ode, where the beauty of the season is all sufficient.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?  
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too—

so different from Shelley's conception of the West Wind as the Spirit of Autumn, heralding the Spring.

O Wind,  
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

From these general ideas, Keats made himself a philosophy of life which sustains his poetry. He treats the important things in human destiny with a deep and true seriousness. And this fact has been overlooked by many of his critics. His expression is generally acknowledged wonderful, but that which forms his expression—the ardent soul of his poetry—is intense and alive, and cannot be passed by. It is the very breath of all his best poems, from the very earnest little thing, "On a drear-nighted December" to St. Agnes' Eve, and the Odes, which mark the apex of his power.

His poetry is scarcely "subjective"; it contains very little personal emotion. His absorption in Beauty excluded all consciousness of self. Never does he lay bare his heart in the manner of Byron; he never utters the passionate cries of despair and almost inexpressible longing in which Shelley sometimes finds relief. That poetic vision which grew day by day clearer before him was a vision of Beauty only, whole and unbroken (1).

He seeks his subject in antiquity, in mediaeval lore, and in realms purely fantastical; and treats it in a manner entirely characteristic and individual. He knew no Greek, yet the "Grecian Urn" has been accepted by many as the most Greek

thing in English poetry, and the Greek spirit lives again in the *Psyche Ode*. The central thought of *Hyperion* is essentially Greek, for he has resuscitated in its most intimate truth one of the supreme thoughts of Greek civilization—the belief in the gradual Evolution of the Universe towards a more perfect Harmony and Beauty (2). He catches the whole spirit of mediaeval Romance with all its atmosphere and splendid colour and all the glamour of far-off, half-forgotten things in *Isabella* and *St. Agnes' Eve* and in *La Belle Dame*. Yet he was not deeply versed in mediaeval literature. He had large and profound sympathies, the most powerful auxiliaries of true genius.

Peculiarly his own, too, is the unfailing gift of humanity; he always has a sane appreciation and understanding of common things. He is a man before he is a poet—a man with a quick consciousness of the spirit of life that is in him. And he touches the humanity in us; his appeal is to the heart as well as to the intellect. The persons that he shows in his poems are, for the most part, real. *Lycius* is, at bottom, an ordinary young man. *Isabella* is a very real woman, who from force of circumstances and upbringing, finds Fate too strong for her. What can she do but pine away and die when she learns of her lover's death, and knows who his murderers are? *Porphyro* is human and loveable; he shows a strong will and no lack of courage in his coming into the midst of his enemies to take away his bride. And his nobility emerges victorious after the mental struggle in the central situation in *Madeline's room*. *Madeline* herself is as true to life, as simple and gracious as any of Shakespeare's women, and that is to say as any living woman. She is in love with love, that mystery that opens up such wonderful realms of fancy, and *Porphyro* is the companion of her wanderings there. He is the embodiment of her ideal lover. But the first hint of passion affrights her. If she is to love (and we see that she can love), the appeal must be to her spirit from *Porphyro's* spirit, not his senses alone. Accordingly, she capitulates, woman-like, at the moment when the resemblance between the Real and Ideal is most forcibly

seen, when mortal desire in Porphyro yields to chivalry. Her naive confession, uttered almost unconsciously, is worthy of anything.

O leave me not in this eternal woe,  
For if thou diest, my love, I know not where to go.

Its dramatic significance at the moment of its utterance has never been sufficiently praised. It is better than the much praised couplet that Racine puts into the mouth of Monime (if a comparison can be made). In *Mithridate*, Act. 1, when she says to Xiphares:

Seigneur, je vions a vous, car encore aujourd'hui  
Si vous m'abandonnez, quel sera mon appui?

—better by reason of the circumstances and the setting of the whole poem. I cannot attempt to say anything adequate about it—its praises must be in the hearts of all lovers of the best poetry.

'In this poem Keats has shown superbly the marvellous gift he had of revealing the most vital part of the incident he wishes to describe. Closely allied to this gift is his power of showing the essential reality of whatever object he presents. He has an unerring instinct for using the right word, as in the description of Madeline's window in *St. Agnes' Eve*, where a shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of kings and queens.' He can render the whole atmosphere of a place, of an incident, in a few beautiful lines. This he has done in the *Forest Scene* in *Isabella*, in the opening of the *Hyperion*:

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale  
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,  
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,  
Sat grey-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,  
Still as the silence round about his liar;  
Forest on forest hung about his head  
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,



Not so much life as on a summer's day  
Robs not one light seed from the wither'd grass,  
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.  
A stream went voiceless by.

He has a magic gift of associating pictorial with musical expression, and he shows this gift triumphantly in all his poetry. The beautiful line in the *Psyche Ode* describing a brooklet,

Mid hush's, cool-rooted flowers, fragrant-eyed,  
and the "lucent Syrops tinct with cinnamon" of *St. Agnes' eve* are striking examples of it.

The seeking after beautiful and suggestive words, this elaborate melody of vowel and consonant—in short, this feeling for perfection of form—was passed on by Keats to Tennyson, and had most important influence on his shorter (and best) lyric poems. For Tennyson saw after Keats, that a picture presented with extraordinary precision of detail may, if every detail be revelant, contribute potently to the communication of a mood of feeling. He, too, sought in *Oenone*, in the *Lotos Eaters*, in the *Lady of Shalott*, significant and suggestive detail to make his pictures vivid and to communicate his own mood.

Keats revered Art as the undying expression, the immortal shrine of eternal Beauty. His idea of art issues from his unique conception of life, where Beauty is the only unchangeable truth in the irrevocable flux of events, and it is in perfect harmony with this conception. His motto might well have been, "Are long, vita brevis." Having in his mind an inseparable connection with life and eternity, it was in itself an end, magnificent and all-sufficing; and the precept "Art for art's sake," was no idle dilettante catchword, but all in all to him, a rule of the highest perfection.

He was unquestionably a greater artist than Byron. He was also a greater artist than Wordsworth or Shelley. Shelley occasionally approaches him in excellence or form—there are moments in which he equals him, as in the *Ode to the West Wind*:

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams  
 The Blue Mediterranean, where he lay,  
 Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,  
 Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,  
 And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
 Quivering within the wave's intenser day,  
 All overgrown with azure moss and flowers  
 So sweet, the sense faints picturing them!"

Or in this passage from Prometheus:

"As the dissolving warmth of dawn may fold  
 A half-infrozen dew-globe green and gold,  
 And crystalline, till it becomes a winged mist,  
 And wanders up the vault of the blue day,  
 Outlives the noon, and on the sun's last ray  
 Hangs o'er the West, a fleece of fire and amethyst."

Yet even here it must appear that Shelley's colour is translucent, and his art has not the repose that marks Keats'. Beauty is a thing of shape and colour, not of light merely, and rest is essential to it. In *Epipsychidion* and in parts of *Adonais* his words are inadequate to express his meaning. None of his poems gives that sense of completeness, of consummate poetic and artistic achievement that is a predominant quality in Keats' Odes.

Wordsworth has greater breadth of thought, more philosophical and moral grandeur than Keats. We love his poetry for the sincerity with which it imparts

That blessed mood  
 In which the heavy and the weary weight  
 Of all this unintelligible world  
 Is lightened.

For the earnestness with which it reveals his enduring belief in the

Central peace subsisting at the heart  
 Of endless agitation.

We love it for the "Shadowy recollections" which make

Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
Of the Eternal Silence.

But the style of his poetry is unequal. He does not show that careful attention to form, that seeking after beautiful and suggestive words, that felicity of diction that belongs to Keats. Wordsworth wished to be considered as a teacher or as nothing. Art for him could never be its own end. The skylark is to him "type of the wise who soar but never roam," while Keats' Nightingale in the winged Dryad of the trees," an incarnation of eternal Beauty.

Keats had a very finely-attuned musical ear. Once Wordsworth found fault with the use of the participles in Shakespeare's "singing masons building roofs of gold," but Keats heard it in the continued note of the singing bees. He showed, perhaps from his study of Milton, a keen sense of the poetical value of proper names. He uses them in the hymn of Bacchus, in *Endymion*; and in *Hyperion* 11, 20,

Cœus and Gyges, and Britreüs,  
Typhon, and Dolor, and Porphyryon,

and in *St. Agnes' Eve* in lines like "From silken Samarcand to Cedar d'Lebannon." And note how appropriate all his names are, Isabel, and Madeline and Bertha and Lamia (the serpent) and old Angela; Lorenzo and Porphyro, more resolute of purpose, and the German Maurice and dwarfish Hildebrande.

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that Keats is a better metrist than any of the poets who went before him. He understood perfectly the metrical capabilities of the English language. No one had more exquisite command over a greater variety in forms of verse—in fact, in line, in stanza. In *Endymion* he brought the overflow decasyllabic couplet to the highest perfection that it could reach:



A thing of beauty is a joy forever:  
 Its loveliness increases; it will never  
 Pass into nothingness; but still will keep  
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

He practically confesses that he is not at ease in blank verse; he did not consider it suited to the genius of the language. Yet *Hyperion* contains very fine passages,

There is a roaring in the bleak-grown pines  
 When winter lifts his voice; there is a noise  
 Among immortals when a God gives sign,  
 With a hushing finger, how he seems to load  
 His tongue with the full weight of utterless thought,  
 With thunder, and with music, and with pomp;  
 Such noise is like the roar of the bleak-grown pines;  
 Which when it ceases in this mountained world,  
 No other sound succeeds.

There is music in these lines, and there is splendid metrical movement, but it is not well kept up—it has not the flight of Milton's verse. The want of rhyme to balance the line and give it resource" as felt when we stumble on a beautiful line with a weak end as

With hushing anger, how he seems to load,

Milton's classical feeling for classic form in English would have suggested a more sonorous word than load to introduce the next line, and he would have very probably kept more closely to his iambics—would have avoided the variety of feet and syllabic substitution of

His tongue with the full weight of utterless thought

Here indeed Keats shows how near his genius is to the genius of purely English poetry with its A and S rhythm and the classical metre imposed upon it by Latin and French influences. It is a magnificent line, and is at least as good as this, more in Milton's style, in which syllabic accentuation is more clearly marked,

With thunder and with music and with pomp.

It is clear, then, that Keats will produce his best poetry in measures purely English. And he does this. He gives the magnificent Spenserians of St. Agnes, the varied stanza-measures of the Odes, the octosyllabic couplet of the Eve of St. Mark, a form of reminiscent of the old fourteener in

The stranger lighted from his steed,  
And ere he spoke a word  
He kissed my lady's lily hand,  
And kissed it all unheard.

In LaBelle Dame sans Merci he uses a unique adaptation of a ballad measure with wonderful effect. His sonnets have been pronounced by as competent a judge as Saintsbury to be, most of them, among the finest examples of the form in English. He can reach excellence in them without forcing his own principles because they leave more variety for rhythm and pause than blank verse, and they allow for rhyme, for which Keats had an unmistakable gift.

There is in the spirit of Keats' poetry a certain almost indescribable quality which I will call the Genius of Romance. It is a spirit of high adventure, in which the world of imagination is as real as the material world—that spirit which keeps dreams intact and alive in the glare of to-day without depriving them of one whit of their witchery. It is like a child's sense of wonder and expectancy in a land where at any moment dreams may come true. I mean the feeling that permeates La Belle Dame sans Merci, and Lamia, the Eve of St. Agnes, the Nightingale, and parts of Hyperion.

This feeling is in Chatterton, and it is carried on into Coleridge's poetry, into Christabel and the Ancient Mariner.

Like one that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And having once turned round, walks on,  
And turns no more, his head;  
Because he knows a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread.

It is in descriptions such as

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag  
My forest-brook along;  
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,  
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below  
That eats the she-wolf's young.

Here is a passage out of a little dirge of Chatterton's, illustrating the same spirit:

Hark, the raven flaps his wing  
In the briared dell below;  
Hark the death-owl loud doth sing  
To the nightmares as they go,  
My love is dead,  
All under the willow tree.

This is the kind of Romance that Keats cherishes, for he has a "young eyed" instinct for the marvellous. And what indeed may not happen to lovers who ages long ago fled into a storm from Fairyland; or what wonders may not be revealed through

Magic casements opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in fairy land forlorn?

He is Romantic in a wider and truer sense than that in which Scott has been called Romantic. The 19th Century returns to the life of the imagination and the senses, after the formalism of the eighteenth century impelled poets to explore national history, literature, and antiquity, other modes of thought and religion in search of subject, and to embellish it with the richest colour and music. Scott was the first English poet to go heart and soul into this new "Romantic" movement. He finds his subject chiefly in the far-away feudal past of his land; his poetry is full of light colour and music.

But he has no brooding consciousness of an immense immaterial world dimly perceived through a world of sense. In his poetry there is none of the mystery which is so essentially



a part of real Romance, the Fairy Way of writing. Even the most imaginative of his poems have a straightforwardness and slightly metallic ring about them which precluded glamour. In illustration I quote a dirge in Marmion:

Where shall the lover rest  
Whom the fates sever  
From his true maiden's breast  
Parted forever?  
Where, through groves deep and high  
Sounds the far billow,  
Where early violets die  
Under the willow  
Eleu loro  
Soft shall be his pillow.

Where shall the traitor rest,  
He, the deceiver,  
Who could win maiden's breast,  
Ruin, and leave her?  
In the lost battle  
Borne down by the flying,  
Where mingle war's rattle  
With groans of the dying;  
Eleu loro  
There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap  
O'er the false hearted;  
His warm blood the wolf shall lap  
E'er life be parted:  
Shame and dishonour sit  
By his grave ever;  
Blessing shall hallow it  
Never, O never!  
Eleu loro  
**Never, O never!**

It is easy to feel the difference between this poem and the little thing of Chatterton's quoted above. In spirit it is poles apart from *La Belle Dame*. For in *La Belle Dame sans Merci* and in the others I have mentioned Keats has gone miles ahead of the Romantic School—miles ahead of the rest of those (except Coleridge alone) who, on account of their august marvelling before the mystery which envelopes us, were said by Watts-Dunston to belong to the *Renascence of Wonder*. Keats found and exalted in poetry this union of normal life and transcendental mystery—of the natural and supernatural. He caught up, out of Spenser and Shakespeare and Chatterton, out of mediaeval legend and mythological lore, out of revelation of human love and sheer personal fancy, this ardent breadth of real romance, and he gave it intensest life.

One of the most remarkable properties in Keats' poetry is the degree in which it combines the sensuous and the ideal. In this he is unequalled in the annals of English Literature (even by Spenser). Every thought and sentiment came upon him with the suddenness and appeal to him with the reality of a sensation—so that it might be said in that way his whole nature partook of a sensational character. That is why I have said, in the beginning of this part, his suggestion is artistic, not abstract. This is felt most strongly in the Odes (where he has most enduringly enshrined his ideal). The sensible and the physical world distinct for common apprehensions are here mingled by an art which joins their common nature, evokes the one by means of the other, and by unity of form reveals them united in life.

Here is the real Keats—a man with a pure and single-hearted devotion to the finest ideals that ever poet conceived; a man with a heartfelt love of nature, a seeing eye, and a musical ear to transmit her harmonies, a brooding imagination, an intensity of poetical fervour, an unequal and unapproached sense of beauty; a man with a fund of earnest thought, so earnest as to make him a poetical missionary with a message scarcely less plain than Wordsworth's. All his poetry expresses the yearning aspiration of a nature incomparably rich

in humanity towards the unchangeable duration of artistic Beauty, as a lasting refuge from this life where passion cloyes and beauty itself dies.

His message is clear and distinct; it reveals itself harmoniously and unmistakably. It is the reconciliation, more and more complete, of Beauty and Life of Eternal Beauty and Eternal Life.



### The Sacred Heart

The following poem was written by Eamonn de Valera, President of the Irish Republic, after hearing Mass in the Barrack Square, Richmond Barracks, Dublin, while awaiting execution after being sentenced to death for being commandant of the Irish Republican Army at Boland's Mills during the Easter rising:

O Sacred Heart! Our hearts are wholly Thine,  
Although we come not now before Thy Holy Shrine.  
Here, under heaven's blue vault, we kneel and pray,  
Thou Sacred Heart, hast known the prison cell;  
From kindred, home and friendships far away.  
The pangs of hunger Thou has known as well;  
The soldiers' rude assault has torn Thy frame,  
Their ribald speech blasphemed Thy Holy Name.  
The judges' sentence has been Thine like ours.  
The wanton exercise of brutal powers—  
The doom of death has passed upon Thy Heart,  
A mother's tears were shed as ye did part,  
O mother for the love of thy dear Son,  
Be with us till our day of life is done!  
Bring us in love and mercy to His feet.  
O Sacred Heart, grant us Thy pains to share,  
By penance for our sins to make repair!  
Help us in patience to embrace Thy will,  
And follow in Thy footsteps to the hill. Amen.



## Manners and Religion

By T. J. BRENNAN, S.T.L.

**I** HAVE looked upon the word "manners" in dictionaries and encyclopaedias, and was very much surprised at the scanty treatment it received. The dictionaries dismiss it with a little etymology and a few definitions. The encyclopaedias scarcely discuss it at all. Perhaps the subject is too generic, too elusive for sympathetic treatment; or perhaps the compilers of such works considered it could not be treated without sermonizing, and sermonizing is not in their line. Anyhow the word represents an untouched field, and he who will enter therein must be a guide unto himself. There are no dates, no names, no divisions or sub-divisions; darkness is over the face of the deep.

And yet, manners are very important. They make or mar us in society; they help or hurt us in business; they set for the fall and for the resurrection of many in Israel. They may have come to us as an inheritance, or may have been acquired by long training and self-discipline. It does not matter. No one asks how we came by them; but everyone recognizes their presence, and does honour to the possessor. It is the same as to their absence; be it due to lack of opportunity, self-debasement or brutalizing environment; in this case also no questions are asked; the unfortunate victim is relegated to the class of brute or boor, from which no favours are asked and to whom few are given.

Manners being, generally speaking, a human acquisition, developed by natural efforts, and cultivated for natural ends, we should expect that they would have nothing to do with the supernatural; that their absence or presence would be a matter of indifference to religion. Manners can certainly exist without religion; for they are a valuable human asset, a coin of the social realm, stamped with the image and inscription of Caesar; and rank with education, influence and money as social factors of the first importance. Hence they may be and are cultivated

for exclusively human motives. But can religion exist without manners? Are they included in any of the Commandments? Are they prescribed or supposed as a party of our fulfillment of the Divine Law? To this we shall address ourselves in the remainder of the present paper.

Just here comes the necessity of a definition; that we may know whereof we speak. But as we said before, manners are hard to define, or if we do define, the definition simply takes the memory without helping the imagination. They are like many other important factors, such as health, beauty, learning, talent, of which you can tell indeed when they are absent, or when they are present; but to put the ideas involved in words—that is the question. We all know many well-mannered and many ill-mannered people; but an analysis of the difference would overtax our literary skill. Hence, I conclude it is better to go ahead as we are, without trying to express the inexpressible, feeling that our concepts agree in the main and that an analysis would result in nothing more than a few obvious generalities. The question is about the relation between manners and religion. I have just said that manners can exist without religion. But can religion—pure and undefiled—exist without manners?

Here again comes in the need for another definition. What do you mean by religion? and here also I shall dodge the issue by refusing to define. But in this case with more show of reason. For religion has come to us, not in the form of definitions, but rather in the form of a Man, the Man-God. All questions about religion may be answered by considering Him; all persons are religious only in proportion to their nearness to Him. All the elements and essentials of religion are there. "In loveliness of perfect deeds, more grand than all poetic thought." The relation, therefore, of manners to religion may be answered by looking at Jesus Christ in His acts and in His words.

We do not like to ask bluntly, "Was Jesus well-mannered?" for it seems to border on blasphemy. We cannot imagine Him otherwise; we may be sure He never was otherwise. Of course there is no direct reference to His manner; simply be-

cause being so great in word and work, His manners seemed too small a thing to notice. It would be like asking about the grammar in Hamlet, or about the number of stitches in the Bayeux tapestry. But just as these masterpieces may be studied with profit by those interested simply in material details; so with all reverence may we scrutinize the Word made Flesh from such a seemingly worldly standpoint as that of "manners." And the scrutiny far from being unprofitable, will broaden our admiration and deepen our love, for it will show us how the Divine Master attended even to the little details. The only difficulty is to summarize these details; to note even a small proportion of the gracious acts and ways that made up His Code of Conduct towards His fellowmen.

I think that a primary—shall I say **the** primary element—in manners is modesty, that virtue by which the great are great without being arrogant; by which the good are good without sounding their deeds on a trumpet. Who was ever so great or did so many good deeds as Jesus? But His greatness set on Him as the sunshine rests on the hillside; His good deeds went out from Him as the odor comes from the rose. His office hours ran from sunrise to sunrise, and His reception-room was the highways of the city and the country. He had no publicity agent or campaign manager, or official biographer; when recognition was proffered, He hid Himself in the mountains; when He had done one of His greatest miracles He said, "See that thou tell no man." He did not obtrude either His prayer or fasting on the public, but went abroad, leaving no studied indications of the self-denial He bore for our sakes.

Another element of good manners is the power of making yourself at home among all classes, and making all classes feel at home with you—but without loss of dignity on the one side or the other. This is based on the fundamental equality of men. The pompous man is consumed with the idea of his own superiority; the fastidious man exaggerates the values of rules and formulas. The true gentleman sits down among publicans and sinners, forgetting accidental differences under the influence of the common bond of humanity. So it was with Jesus. He belies



the old adage, "A man is known by his company." For, the truth is, a man is **not** known by company, but his manner of acting with his company. Jesus was a consorter with wine-bibers and sinners, but He was never convicted either of drunkenness or sin. He talks theology with the Master in Israel; He quotes the law and the prophets among the Scribes; He speaks simple and homely parables to the peasantry. Hence the results; the little children crowd around His knees; the common people hear Him gladly! the Samaritan woman speaks of him in glowing words to her fellow-townpeople; the woman who was a sinner anoints His feet with ointment and kisses them; the Beloved Disciple leans on His bosom at table; even the "son of perdition" knows he will not be merely repulsed when he approaches with the traitorous kiss. Thus to everybody and with everybody, He was always at home; always drawing nigh unto His fellowmen, and willing that all should draw nigh unto Him. How many, like the two on the way to Emmaus, must have said at the close of an interview with Him "Did not our hearts burn within us as He spoke to us."

A third element of manners is thoughtfulness for the ease and comfort and happiness of others. This, in fact, is the principal source, the determining factor in manners. Whether I like it or not, I am my brother's keeper. I have received freely, and 'I must give freely. My life is as the road from Jerusalem to Jericho; I must not have my eyes so fixed on my journey's end as to pass by unnoticed the wounded stranger by the way. I may not be able to do much, but I can do a little by word or act to show that I have that touch of nature that makes the whole world akin. How thoughtful Jesus was! Does it not seem strange that at the beginning of His ministry He should have accepted an invitation to a wedding feast? Some relative of His Mother, perhaps that wished to honour himself as much as Jesus by having such a distinguished guest. Was it not equally thoughtful to be so instant in kindness when the wine failed? How considerate it was of Him in the desert, when, looking over the tired multitude, He asked, "Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?" And that other little

touch, when He whispered to the Apostles, "Make the men sit down." How kindly those mothers must have felt towards Him, when, having sought in vain from the Apostles admission for themselves, and their little ones, they heard His voice clear and emphatic: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." How severely He reprimanded the Pharisee because, even though, only in thought, He criticized His kindness to a repentant sinner. How emphatically He censured the hypocrites when they roughly pushed into His presence the woman taken in adultery. Quick to utter the comforting word, He was equally quick to reprimand rudeness. Ever ready Himself to lighten the burden of others, He received with grateful heart and with words of thanks whatever was offered in the spirit of love. Surely the penitent thief on the Cross must have been struck with the promptness of the answer to his request: "Amen, I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."

One more element of manners we shall note, namely, that manners consist in the observance, not of the letter, but of the spirit. In this, as in other matters, the letter often killeth. Manners were made for man, not man for manners. Rules and formulas are good in the abstract; but in the concrete they are often more honoured in the breach than in the observance. This was not the idea of the Pharisees; to them the letter covered everything. They were its slaves, when they should be its masters. There was a vulgar emulation in its literal observance; an equally vulgar emulation in fault-finding. They scrutinized every word and action in the light of their innumerable relations, as the grammarian parses or scans every word on the Aeneid, missing the beauty of the whole in their search for agreement and disagreements. Jesus, while He came not to destroy, but to fulfill, was too big for that. When they "quizzed" Him about the propriety of His disciples plucking and eating corn on the Sabbath day, He reminded them that this procedure was sanctioned by the example of David, and uttered the great principle: "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." Another day they found fault

because some of the disciples ate with unwashed hands; then He reminded them how their own fault was worse, because leaving the greater things of the law, they had slavishly exaggerated the importance of the minor observances. And yet Jesus did not fail to note and condemn, when, at the banquet, Simon the Pharisee failed to give Him the honours equally accorded to a visitor. Whatever was omitted through the stress of circumstances, He would excuse; whatever was denied through meanness, He condemned because of the meanness. He had no objection to making clean the outside of the cup, nor to eating with washed hands; but what He did object to was that this clean exterior should cover nothing but rapine and filthiness.

Such was Jesus in His life—modest and retiring; at ease among all classes, and making all feel at home in His company; thoughtful for the comfort of His fellowmen; broad and liberal in His interpretation of the code of social and religious observance. And all this was not merely for the sake of policy; it was but the outer manifestation of the truth and beauty that was in Him; it was the putting into action of some of the great principles He announced during His life. One of these was: “As you would that men do unto you, do you also to them in like manner.” In the field of etiquette this is the law and the prophet; every sin against good manners is a sin against the Golden Rule; and every manual on “How to behave” is but its application to social intercourse.

Another principle is: “If you love them that love you what reward shall you have? Do not even the Publicans do this? And if you salute your brethren only, what do you more? Do not also the heathens?” Manners are not merely for our own family, or our own set; they are for all our fellowmen even if arrayed in battle against us. Still another principle is this—it was occasioned by a vulgar scramble for the first seats, “When thou are invited to a wedding, sit not down in the first place, lest perhaps one more honourable than thou be invited by him; and he that inviteth thee and him, come and say to thee, “Give this man place,” and then you begin



with shame to take the lowest place. But when thou art invited, go sit down in the lowest place, that when he who invited thee cometh, he may say to thee, "Friend, go up higher." Modesty in assuming our place or asserting our rights is not over-abundant in these our days; "first come, first served" seems to be the rule; and very often the aged or the deserving have to be content with the position of "strap-hangers."

Thus Jesus was the Perfect Gentleman, and the New Testament is the greatest Manual of Manners ever written. And thus have we answered the question: "Can religion exist without manners?" Manners are to morals what style is to thought. Great ideas are vitiated by a poor style, and good morals lose half their force by being associated with bad manners. And just as the poor style is not necessarily ungrammatical, so bad manners are not necessarily sins. But they turn away our attention from the substantial virtues that may lie hidden within. We may be good Christians even with bad manners; but as a social and religious force we lose half our efficiency. Manners are one of the greatest weapons in the hands of men; but there is no reason why the Children of Light should not be experts in their use, as well as the children of this world.

Hence, in the family, in the school, and in the church, the importance of good manners should receive emphasis. The Church has developed a wonderful system of rubrics to regulate the administrations of the Sacraments. Now, manners are the rubrics of social intercourse, and if we regard social intercourse as a gift of God, then good manners are a divine obligation. A man may be technically speaking, a practical Catholic; but if he is boorish or unsocial, who is going to profit by the Faith that is in Him? Tertullian says that a Christian is another Christ. But whatever our claims to such a title, we can never aspire to be considered such if we are boorish, or cranks, or uncivil, in our social dealings; if we are thoughtful of the comforts and happiness of others; if our religion does not show itself in courtesy and refinement and joy, making our friends glad to see us, as the disciples were glad when they saw the Lord.

Officers of St. Joseph College  
Alumnae Association



1921—1922



Honorary Patron—The Very Rev. W. R. Harris, D.D., LL.D.

Spiritual Director—The Rev. E. Murray, C.S.B.

Honorary President—The Reverend Mother Superior of the  
Community of St. Joseph.

President—Miss M. L. Hart.

Vice-Presidents—Miss K. McCrohan, Mrs. Fred. O'Connor,  
Mrs. J. A. Thompson, Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, Mrs. E. P.  
Brazill.

Treasurer—Miss Marjorie Power.

Recording Secretary—Miss Ruth Agnew, M.A.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Mary Brophy.

Out-of-Town Secretary—Miss Bernadette Walsh.

Press Secretary—Mrs. Thomas McCarron.

Historians—Miss May Morrow, Miss Rose Ferguson.

Councillors—Mrs. J. M. Landy, Miss P. McBride, Miss A.  
Korman, Miss Julia O'Connor.

## Alumnae Notes

Annual fees are due. Please remit to Miss Marjorie Power, treasurer, 570 Sherbourne St.

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Mme. Curie, from Paris, France, and the most noted woman scientist of the age, spent the month of May on this continent. accompanied by her two daughters; she was received as the guest of honour at many notable gatherings, especially at universities and in scientific circles. On June 15th the federation of University Women's Clubs of Canada visited Niagara Falls to present to Madame Curie an illuminated address and to pay tribute to her. Our President, Miss M. L. Hart, had the honour and pleasure of attending.

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Taking advantage of the presence of Mrs. Robert Devine, as a delegate to the Convention of the Catholic Women's League, the Executive of St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association gave a luncheon in her honour at Hunt's, in recognition of her office as trustee for Canada in the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae. The tables were prettily decorated with flowers and the place cards with the symbolic blue-bird design. Among other special guests were Mrs. Kelly, President of Loretto Alumnae, Stratford; Mrs. E. P. Kelly, Governor for Ontario of the International Federation; Mrs. J. P. Hynes, the new President of Loretto Alumnae, Toronto. Mrs. Devine outlined something of the objects of the International Federation of Alumnae with special reference to the formation of Provincial and National societies for Canada. The table arrangements were looked after by Mesdames Monkhouse, Riley, Thompson, and Miss May Morrow. Miss M. L. Hart presided.



In honour of Lady Hingston, of Montreal, a distinguished guest of the Toronto sub-division of the Catholic Women's League of Canada, Miss Gertrude Lawler gave a delightful supper party at St. Joseph's College. Other guests included Miss Elizabeth O'Driscoll, M.A., Mrs. J. D. Warde, Mrs. W. A. Cavanagh, and Miss Ruth Agnew, M.A.

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Mrs. Ambrose Small had house guests from Providence, R.I., for the summer.—Mrs. Brennan and family.

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Congratulations to Miss Anna Hayes, who won the fifty-dollar Scholarship given by Mrs. Ambrose Small for the student obtaining the highest standing in Normal Examination in June, 1920.

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Mrs. Sterndale Murphy, of Peterboro, was in town during August.

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"Rosery," Mrs. Harvey Kindar's pretty place at Centre Island, the scene of a jolly bridge and tea, was well attended by a colony of Islanders and townspeople, all of whom were glad to contribute to the treasury of the Edward Kylie Chapter of the I.O.D.E. Some of those noticed were: Mrs. Jas. D. Warde, Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, Mrs. A. J. Gough, Mrs. R. P. Gough, Miss Harkins, Mrs. T. J. O'Connor, Mrs. Tom McCarron.

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Loretto Abbey was fortunate in having the Rev. Dom. A. Eudine, O.S.B., for an eight days' course on Gregorian Chant and liturgical music. An excellent demonstration of the Chant was given when His Grace, Archbishop McNeil pontificated at Benediction. Several members of St. Joseph's Community and Alumnae were present.

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At ten o'clock Sunday morning, June 19th, Holy Mass was offered in the Chapel of St. Joseph's Convent for the living

members of the Alumnae. The Alumnae Chaplain, Rev. Father E. Murray, C.S.B., officiated.

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On the same day, one of the most notable "Get-together" gatherings of St. Joseph's College Alumnae was held, it being the culminating event of the Alumnae's eleventh year. It took the form of a luncheon, with the Very Rev. W. R. Harris, D.D., LL.D., as guest of honour. The event was, as usual, very successful; members renewed acquaintances and drifted back to the good old days at school. Luncheon was served at 12.30, and among the guests were the fourteen graduates of this year; presidents of the five newly formed Home and School Clubs; Mrs. J. P. Hynes, President of Loretto Alumnae; Mrs. Edmund P. Kelly, governor for Ontario for the International Federated Catholic Alumnae, and Miss Elizabeth O'Driscoll, M.A. Business procedure came next; detailed records were read; the treasurer, Miss May Morrow, reported total receipts amounting to \$590.25, with a balance of \$61.18. Receipts for library fund amounted to \$538.38. A resolution was passed "that past presidents and any officers of the International Federated Catholic Alumnae who is a member of the Alumnae should be on the Executive for two years after holding office, and the same resolution to be retroactive in the case of Mrs. James E. Day, past president, and Mrs. Ambrose Small past trustee and governor for Ontario for the I.F.C.A.. Miss Hart briefly outlined the objects upon which the organization had given special attention during the year. One of these was the establishment of the School and Home Club in the schools. The movement had resulted in the forming of a club at the following: St. Patrick's, the first in the Separate Schools of Toronto; St. Francis', St. Clement's, Sacred Heart. The De La Salle High School had followed suit with a very successful Club. A second object of work for the Alumnae was the attempt to introduce supervised playgrounds into the schools. The Board of Education had been approached on the matter and they in turn had approached the Parks' Commission with the view of obtaining some part of the City's annual expenditure on play-

grounds. The answer given was that the appropriation for the year had been expended. It was felt, however, that a beginning had been made in the matter of a grant and the Separate School Board took the initiative by supplying some equipment in school-yards where the need was greatest. The third object of special attention was the collection of the "records of Catholic war activities." For this the Alumnae had sent out printed circulars to every Parish Priest, heads of institutions in the Archdiocese, asking co-operation in the way of information as to what had been done along patriotic lines. This had met with but slight response, although the work had involved a fair amount of expense and time. As it was felt that the work is important for historical purposes, for without some such record things Catholics have done will be forgotten and later altogether denied, the Alumnae will send out another appeal in the coming season.

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Officers for 1921-22 were elected as follows:

President—Miss M. L. Hart.

Vice-Presidents—Miss K. McCrohan, Mrs. Fred. O'Connor,  
Mrs. J. A. Thompson, Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, Mrs. F. B. Brazil.

Treasurer—Miss Marjorie Power.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Mary Brophy.

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Out-of-Town Secretary—Miss Bernadette Walsh.

Press Secretary—Mrs. Thomas McCarron.

Historians—Miss May Morrow, Miss Rose Ferguson.

Councillors—Mrs. J. J. M. Landy, Misses P. McBride, A. Korman, Julia O'Connor.

After the meeting the usual hospitality of afternoon tea was dispensed, Mrs. F. R. Latchford and Mrs. Michael Healy presiding at a most attractive tea table, and over the tea cups, Miss Mary Power, B.A., President of the Catholic Big Sisters, took occasion to announce the opening of a summer camp for little girls at Pickering. In response to her request for assistance, many members donated to the care of one child. Twenty-



five dollars. Twenty-five dollars was also happily given from the treasury.

Rev. Cyril Kehoe, O.C.C., gave the Benediction at the usual hour, five o'clock.

Miss E. Kerwin, of Buffalo, N.Y., and Mrs. H. O. Cluff (May Power) of Saskatoon, were among the out-of-town members in attendance.

Mrs. Edmund Kelly gave the following address:

The International Federation of Catholic Alumnae is federated in five Provinces of the Dominion—Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba. We hope in a short time to have the Federation extend from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific Coast.

As Governor of Ontario for the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, I bring messages from various departments of the organization.

Mrs. Wilhelm, Ooliet, Ill., chairman of the Department of Parliamentary Law, requests the Governors of Provinces to urge all affiliated Alumnae Associations to take up the study of Parliamentary Law and Civics. Now that women have secured the right of the ballot, they must be prepared to use it judicially, and be prepared to meet the problems of the day.

Parliamentary Law will teach her the etiquette of meetings, and civics will make her familiar with the laws of her country. Having mastered these two, she will be better able to think and act correctly. The chairman suggests that the services of a teacher of Parliamentary Law and Civics be secured without delay.

When the class is formed I shall be pleased to forward a report of the progress made, which will be published in each edition of the Bulletin.

The I.F.C.A. want every Province to be one hundred per cent. enrolled in the present-day necessity. The National Catholic Welfare Council at Washington, D.C., is publishing a Civics Catechism and "The fundamentals of Citizenship, publications of great value in this department.

The Chairman of the bureau of Placement of Professional and Business Women" asks for a catalogued list of the members of each Alumnae, and suggests the use of the Card Index System, which system would show name, address, Convent or College attended whether graduate or not, professional or business occupation. With Dominion-wide organization the benefits of this Bureau are obvious.

Miss Pauline Boisliniere, Chairman of Braille, calls for the assistance of Catholic Alumnae not only in the matter of transcribing books in the revised Braille, but also in locating the Catholic Blind.

The Xavier Free Publications Society for the Blind, of 136 West 97th St., New York City, N.Y., offers the loan of three different types of books, free of charge.

The Bulletin is the Journal of I.F.C.A. and aims to reflect the thought of the Federation, its general aim and policy and its attitude on general subjects. It supplies information to Federation—and tries to develop Catholic Women Writers. Word space is allowed a President, Governor and Officers—in this way the Bulletin will reflect not only the thoughts and opinions of the Editor, but also of the I.F.C.A.

The Editors of "Bulletin" find it difficult to make selections from the School Journals for re-printing in the Bulletin. For this reason the 1921 graduates of all our schools are asked to write a Vacation Short Story upon any subject and not more than 1,500 words in length. The winning story will be published in the December Edition of "The Bulletin" and the three next best will receive honourable mention. Manuscript must be sent in not later than Sept. 25th to the Assistant Editor, Mrs. Thomas A. McGoldrick, 894 Cinton Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

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Congratulations to Miss Hart on her appointment as editor of the new magazine brought out by the Catholic Women's League of Canada. It will surely contain very interesting matter: To Mrs. W. A. Cavanagh, who has been appointed one of a committee of three to confer with the same number of

Knights of Columbus on the subject of Immigration: To Miss Gertrude Lawler, M.A., on her re-election as second Vice-President of the National Executive; Miss Lawler is also representative of the Bureau of International Union of Catholic Women's Leagues: To Miss Rose Ferguson on her poem "Farewell," to visiting delegates:

As Herrick wept the daffodils  
That haste away so soon,  
So we bemoan our sunny friends  
Of one short week in June.

Ah stay!  
Until midsummer day  
                    which sends  
The lucky folk to roam  
From Acadia to Western Hills—  
Where e'er you find a home!

Alas, the world's a busy maze,  
The span of life is brief;  
One thing a lasting peace imparts—  
Allegiance to our chief!

We stay—  
You hasten on your way  
                    to hearts  
And home—ties strong and true;  
But we go gladder adown the days  
For this brief week with you!

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### **Penetanguishene Tercentenary.**

One of the most picturesque and impressive events ever staged in Canada was that of the celebration of the Tercentenary of Penetanguishene. People came to it from different parts of the Dominion and the United States; the old Home



Week feature adding to this part of the programme. From a religious point of view it sent broadcast the story—which many had forgotten and thousands had never known, of the heroism of the pioneer missionaries and set seal on their work by the erection of a statue to Père La Caron, the first white man to visit the spot. It also recalled the work and martyrdom of the lion-hearted Brebeuf and the gentle Lallement, and saw the end of the three-hundred-year feud between Huron and Iroquois when the chief of each together smoked the pipe of peace and buried the sanguinary hatchet. The newspapers gave columns of description and pages of illustration to the events of the ceremonies and pageants among which were the Mass in the handsome memorial church to the Martyred Jesuits, and the speeches of *bonne entente* by Hon. E. C. Drury, Premier of Ontario, and Hon. Jos. E. Caron, Minister of Agriculture of Quebec. The pageants were living pictures of realistic epochs in the early history of our country, and the inspiration of the entire movement was Father Athol Murray, assistant priest at Penetanguishene and son of Mr. J. P. Murray of Toronto, who with the warm co-operation of the Pastor, Rev. Father Brunell, and Ex-Mayor George Wright, carried the undertaking through to a successful and brilliant finish. An interesting feature of the celebration was the erection of *bonne entente* monuments—a pillar and angel in bronze—on each side of the entrance to the town, one to Quebec and the other to Ontario, the donor being Gerald Lahey, a young student who left Penetanguishene a few days before the celebration to enter the Novitiate of the Jesuits at Guelph. As in the case of Father Murray, whose family live in Toronto, and whose father and sister, Mrs. Macdougall, and her son were present, so is Toronto especially interested in the patriotic and handsome gift of the young student, his aunts, Sisters Berthilde and Ireanes, being well-known members of St. Joseph's Community.

Miss M. L. Hart.

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July of this year established a record for warm weather.

Never in the history of the Observatory can there be found a record of such a prolonged wave of intense heat. Those who were lucky enough to have skipped off to some cool and shady nook were: Mrs. Fred. O'Connor, to Jackson's Point; Miss J. Gilooly, to Wa Wa, Lake of Bays; Miss Emily McBride, to Ashbury Park, N.J.; Mrs. J. D. Warde, Lake of Bays; Miss May Morrow, to Guelph; Mrs. James McCarron, to Vandorff; Mrs. M. Lellis, Miss N. Kennedy, to St. Ann de Beaupre; Miss Margaret Duggan, to Saratoga, N.Y.; Miss Edna Mulqueen, to Jackson's Point; Miss Blaid Leonard, to Calgary; Mrs. W. J. Hohlstein, to Jackson's Point; Mrs. C. F. Riley, to St. Mary's.

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Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Walton, Albany, N.Y., are the happy parents of a son—John Sidney. Mrs. J. J. Cassidy is a fond grandmother.

Congratulations are being received by Mr. and Mrs. T. Giblin on the arrival in their home of a new babe. By Mr. and Mrs. Jones (Edna Hartnett) on the arrivaal of an heir—John Edmund. By Mr. and Mrs. McKay (Margaret Echart) on the arrival of a son, William Raymond, and by Mr. and Mrs. Hazel (Clemma McGwan), the proud parents of a young son—Thomas Francis.

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Read "The Woman's Point of View" in the Sunday World. It is written by our very capable President, Miss Hart.

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In the scarcity of houses Mrs. James E. Day has been fortunate in locating a beautiful new home in Elm Ave. Much happiness we wish Mrs. Day.

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Among the many interesting visitors from the American side to St. Joseph's Convent this year were Rev. Sisters Marcella and Augustine, Sisters of Mercy, from Providence, R.I. The writer had the pleasure of showing them many parts of the city as well as a drive to St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake.

Miss Gertrude Lawler, M.A., President of the Toronto Sub-division of C.W.L., is enjoying a well-earned holiday after the strenuous work of preparation for the recent National Convention at which she was official hostess.

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St. Joseph's College Alumnae gladly welcome Rev. John Burke, C.S.P., to Toronto again. We read with interest that Rev. T. Burke, Superior-General, has been granted permission from His Holiness to establish a Paulist House in Rome.

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Welcome home to Miss Lillian Gough and her mother, who had a delightful Mediterranean trip.

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June, the month of romance and wedding bells, celebrated one of the prettiest weddings of the season, when Miss Cecile Rose Haley was married in St. Basil's Church to Dr. Harold J. Murphy, by the rector, Rev. T. Hayes, C.S.B. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Murphy heaps of good wishes and happiness.

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Miss Isabel Anglin, daughter of Justice and Mrs. Frank Anglin, of Ottawa, was married in St. Joseph's Church to Captain Patterson, D.C.M. Among her wedding gifts was an antique pendant set with amethyst and pearls from their Excellencies, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire.

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Many thanks to Miss K. Russell for her subscriptions to the "Lilies."

\* \* \* \* \*

St. Joseph's College Alumnae offers sincere condolence to Rev. H. Carr, C.S.B., of St. Michael's College, on the death of his father; to Miss Mary O'Brien, who was so suddenly bereaved of her only sister; to Judge and Mrs. F. Anglin, who lost their beloved son, Francis, in a motor accident; to Mrs. W. R. Houston on the death of her aunt, Rev. Sister Mary Seraphine; to Rev. J. Sullivan, C.S.P., of St. Peter's church, who was called home to attend the funeral of his father.



Miss Evelyn and Denise Phelan, daughters of Mrs. Harry Phelan, were among the prize-winners at the first masquerade at the Wa Wa, for the most original ladies' costume—bell boys.

\* \* \* \* \*

Most Rev. Neil McNeil has planned a big Carnival of Nations to take place in the early autumn in the Arena Gardens in aid of St. Augustine's Seminary. Let every member of St. Joseph's College Alumnae help to make conspicuous their enthusiastic spirit and unselfish devotion in the demonstration of their loyalty to the wishes of His Grace. It should be a big success. Let us help!

\* \* \* \* \*

Lakeview Ladies' Golf Club played a friendly match at Weston on the invitation of the latter club, and while the Lakeviews lost as a team, Miss Edna Mulqueen and Mrs. Thos. McCarron were lucky enough to win their game.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Clare I. Cogan, of Brooklyn, co-founder and first president of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, has entered the Maryknoll Sisters of St. Dominic at Ossining, N.Y., and will devote her life to service under the banner of the Catholic Foreign Missionary Society. Miss Cogan is a graduate of St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md., and since her graduation has been active in Catholic social work. She is a sister of the Rev. John Cogan, Professor of Sacred liturgy at St. Mary's Seminary, Emmitsburg.

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### **St. Joseph's Lilies.**

The Quarterly Bulletin of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae says of St. Joseph's Lilies (March issue): "To Canada we are indebted for one of the finest volumes that we have received. It is an excellently printed book containing 140 pages of good material. The articles are written on a variety of subjects, and the verse is decidedly above the average. It is a real St. Joseph number, a full tribute to their beloved Patron Saint."

On June 29th Miss Marie Colleran was married in St. Anthony's Church to Mr. Matthew Lawless; the marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father McGrand.

To Mr. and Mrs. Lawless we tender greetings for a bright and happy future.

\* \* \* \* \*

We are very pleased to know that Miss Eileen McDonagh has quite recovered from her recent serious illness.

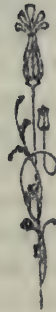
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To Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Frawley, the St. Joseph's College Alumnae offers sincere sympathy in their late bereavement, the death of their beloved daughter, Irene Frawley.

\* \* \* \* \*

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Byrnes (Eileen Scanlon) who are now the proud parents of a little baby daughter—Catharine Mary Geraldine.

LILLIAN McCARRON.



## Address Given by Miss Guerin,

Dominion President Catholic Women's League of Canada,  
at Dominion Convention, Toronto

**T**HE year ago in the great old Catholic City of Montreal, a city which during the Eucharistic Congress won for itself the proud title of being the "Rome of America," the Catholic Women's League of Canada, which had been founded some years before, arose, spread out her beneficent arms and called her daughters to her side from the different parts of the Dominion. How the appeal was responded to is evidenced in the magnificent assemblage of Catholic women.

Toronto with all the zeal, the intelligence and the charm that she is endowed with, requested the honour of holding the first convention. Her invitation was gladly accepted, and behold! Within her hospitable walls we are gathered together to-night.

We come from north and south, east and west, most of us women who have never met before, who have never heard each other's names, yet with one faith in our souls as we hold one hope for one heaven, we clasp each other's hands, impelled by one desire; the glory of Christianity and the benefit of our fellow-beings. We have come together for our unification and for the wisest direction of our energies.

During the past decade of years there has been a movement all over the world to concentrate feminine energy, and the intensity of such a force is only now beginning to be understood. Catholic women cannot escape from the mentality of the century they live in, nor can they break with the spirit of the times. We must not isolate ourselves; we must rather come in contact with the reality of the present state of things, for it is on this condition only that we can exercise the part that has been assigned us by Providence in the Divine economy that presides over human destinies.



Woman is the necessary associate of man, her influence should radiate beside his, not to bedim his efforts, but to cast a light upon them that will intensify all good that he projects; without this, the harmony of God's work which they should accomplish together will be broken. United they may with unswerving steps follow in the pathway of constant progression that will lead to the longed-for heights of Justice and Truth. An eminent French poet of the nineteenth century has said:

“God in His harmony has equal ends  
For cedar that resists and reed that bends;  
For good it is a woman sometimes rules,  
Holds in her hand the power, and manners, schools,  
And laws and mind; succeeding master proud.  
With gentle voice and smiles she leads the crowd,  
The sombre, human troop.”

Our Holy Father has confirmed our Century's view of woman's mission. His words uttered at Rome at a Convention of Italian women have echoed all over the world, and have been repeated for women's enlightenment again and again. His Holiness said: “The changed conditions of the times have made it possible to attribute to woman functions and rights which the preceding age did not concede her, they have broadened the field of woman's activity.

“An apostolate in the midst of the world has succeeded to that more intimate and restricted action which formerly women exercised within the domestic walls.”

An apostolate within the world! Our timorous hearts are troubled at such an exalted career, yet, that is the mission of the Catholic Women's League.

Humanity which at the beginning of the 20th century proudly vaunted its civilization and its progress, and glorified in its science and its learning, now vanquished by suffering, and humbled to the dust, cries out in pain for re-construction. Oh! Members of the Catholic Women's League, it is time for us to arouse ourselves from our torpor and easy indifference.

Warm our hearts in the burning glow of our Faith, and by word and deed assist in the betterment of this poor old war-torn world! Each of us in her place doing that which comes to her hand, finding the needs; each within her own sub-divisions; every diocese understanding its own wants; yet all our united strength alive to the great requirements of our whole vast country.

Education is a vital question throughout Canada—Catholic education—universal—of the highest type—with a soul and a conscience in it; this must be our object to attain and our aim to project.

Betterment of social action is an all-embracing subject. In the great upheaval of the world following the most cruel war that ever visited the earth, the reaction that such a tension brings is upon us, and the result is a passionate confusion that bodes ill for peace. By pulpit and by press we are called upon to fill a place that we never dreamed of in the past. Our own require us, and we cannot relinquish the sacred trust to those of other creeds. Enlightened and trained social action must be our part. Never must we be dead to the pleading sob of our poor suffering humanity which is now heard wherever we turn.

Catholic immigrants are cast upon our shores without friends, without means, bewildered at the vastness of the country they have come to, bedazzled by the greatness and wealth of our people, they pass in among the multitudes, are absorbed by our population, and we seldom know what has become of them.

The Catholic Women's League has already taken some means of meeting Catholic immigrants on the arrival of the ships, and we have a dream . . . .

It is that in every city the C.W.L. should have an Immigration Committee, making a chain from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and that these poor forlorn strangers shall be passed on through friendly hands from one Committee to another until they reach their destination and are placed under the care of a pastor in their own beloved cross-crowned Catholic church.

From all this forcing forward of events and tragedies of human life the franchise of women has been evolved. The Church, always ready to meet the exigencies of the hours, although reluctant to remove women from the home, not only approves, but demands her to do her duty.

There are said to be one million Catholic women in Canada. This tremendous latent power throughout the country must be wisely and intelligently instructed. A nation-wide unification of Catholic thought and action is necessary to preserve the sacred rights of our homes and families; we must be educated, and educate others in the events of the day. Every Catholic woman should acquire a large and reliable knowledge of all the questions and problems that call for the legislation, many of them concern very closely the welfare of the Catholic Religion.

The Catholic Women's League of England charges itself with the civic education of the women. It is time for us to be up and doing; legislation sometimes seems to conspire against our religious convictions, so prudence requires of us to prepare for the defence of our sacred interests, and this can be accomplished by the enlightened devotedness and Christian sense of our women.

The June Convention of 1921, to which we have all looked forward, is now open under the most distinguished auspices; our Archbishops, Bishops, and particularly His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, who has taken such a profound interest in the Catholic Women's League. Our pastors and chaplains, who even though not present, are with us to-night in spirit and in prayer.

We have before us some days of serious and strenuous work. Let us approach it with all the zeal and good will that is in our souls. Amongst us there are women of intellectuality and constructive ability; let them give us the benefit of their ideas, let no gem of thought be lost.

Express your opinions freely and simply, as you would in the bosom of your own family, and as among those you love, kindly and unselfishly. It is only by so doing that we will reap the benefits of our days of meeting.



We may be said to be laying the corner-stone of an edifice that will arise fair and beautiful, strong and proud, before the eyes of the world. Love will be its architect, zeal and devotion its craftsmen. The light of Faith shall shine from its portals, and the sun of justice gleam from its roof, and the wage of the toilers will be paid in gold that will never perish.

Oh! Catholic women of Canada, let us stand close together—so close—so close that we will hear each other's heart-beats, that if a sigh or a sob or a call shall stir the air in the most distant part of the North West, it will throb down through us like an electric current, even to the shores of the Atlantic, awakening our sympathy and compelling our aid.

Shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, let us go forth from this Convention bound by a solidarity that nothing can break, gentlewomen, but brave soldiers holding aloft our banner of patriotism to our beloved country, and an inviolable fidelity to our glorious Faith.



Patron of all who work in humble ways!

Pray that from pure and earnest motive I

May fill with patient toil the moments flying:

Patron of happy death-beds! when my days

Have reached their term, be then dear Joseph nigh,

With Mary and with Jesus, while I'm dying.

## Community Notes



### In Memoriam



#### **The Late Sister M. Seraphine Mulcahy.**

On July 14th, after a long, trying illness the pure soul of our dear Sister Seraphine passed through the portals of death, to receive the reward of a holy life.

The solemn funeral Mass at 9.30 a.m., July 16th, in the Convent Chapel, was sung by the Rev. E. Murray of St. Michael's College, assisted by Rev. V. Reath as deacon, Rev. L. Barcelo, D.D., as sub-deacon, and Rev. J. Pageau as master of ceremonies. In the sanctuary were the Rev. Fathers Player, C.S.B., Kehoe, O.C.C., Ryder, C.S.P., Roche, C.S.B., Hayes, C.S.B., and Sullivan, C.S.S.R.

Among the relatives present were Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Mulcahy, and Mr. T. Mulcahy of Orillia, and Mrs. W. R. Houston of Toronto.

The deceased Religious was in the eighty-second year of her age and the sixty-sixth of her religious life. In her earlier years she was devoted to teaching in the schools of the diocese, but later for many years she was directress of Study in St. Joseph's Academy.

Sister was noted for her spirit of prayer. "To Jesus through Mary" seemed the aim of her existence, her special devotion being Our Lady's Rosary, which she fervently recited many times every day of her life.

Sister Seraphine is survived by one brother, Mr. Thomas Mulcahy of Orillia. The late Rev. M. Mulcahy, C.S.B., of St. Michael's College, was also a brother, and Sister M. Agnes of St. Joseph's Community, a sister. Requiescat in pace.

**Sister M. Mildred.**

Death again visited our Community in the early morning of July 25th, and released from a long, painful illness patiently suffered, the quiet, gentle spirit of Sister Mary Mildred McGinley. St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake was the scene of this holy death.

The deceased was born in County Donegal, Ireland. Coming to Toronto in early life she became a pupil at St. Joseph's Academy, afterwards entering the Community to consecrate herself to the service of God in holy religion. The thirty-seven years of her religious life were mainly devoted to teaching in the Separate Schools of Toronto. Arduously and patiently she laboured during those many years. An unfailing gentleness, a kindliness and charity, love of God's poor and a motherly solicitude for the little ones, particularly for the more neglected little ones of humanity that came under her charge in the class-room, characterized her life as a religious teacher, and ever served as an inspiration to her co-labourers and to all with whom she came in contact.

The solemn obsequies for the deceased were held in St. Joseph's Convent Chapel, Wednesday, July 27th. High Mass of Requiem was sung by Rev. Father James of St. Augustine's Seminary, Rev. J. Sullivan, C.S.P., officiating as deacon, and Rev. M. J. Oliver as sub-deacon. In the Sanctuary were the Rev. N. Roche, C.S.B., Rev. F. Kenzel, C.S.S.R., and Rev. W. Smith.

Sister Mildred was a sister of the late Rev. Father McGinley, who was for some years Pastor of Uptergrove, Ont. R.I.P.

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The first of the Annual Retreats opened on Friday, the 22nd day of July, with the Rev. T. Kenzel, C.S.S.R., directing. On the closing day, July 30th, the solemn Ceremony of Religious Profession took place, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Whelan, V.G., presiding and receiving the vows of the newly professed. The



Rev. M. Kelly, C.S.B., uncle of one of the Sisters taking part in the ceremony, was celebrant of the Mass.

The Rev. Director of the Retreat, in an eloquent and most impressive sermon, explained very clearly how the heart, soul and mind respectively function in the observance of that first and greatest commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind." (St. Matt. xxii., 37). The good religious, he said, in observing the obligations assumed in the consecration of herself to God by the religious vows was obeying in a perfect manner this commandment as also the second which is like unto the first, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" (Matt. xxii., 39).

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We were much pleased to receive a visit from the Rev. Dom. Eudine, O.S.B., of St. Michael's Abbey, Farmborough, England, who during the summer gave interesting lectures in Gregorian chant to the teachers of various Canadian and American Colleges. Several of our Sisters attended the course given by him at Loretto Abbey in July.

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On the feast of Our Lady's Assumption, August 15th, Sister M. Petronilla attained the fiftieth anniversary of her religious profession in the Community. The Golden Jubilee High Mass of thanksgiving was sung by the Rev. C. Kehoe, O.C.C., assisted by Rev. M. Oliver, C.S.B., as deacon and Rev. J. McDonagh as sub-deacon.

On the same date, Sisters Ildefonse, Alacoque, Majella, Irmine and Urban celebrated the Silver Jubilee of their holy profession. Ad multos annos.

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We cordially congratulate Miss Dorothy Agnew on her success in winning the Governor General's Medal for highest standing in first and second years' General Course at Toronto University.

Also Miss Lillian Latchford in carrying off the Italian Prize for Highest Standing in second year Italian.

\* \* \* \* \*

And Miss Kathleen Halford, on her success in obtaining the Edward Blake Scholarship for first year Modern Languages.

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The Right Rev. Monsignor John Cruise, who is a member of the Sacred Consistorial Congregation of Rome, while on a special mission to the Papal Delegates at Washington and Ottawa, paid a flying visit to Toronto to meet his brother, Rev. Thomas Cruise, Parish Priest of Port Colborne, Ont., and his two sisters, Rev. Sister Hildegarde and Sister Innocentia, members of the St. Joseph Community here.

Monsignor Cruise represents the English-speaking world on the Consistory of Rome. This is the highest honour ever paid to a priest in Canada, and it is considered a great honour to the priests of the Archdiocese of Toronto that one of their members should receive such singular honours. Sincere congratulations!

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The second Annual Retreat of the Sisters of St. Joseph, at the Mother House, St. Alban St., closed on the 15th of August with the ceremony of Reception of the Holy Habit. This ceremony of the religious clothing of the postulants, which has been witnessed time and again in the beautiful and peaceful Chapel of St. Joseph's Convent, never seems to lose aught of its charm and impressiveness, for the Chapel was filled, as usual, with the parents and friends of the nine young ladies who were being received. There is something about the spectacle of these talented young people, laying aside with joy and generosity the finery of the world to don the simple robes of the Prince of Poverty, that touches the hearts of even the most worldly-minded and at times like this the warning of our Divine Master rings in our ears with a new and forcible significance, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His Glory, and all things shall be added unto you." The sermon which

## ST. JOSEPH LILIES

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was preached by the Retreat Master, Rev. Father Kenzel, C.S.S.R., was full of encouragement and exhortation to the aspirants to walk worthy of the vocation in which they were called, while their parents were made to feel what a happiness and privilege it was for them to have given one of their children to the service of God.

Right Rev. Mgr. Whalen presided over the ceremonies. Holy Mass was celebrated by Rev. F. J. Morrissey, D.D. Present in the Sanctuary were: Rev. T. Barcello, D.D., Rev. G. Williams, Rev. N. Roche, C.S.B., Rev. R. Burke, C.S.B., Rev. F. Hinchey (Hamilton), Rev. W. James, Rev. C. Sholly, C.S.S.R., Rev. G. Kirby, Rev. F. Pennylegion, Rev. W. Muckle, Rev. T. Manley, Rev. P. Kirby, Rev. S. McGrath, Rev. G. Culliton, Rev. P. Cassidy (Hamilton), Rev. W. Smith, Rev. E. J. McCorkell.

The young ladies who received the habit were: Miss Marion Murphy, Toronto, in religion Sister St. Aelred; Miss Madeline Murphy, Carleton Place, in religion Sister Mary Augusta; Miss Hilda Kramer, Guelph, in religion Sister St. Raymund; Miss Lilian O'Brien, Montreal, in religion Sister St. Ephrem; Miss Albertine Martin, Shawinigan Falls, Que., in religion Sister St. Teresa; Miss Estelle McGuire, Montreal, in religion Sister Maura; Miss Ida O'Neill, Toronto, in religion Sister Bride; Miss Lyla Sheridan, Toronto, in religion Sister Adelaide; Miss Rosella Cronin, Dublin, Ont., in religion Sister M. Angeline.

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The Community offers deep-felt sympathy to the Honourable Francis Anglin, Judge of the Supreme Court, of Ottawa, and Mrs. Anglin, in their late sad bereavement—the death of their son, Frank Warren Fraser.

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August 21st.—The many friends of Sister M. Dolors of the House of Providence, and Sister Mary Mount Carmel of St. Joseph's Convent, are felicitating them on their attaining the fiftieth anniversary of their religious life. The Golden Jubilee will be held on August 27th. *Ad multos annos!*



## A T r i b u t e

The Golden Year Book of Nazareth Academy, Rochester, N.Y., in announcing the death of the late Rev. Mother Agnes, who was for thirty-nine years the Superior of the Sisters of St. Joseph of the Diocese of Rochester, says:

In Reverend Mother Agnes a great personality, a great educator, and a great moral power has been lost to the Community. Indeed, through the long years of her wise and effective administration, her influence has extended far beyond the limits of our Diocese. The influence of her strong personality and her great work has gone abroad throughout our land.

Mother Agnes was a name of power, familiar to us and to us synonymous with greatness, long before we had ever seen the sweet, retiring nun, by whom much was done, of whom much was heard and but little seen. We know her as one whom everyone loved and revered. Though a woman of very busy hours, as she must have been, she yet found time, not only for the larger charities of life, but for the little nameless kindnesses, the sweet and gentle things, a sure accompaniment of greatness.

Mother Agnes was a woman of broad intellectual vision, of commanding powers of accomplishment. The variety of her talents was most surprising, and her taste and judgment were to be trusted seemingly in everything. She was a lover of the best in literature and in the arts and she kept herself wonderfully well informed of current tendencies, movements and occurrence of significance.

Hers was a culture and fineness of feeling that belong to the cloistral life; and in self discipline, indeed in her whole attitude of mind and heart, she was the type of soul consecrated to the higher life. A certain quality of spirituality, sweet and attractive, yet withal vigorous and practical, characterized her. One realized that a living faith gave strength to the foundations of her life, was the motive power of her

labours, and of that faith were evolved the ideals towards which her whole life moved.

Perhaps the most striking quality of her remarkable personality after her general ability, was a certain timidity which remained with her to the end. Thirty-nine years in the highest office of a great institution, with the large experience it brought, did not efface this quality, which was perhaps her sweetest charm.

She was a builder, an educator and an administrator, and above all, she was a leader of hearts and souls through hidden paths of toil and sacrifice, on towards the highest ideals that human lives can follow. With all, Mother Agnes was the woman, with a heart full of tenderness and affection; gentle, full of genuine helpful sympathy. Her life was one long act of giving and doing. Will her doing and giving cease now, that she has reached the source of all good gifts? So, she would not be her own great-hearted self. Let us rather picture her safe and secure and radiantly happy, in the midst of her own gentle nuns that have gone before, still united with them in the old sweet ways of prayer and praise. How can she cast off the old earth-habit of seventy years, of doing good to others? The treasury of the great Bridegroom is now her own; Mary the help of Christians is her intimate friend, and the dear St. Joseph has still a father's heart to command.

Let us, then, rejoice with a holy gladness, that we have known such true, though hidden greatness on earth, that we have come within the circle of its godly influence; and let us still look with confidence to her for a continuance of the deeds of golden charity which were her very life. May she enjoy in fullest measure the reward of the Saints!



We may build more splendid habitations,  
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,  
But we cannot  
Buy with gold, the old associations.

**ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE DEPARTMENT EDITORIAL  
STAFF.**

Editor-in-Chief—Miss Dorothy Agnew, '23.

Assistant Editors—The Misses Claudia Dillon, Helen Kramer,  
Anna Hayes.

Local Editors—The Misses Mary Coughlin, Lucille Bennett,  
Margaret Keenan, Catherine Daughan, Catherine Ham-  
mill, Constance Shannon.

Exchange Editor—Miss Kathleen McNally.

Art Editor—Miss Mary Travers.

Music Editor—Miss Irene Canty.

Reporter of College Notes—Miss Nora Foy.

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**A Word of Cheer**

Drop a word of cheer and kindness,  
Just a flash, and it is gone;  
But there's half a hundred ripples  
Circling on and on and on,  
Bearing hope and joy and comfort  
On each splashing, dashing wave,  
Till you wouldn't believe the volume  
Of the one kind word you gave.

Drop a word of cheer and kindness,  
In a minute you forget;  
But there's gladness still a-swelling,  
And there's joy a-circling yet.  
And you've rolled a wave of comfort  
Whose sweet music can be heard  
Over miles and miles of water,  
Just by dropping one kind word.



## Graduating Exercises—St. Joseph's College Academy

The large and beautiful auditorium of the College was filled to its utmost capacity on Wednesday afternoon, June 15th, on the occasion of the Annual Graduation Exercises. Punctually at the hour of four the fourteen young lady graduates attired in lacey white, each attended by a little fairy-like maiden, filed onto the stage, which was embanked with flowers, June roses, carnations, bridal wreath, ferns and palms. Four hundred pupils of the school, gowned in modest and becoming college costume, black dresses with white linen collars and cuffs, tier after tier formed a pleasing contrast in the background. Nothing, in fact, was wanting to make the stage setting charmingly picturesque.

After the conferring of the graduation diplomas and medals, the crowning of the graduates by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Whalen, V.G., who presided, Miss Eileen Egan, the talented young Gold Medalist of the year in Instrumental Music, proved by a splendid selection that she had well won the distinction conferred upon her.

"Pan on a Summer's Day," the cantata for three voices rendered by the whole school and conducted by Maestro Carboni, was nothing short of magnificent. Maestro Carboni deserves unlimited praise for the excellent training and culture that was evident in the singing of the pupils.

Miss Eileen Shannon, a graduate and Gold Medalist in Vocal Music, sang two exquisite little selections to the unmistakable pleasure and satisfaction of the audience, while "Danse Macabre" was excellently interpreted in two piano pieces by the Misses F. Quinlan, E. Carroll, I. Canty and E. Egan.

Miss Kathleen Young, valedictorian of the Class of 1921, expressed in a very fitting way the graduates' appreciation of what St. Joseph's had done for them, and their firm resolve to be valiant young women, worthy of their Alma Mater.

Monsignor Whalen, in a brief but pithy and inspiring address, congratulated the young ladies, their relatives and their teachers. He exhorted the graduates to live up to the high ideals which their Alma Mater had inculcated, to be not only ornamental, but helpful and useful members of society, and to endeavour, each one in her own sphere, to set an example that would reflect credit on her Church and her Academy.

#### **List of Honours.**

Papal Medal for Christian Doctrine and Church History, competed for in Senior Department. Awarded to Miss Kathleen McNally.

Graduating Medals and Diplomas.—Awarded to Miss Alicia Kormann, Toronto; Miss Eileen Shannon, Biscotasing; Miss Maude McGuire, Moose Jaw; Miss Irene Canty, Moose Jaw; Miss Madeline Enright, Toronto; Miss Katharine Kehoe, Bolton; Miss Kathleen Young, Toronto; Miss Rita Shannon, Biscotasing; Miss Constance Shannon, Biscotasing; Miss Constance Shannon, Biscotasing; Miss Kathleen McNally, Uttersson; Miss Nora McGuane, Toronto; Miss Hilda Myer, Toronto; Miss Marguerite Haynes, St. Catharines; Miss Eileen McGuane, Toronto.

Governor General's Medal, presented by His Excellency the Duke of Devonshire, for English Literature. Awarded to Miss Mary Coughlin.

A Scholarship, the gift of St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association, for the student obtaining the highest standing in Matriculation Examination, June, 1920. Awarded to Miss Mary McCormick.

A Fifty-Dollar Scholarship, given by Mrs. Ambrose Small for the student obtaining highest standing in Normal Examination in June, 1920. Awarded to Miss Anna Hayes.

#### **Medals.**

Gold Medal presented by the Most Rev. Neil McNeil, Archbishop of Toronto, for Church History in Lower School. Awarded to Miss Emma Gignac.

Gold Medal for Highest Standing in Form IV. Won by Miss Rita Shannon.

Presented by the Rev. Father Doherty for Mathematics in Form IV. Awarded to Miss Doreen Smith.

Presented by the Rev. J. A. Trayling for Science in Form IV. Awarded to Miss Doreen Smith.

Presented by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Whelan for Languages in Form IV. Awarded to Miss Helen Kernahan.

Presented by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Kidd, for the highest standing in Form III. Awarded to Miss Ida Wickett.

Presented by the Reverend Dr. Dollard for highest standing in Form II. Awarded to Miss Franza Kormann.

Presented by Rev. J. J. McGrand for highest standing in Commercial Class. Awarded to Miss Audrey Gendron.

Presented by the Rev. Father Cline for highest standing in Form 1B. Awarded to Miss Loretto Cerre.

Presented by the Reverend Dr. O'Leary for the highest standing in Form 1A. Awarded to Miss Alice Hayes.

Presented by the Rev. S. McGrath, for Art in Form II. Awarded to Miss Agnes Keelor.

Presented by the Reverend P. Coyle for Christian Doctrine in Elementary School. Awarded to Miss Christine Johnston.

Presented by the Reverend L. Minehan for highest standing in Entrance Class. Awarded to Miss Dorothy Enright.

Presented by the Heintzman Piano Company for Associate Grade in Piano Music. Awarded to Miss Eileen Egan.

Silver Medal presented by Mr. F. Emery for Intermediate Grade in Piano Music. Equally merited by Misses Louise O'Flaherty, Blanche Crowley, Alice Hayes and May Orr. Won by Miss May Orr.

Silver Medal presented by the Reverend W. A. McCann for proficiency in Intermediate Theory of Music. Awarded to Miss Louise O'Flaherty.

Gold Medal presented by the Reverend Father Kirby for Senior Vocal Music. Awarded to Miss Mary Morrow.



Gold Medal for Associate Grade in Vocal Music. Won by Miss Eileen Shannon.

Silver Medal presented by Mr. S. A. Frost for Vocal Music. Awarded to Miss Veronica Goode.

Special Prize in St. Cecilia's Choir for Fidelity and Improvement. Merited by members of the choir and obtained by Miss Teresa St. Dennis.

Special prize for lady-like deportment in boarding school throughout the year. Drawn for, and obtained by Miss Eleanor Green.

Special prize for Household Science equally merited by 17 members and obtained by Miss Gertrude McNamara.

Special prize for Fidelity to music practice, merited by members of the practice class and obtained by Miss Muriel McGuire.

Special prize for English Composition. Awarded to Miss Denise Phelan.







ACADEMY GRADUATES, 1921



## Valedictory

“Come back ye friendships long departed  
That like o’erflowing streamlets started  
And now are dwindling one by one  
To starry channels in the sun.  
Come back ye friends whose love o’erflowing  
Shone o’er our path, a sweet light showing  
Which seemed to darken and decay  
When you arose and went away.”

This hour in which we, the graduates of 1921, have reached the goal of our high ambition, has brought us much joy, but like that which accompanies all earthly triumphs it is intermixed with sadness. For it is the hour in which we must bid adieu to our school-girl days, to our sister-students with whom we have lived in such sweet companionship and to thee, St. Joseph’s beloved Alma Mater, in whose halls we have walked carefree and happy under the gentle guidance of teachers whose kindness, vigilance and love have directed all our footsteps.

Now we, too, feel and can interpret the atmosphere of sadness that enveloped the graduates of former years, that sadness at which we wondered but understand fully to-day as our minds involuntarily turn to that great unknown future at whose mysterious portals we stand—the gate of our flowery school-path closing behind us and the eyes of the world critically turned upon us, quick to detect the slightest flaw in the conduct of Convent Graduates. Holy Mother Church, too, is looking to us to do our petty part in her great work.

But St. Joseph’s has taught us to look to Mary, blessed among women, the ideal maiden. She of virgins the most prudent, the bright star of the sea will be our wise and safe guide across the darksome ocean of life.

Fain would we return again, dear Alma Mater, to thy Chapel and stately walls and revisit the favorite nooks and grottos of our happy girlhood days. We would come again at the sweet twilight hour to Benediction and bow our heads in humble adoration in that Chapel where God's choicest blessings have been so lavishly bestowed on us.

But if this may not be; if the days of our separation must lengthen into months and the months into fast fleeting years, we will often re-live as in a dream those happy years passed within thy sheltering walls, years that have served to bind us closely, oh so closely to those with whom we have lived as members of one home circle, and to give to those consecrated teachers who have directed us a place in the depths of our hearts.

Now as we say farewell, beloved Sisters, and go forth with the chart and compass of your holy example and wise teaching symbolized in gold upon our breasts we trust your daily prayers following us will serve to keep our eyes on the star of duty and our bearings true to the excellent training received in our Alma Mater. Farewell!

MISS KATHLEEN YOUNG.



## Graduates, 1921—Biographies

### Alicia Kormann—Toronto.

A bit of independent mind,  
A gracious manner, sweet and kind.

Always bright and agreeable, Alicia smiled her way through school into the hearts of her classmates. Like her two sister graduates of a few years ago, Alicia learned her A.B.C's of primary days and X.Y.Z's of High School years at St. Joseph's. As a tiny tot we would have said the children's plays and operettas could not have succeeded without her, and as a senior, no class affair seemed quite right if Alicia were not there to beam upon it. Alicia matriculated and obtained Middle School Entrance to Normal in 1920, and has spent the intervening year in pursuit of higher studies in Arts.

### Madeline Enright—Toronto.

"A noble spirit thinks always nobly."

Madeline has ever been the same charming 'little lady' and a very satisfactory pupil. Her simple candor and earnestness have always had a very wholesome effect upon those with whom she came in contact.

May her influence continue and become widespread.

### Nora McGuane—Toronto.

A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort and command.

Norah has been with the Sisters of St. Joseph from her childhood and possesses the qualities of a true daughter of her Alma Mater.

Conscientious, self-sacrificing, Norah has ever shared the burdens of others. With such qualities her life will be happy and she will bring happiness to others.



**Aileen Agnes McGuane—Toronto.**

Deep behind her smiling mien, in her twinkling eyes  
Purpose true is ever seen, seriousness lies.

Born in Toronto, Aileen came to St. Joseph's with her big sister, Norah, as soon as she was old enough to board cars and cross crowded thoroughfares without mishap, and from the first day, she was a general favourite with teachers and companions. Although Aileen obtained Lower School Entrance to Normal in 1919, and Middle School and Junior Matriculation in 1921, her devotion to study did not prevent her from excelling in music and dramatic art. We believe Aileen intends to be a teacher. If so, we should all of us like very much to be the pupils of such a sweet and lovable little lady. May her future life be filled with the joy and happiness, no less great than that which she has always shed upon the lives of others.

**Constance Shannon—Biscotasing.**

"She had a way with her."

Constance possesses one of those personalities whose presence cannot be overlooked and who is not soon forgotten. Impulsive, kind-hearted, fond of fun, yet ambitious to advance in all branches of knowledge open to her. Constance has, during her four years at St. Joseph's, made many true friends. She herself will, we are sure, be always true to her Alma Mater.

**Rita Shannon—Biscotasing.**

"Her heart was in her work, and the heart  
Giveth grace unto every art."

The earnestness and perseverance that tell for success have been Rita's characteristics during her stay at St. Joseph's. Able to fully enjoy the pleasure of the recreation period, she did not allow the love of fun to interfere in any way with her school duties; thus she has closed a very creditable four years' record by obtaining the class medal for proficiency and passing with honours the Middle School Examination.

**Kathleen Young—Toronto.**

"She values the merits of others  
And in their pleasure finds joy."

Low-voiced and gentle, Kathleen possesses the quiet consideration for others which has drawn her companions to her. A good pupil, she has won success in every examination throughout her course, 'being one of those' who obtained honours at Middle School, and received Matriculation standing.

**Margaret Haynes—St. Catharines.**

"What good she sees, humbly she seeks to do.

Marguerite is a native of St. Catharines and has made her whole High School Course here. Simply and conscientiously, faithful in the performance of every duty, she easily won the good-will of her companions as well as her teachers. And all were pleased at her success.

**Eileen Shannon—Biscotasing.**

"Like wind in summer sighing,  
Her voice was low and sweet."

Eileen came to St. Joseph's three years ago, having already had the advantage of Boarding School life at the Sacred Heart Convent, Ottawa, where she had completed a business course. Most of her time since then she has been devoted to music and she has always been very simple and generous in making use of her talents to give pleasure to others. She will be greatly missed from the pupils' choir.

**Hilda Meyer—Toronto.**

"The most profound joy has much of gravity in it."

Merry and fond of fun, Hilda is possessed of a vein of seriousness and common sense, that serves her in critical moments. She is able to see quickly through difficult points and a good memory helps her to retain them. She has obtained

besides Matriculation and honours in Middle School, a Commercial Diploma.

**Kathleen McNally—Utterson.**

“And still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all she knew.”

Kathleen, chosen by her schoolmates, President of the Sodality, possessed just those qualities one would desire for such a dignity. The winner of the Papal Medal for Christian Doctrine, of the Gold Medal for General Proficiency in her third year, Kathleen has always been at the top. She has many times appeared to advantage in (the representation given by the class on the stage). Few corrections were ever given her, as she seemed to know instinctively the proper thing to do.

**Katharine Kehoe—Bolton.**

“Her modesty’s but a candle to her merit.”

Katharine has been with us since September, 1919, her earlier school days having been spent at the Schools of Coventry and Bolton.

Shy and retiring, she never put herself forward, but examination results always brought her near the top, and she has ever been a model in the observance of rule. We hope that the success which the recent examinations have given her may continue to crown her merits.

**Irene Canty—Moose Jaw.**

“Music is well said to be the speech of angels.”

Irene came to us from the West. She is quiet, serious-minded and devoted to her work. Music is her favourite study, and much of her time was given to it. However, she has not neglected the other branches for she has obtained in the examination of this year a diploma for Commercial subjects.



**Maude McGuire—Moose Jaw.**

“Kind, kind and gentle was she.”

Maude spent her first two years of High School work at Moose Jaw, whence she came to continue her studies at St. Joseph's.

Although her special interest has been in music in all its branches, Maude has yet found time to keep up all the subjects of the Matriculation Course. Her kind and gentle disposition has endeared her to all. Alma Mater wishes her every success.



## Graduation Day

St. Joseph's College, Toronto, 1921

Most Reverend Fathers, Teachers, Parents, Friends,  
'Tis now each graduate her school life ends,

And bids farewell to all she holds most dear,  
Her school, her books and all that formed her sphere.

Of you, dear Sisters, we must take our leave  
Though to your selfless kindness we would cleave

A little longer; but we cannot stay  
The sun has risen on Graduation Day.

These sheltering walls have our protection been  
Their aim—to keep us safe from every sin.

Ah, can it be? The day has dawned at last  
The hours we would detain are fleeting fast.

And we go forth as women made by thee—  
A credit to thy efforts may we be,

And light a world made dark by sin's foul stain,  
So that thy teachings shall not be in vain.

As women loath to follow worldly ways,  
But something worth while filling all our days

With God's great Kingdom as our guide and aim,  
So that St. Joseph's may be proud to claim

Us as her children. We shall try our best  
Since by thy honoured counsels we've been blest.

Farewell, dear Alma Mater, fare thee well,  
The love we hold for thee no tongue can tell.

With sorrow filling each and every heart,  
We from thee, Alma Mater, now must part

And on the Sea of Life this day set sail.  
To Thee, our Alma Mater, Hail, all Hail!

AILEEN MCGUANE.

## St. Joseph's College and Academy Results of the Final Examination for the Year 1920--1921

### Degree of Bachelor of Arts.

(1) Classical Course: Miss Irene O'Malley, 1st class honours; (2) General Course: Miss Cleo Coughlin, Miss Elizabeth O'Meara, Miss Susie McCormick; (3) Household Science Course: Miss Kathleen O'Brien.

(1) Modern Language Course: Miss Catharine Tuffy, 1st class honours; Miss Winola Collins, second class honours; (2) General Course, Miss Kathleen O'Leary, Miss Agnes Simpson (11econ); Miss Mary McCardle (Physics); Miss Naomi Gibson (French and German).

### Second Year.

(1) Modern Course: Lilian Latchford, 2; Earnestine Gravells, 3; (2) General Course: Dorothy Agnew, Veronica Ashbrook, Hilda Burke, Vera Gibbs, Monita MacDonald.

Governor General's Medal for highest standing in 1st and 2nd years' General Course, awarded to Miss Dorothy Agnew.

Italian Prize for highest standing in 2nd year Italian. Awarded to Miss Lilian Latchford.

### First Year.

(1) Modern Language Course—Evelyn Burke 2, Avril Kavanagh, 3. General Course—Anna Bauer, Claudia Dillon (English and German), Mary Dobell (English), Muriel English (Mathematics), Anna Hayes, Helen Kramer, Mary McCormick, Alice McDonald.



**ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY (COLLEGIATE CENTRE).****Normal Entrance.**

Mary Coughlin (Honours), Mae Doherty, Madeline Enright (Honours), Marguerite Haynes, Vera Hurley, Catharine Kehoe (Honours), Helen Kernahan (Honours), Hilda Meyer (Honours), Clare Moore (Honours), Cecilia McBride, Mary McDonald (Honours), Florence McDonagh, Aileen McGuane, Nora McGuane, Kathleen McNally (Honours); Gertrude McNamara, Constance Shannon (Honours); Rita Shannon (Honours), Doreen Smith (Honours), Josephine Ungara, Kathleen Young (Honours).

**Junior Matriculation.**

Mary Coughlin, Madeline Enright, Kathleen Kehoe, Helen Kernahan, Hilda Meyer, Clare Moore, Mary McDonald, Aileen McGuane, Nora McGuane, Kathleen McNally, Gertrude McNamara, Constance Shannon, Doreen Smith, Kathleen Young, Verda Kehoe.

**Partial Matriculation.**

Florence McDonagh, Cecilia McBride, Mary Meagher.

**Lower School.**

Carmel Archambault, Margaret Charlebois, Rita Culiton, Grace Freeborn, Emma Gignac, Valerie Hester, Frances Johnston (Honours), Agnes Keelor, Angela Kehoe, Frantza Korman (Honours), Cecilia McDevitt, Marie C. O'Connor, Dorothy O'Connor (Honours), Viola Roszel, Mary Stack (Honours), Helen Schwitzer.

**ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH SCHOOL.****Normal Entrance.**

Marian Madden, Sadie O'Donnell, Carolyn McCarthy, Rita Harrison, Frances Landree, Bernice Bouck.

**Lower School.**

Lillian Duggan (Honours), Mary Feeney (Honours), Marie K. O'Connor (Honours), Margaret Anketell, Rita Conlin, Kathleen Cronin, Vera Culligan, Hilda Foy, Marguerite Hieman, Margaret Linehan, Elinor Markle, Amy McConkey, Gertrude Miller, Marie E. O'Connor, Evelyn Ricketts, Mary Williams, Gladys Graham, Eva Howorth, Norah Murray, Catharine Wigglesworth.

**MUSIC DEPARTMENT.****Examination Results, 1921.****Toronto Conservatory of Music.**

Intermediate Piano—Clare Moore, Theresa Macnab.

Junior Piano.—Honours, Marion Trimble; pass, Helen Becker, Elemeère Caisse, Katherine McDonald.

Primary Piano.—First Class Honours, Anna Dreak; Honours, Monica McGowan, Muriel McGuire, Viola Lyons; Pass, Rose Hayes.

Elementary Piano.—Honours, Catherine Sheedy, Frances Heffering.

Junior Counterpoint.—Honours, Theresa Macnab, Mary L. O'Flaherty, Olive Flint; Pass, Eileen Egan.

Junior Harmony.—First Class Honours, Mary L. O'Flaherty; Honours, Teresa Macnab, Olive Flint; Pass, Eileen Egan, Hilda Alcock.

Primary Harmony.—Honours, Mary Travers; May Orr; Pass, Carmel LaForest.

Primary Rudiments.—First Class Honours, Grace McGuire, Hilda Smith, Katherine McDonald, Alice Hayes, Gertrude McGuire; Honours, Muriel McGuire, Doreen Smith, Rita Shannon, Hilda Alcock, Helen Becker; Pass, Teresa St. Denis.

Elementary Rudiments.—First Class Honours, Maria Dreak, Christine Johnston, Monica McGowan, Rose Burke.

**THE CANADIAN ACADEMY OF MUSIC AND TORONTO  
COLLEGE OF MUSIC.**

Progressive Piano.—First Class Honours, Helen Schwitzer.

Junior Piano.—First Class Honours, Eleanor Ward, Eileen Nicholson; Honours, Rita Sedgewick; Pass, Kathleen Machan (School Course)—First Class Honours, Anna Brochu.

Primary Piano.—First Class Honours, Hermine Keller, Mary Oster; Honours, James Corbett; Pass, Mildred Robertson, Frances Dickson, Margaret Keenan, Muriel Travers, Muriel Groh.

Preparatory Piano.—First Class Honours, Mary Marshman, Frances Dickson; Pass, Louise Hayes, Rachel Kelly, Dorothy McGowan.

Elementary Piano.—First Class Honours, Esther Yavner, Helen Farrell, Helen McGrath, Barbara Ennis, Mary Palmer, Margaret Morin; Honours, Margaret Gibson.

Intermediate Vocal.—First Class Honours, May Morrow, Eunice Allen, E. Shannon, Eileen E. Shannon; Honours, Ella Miceli.

Junior Vocal.—First Class Honours, Rita Rowe.

Intermediate Piano Harmony.—Pass, Edna Carroll, Mary I. Canty, Margery Fox.

Intermediate Counterpoint.—Honours, Edna Carroll, Eileen E. Shannon; Pass, Mary I. Canty.

Intermediate History.—Honours, Margery Fox.

Intermediate Written Harmony.—Honours, Edna Carroll, Mary I. Canty, Margery Fox; Pass, Margaret Maude McGuire, Eileen E. Shannon.

Progressive Written Harmony.—Honours, Florence M. Quinlan, Mary Hayes; Pass, Mary Mahon.

Junior Theory.—Honours, Ella Miceli; Pass, Muriel Travers.



## College Notes

One of the prettiest and most enjoyable entertainments of the scholastic year was that given by the Junior classes of the Academy the evening of June 1st.

The three class grades of the Junior School in interpreting Hubert Rooney's Operetta "Slumberland," displayed to the gratification of the parents and all present, the good results of the year's training in Physical Culture, elocution and singing. The exquisite artistic taste shown in the stage appointments and in the costumes of the youthful performers lent a special charm to the performance.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our final class examinations over, we were given some pleasant outings. Long Branch was chosen by the Fourth Form girls. Accordingly, in company with their teachers, they hied them there. Returning in the evening they reported the day's enjoyment ideal.

\* \* \* \* \*

Third Form girls had a trip across the Lake to Queenston Heights, where viewing the scenes of hard fought battles and treading the one-time blood-soaked ground of that part of our fair Canada, they had opportunity to feel the thrill of patriotism.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Commercial Class took a lake trip to Port Dalhousie and a trolley trip to St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Music pupils were given an outing to St. Joseph's Farm on St. Clair Ave., where they spent some pleasant hours in the enjoyment of woodland scenery in those acres of forest primeval.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another form sailed across Lake Ontario, visited Niagara Falls and viewed that World Wonder from both the Canadian and American vantage points.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Haec olim meminisse juvabit.*

## Accessions to the Museum

Since the last publication of the Lilies we gratefully acknowledge the following:

Two large cases of Canadian and Foreign Shells arranged in boxes and suitably labelled—all of which were personally collected by Mr. Justice Latchford, Toronto.

Two hand-carved Soap Stone Candle-Sticks from Japan. Gift of Mr. W. J. Fitzgerald, Toronto.

Baby Alligator, born at Crescent Beach, Florida, and died in Toronto eight months after arrival. Gift of Mr. J. Dockery, Toronto.

Black Thorn Shillelagh from Co. Galway, Ireland, 1843. Gift of Rev. R. T. Burke, C.S.B., Toronto.

Miss Catharine Delaney, Quebec City, collected for the Museum during her late trip to the South, the following specimens: Balata Rubber Canoe made by the Indians of the Interior of South America. Five Rubber Oarsmen are in command and their paddles are the small leaves of the Rubber Tree. Everything about it is made from the Rubber which grows in the jungles of British Guiana. Two flying fish from the Carribean Sea, two doilies made of the fibre of the lace tree, Jamaica, and decorated with the most delicate ferns of the British West Indies. A square of exquisite linen drawn-work from India. Stalactrite of Salt formation from the Crystal Caves of Bermuda. A frog measuring four by eleven inches, from Trinidad. Pink tooth coral, San Lucia, B.M.I. Eucalyptus Leaves, St. Kitts, B.W.I., and Lucky Beans, Roseau, Dominica.

A beautiful Carrara Marble Bust of Pius IX., sculptured by J. M. Mohr. Gift of Mrs. M. J. Culligan. Gray Stone Cottage, T. and H. Highway, Toronto.

Four fine large Glass Cases, costing \$325.00, have been added to the equipment of the Museum.

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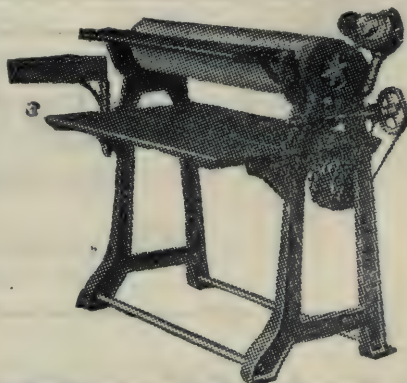
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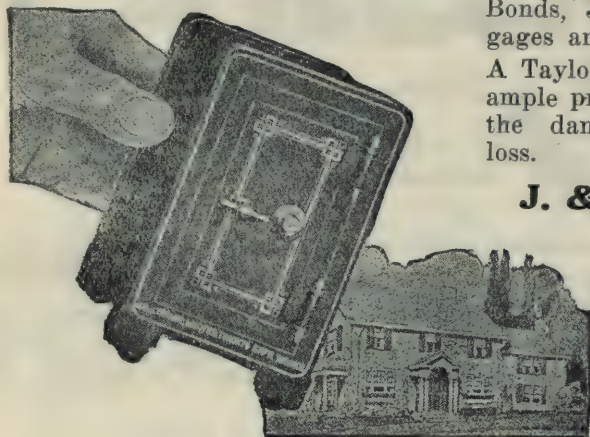
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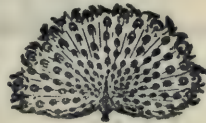
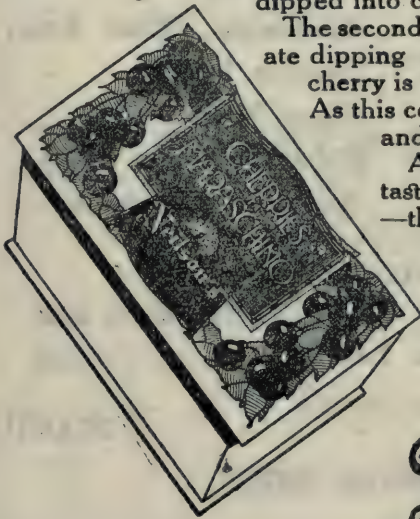
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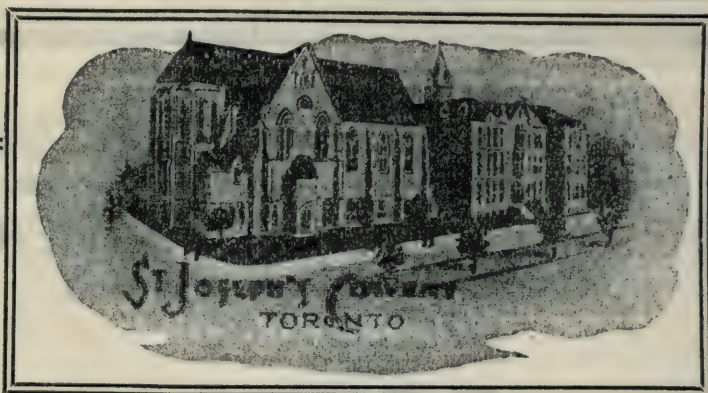
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# CONTENTS

---

Holy Night .....	Frontispiece
Our Lady of the Manger—Rev. Hugh F. Blunt.....	5
Realism in Religion—Rev. C. Kehoe, O.C.C.....	6
An Irish Christmas Legend—Rev. D. A. Casey, Litt.D... 15	
Civilization's Debt to Italy—James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D. 16	
Right Rev. T. J. Sullivan (Portrait) .....	25
A Fiftieth Anniversary—Rev. D. J. O'Neil.....	24
Prayer to Our Sweet Saviour in the Blessed Sacrament—	
Selected by J.F.C. ....	29
A Silver Jubilee .....	30
Very Rev. A. O'Malley, Litt.D. (Portrait) .....	36
Dean O'Malley, Litt.D., of Barrie—Rev. M. Cline .....	37
Values—J. Corson Miller .....	38
Kant Under the Light of History—Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D.,	
Ph.D. ....	39
Rhymes of An Ancient Springtide—Caroline D. Swan....	57
An Old Dramatist—Rev. M. J. Watson, S.J.....	64
In Memoriam—Mrs. S. L. Grant .....	75
The Two Adams—Contract of Conduct in Temptation—	
Rev. K. J. McRae .....	76
Winter Winds—Frederick B. Fenton .....	81
St. Joseph, Protector of Christians—Rt. Rev. A. M. Lépicier	82
Alexander's Feast—M.M.W. ....	87
A Yuletide Reminiscence—Marie .....	89
Officers of St. Joseph's College Alumnae.....	91
Alumnae Notes .....	92
Accessions to the Museum .....	106
College View .....	109
St. Joseph's College Department Editorial Staff.....	108
Editorial .....	108

---

The Christmas Crib .....	111
College Notes .....	113
Pictures in the Firelight—Camilla Wright, Form I.....	116
What the Moonbeam Saw—Denise Phelan, Form I.....	118
Botany Expedition—Margaret Keenan.....	122
A Trip from the West Indies—Anita de Montrichard, Form II. ....	124
The Next Generation—Margaret Thompson.....	127
Autobiography of a Waterdrop—Cecilia Heis, Form I....	128
Song of the Manitoulin Island—Cecilia Heis, Form I.....	150
Arabella—Catherine Doughan .....	131
Souls in Purgatory—Frantza Kormann.....	134

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HOLY NIGHT

# Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

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VOL. X.

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1921

No. 3

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## Our Lady of the Manger

Bright the starry flowers are growing

In the fields of Elysian,

From the skies their radiance throwing

O'er the Christmas Vision.

Little Jesus is not minding

Wealth of starshine pouring;

Brighter starlight He is finding—

Mary's eyes adoring.

Angel hosts from Heaven come winging,

Folding him from danger.

Hush, what music they are singing

By the lowly manger.

Little Jesus is not heeding

What their lips are saying;

Sweeter sounds to Him are pleading

In His mother's praying.

REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.



## Realism in Religion

BY REV. C. KEHOE, O.C.C.

**W**HEN a brief and exact definition of truth is required, the most satisfactory response that admits of no objection or exception, is "That which is," and we notice that the definition is a real one, one that seems to slur the human mind, dictating in fact a sharp admonition to the mind and insisting that truth is outside of the mind; that the mind is not the measure of truth and what men think or agree upon is often far from being true. The implication is also easily visible in this definition that when the mind within conforms rigorously to the realities outside, when it borrows its truth from the outside world and maintains its attitude of an humble debtor, that there is some hope for it. This is also a succinct statement of the philosophical system called Realism as opposed to Idealism, Sentimentalism, Conventionalism, Pragmatism, and all other aspirations of human personality, human policy, or mere will power. God alone is superior to and independent of the whole real world as we find it. This statement, of course, is a platitude, but in our mental flights we are inclined to keep on wing and float far from the solid world of platitudes and facts. It is good at intervals to fold our wings and tread on realities, for we are creatures that find truth merely as the great Source creates or afterwards reveals and man produces nothing and reveals nothing. Both religion and human science have been brought of late into such a chaos of solution and confusion under the conduct of so-called brilliant minds that original genius evokes alarm now instead of the quondam admiration. Less originality and more literal interpretation of the outside world is demanded by minds that are sobering up from the revels of the past. The Lord has done two great things for us. He has created the physical world and founded a Church, and these two are respectively

in science and religion the body of Realism. He neither taught philosophy nor abstract religion so as to make man independent of nature or the Church. Mental soaring is very fascinating and education easily leads to the raptures of intellectualism; that is to think boldly for ourselves and to express truth as we see it—to bring one to think for himself is the very diploma of a complete course of school discipline. Intellectualism has much truth in it, for the Lord has given us individual minds of our own; yet even the birds of the air have nests. We need nests. Science, when confused in the very excess of its own speculation, has the refuge of nature and common sense; but modern Christianity has only air and sky; it has no church because it has too many churches. The common sense of ordinary Christians naturally clings to a church and thus believers or church-goers look to a church and not to the sky of the open Bible. The open Bible versus church union is the crux of modern Christianity, but of course this statement, too, is a platitude—and how we dislike platitudes! The present day leaders of sobering science shake themselves free without preface or apology and relegate Descartes Spinoza, Kant, and all idealists from Plato to Bergson to the museum of history; even Dalton and his atoms and Newton with his laws if the reality of electrons or relativity prevails. In religion it is different; there is no refuge of realism for latter-day Christianity.

### **The Realism of the Catholic Church.**

If a wrong system of inquiry or a false habit and attitude of mind is pernicious to truth in mere science we can surely argue with greater reason that the same must be most ruinous in the narrow, positive and critical affair of a revealed religion. If in science rationalism which is the same as headstrong idealism, brilliant plausible mentality, or in every day language more theorizing is at the present hour expelled from its halls and a humble hearkening attitude is maintained towards objective nature outside and a ready willingness is proposed to reject and even reverse all not in harmony with paramount

nature, we can instinctively realize that the affair of a truthful religion is a lost hope if there is nothing outside of mere constructive mentality to fall back on, in a word if there is no real church, that is no old, permanent and historical church.

### **Shortening Creeds and Scrapping Dogmas.**

The milestones of the present century seem so far to be the scrap heaps and wrecks of dynasties, governments, geographical maps and boundaries, political policies and diplomacy, and they will in future history mark the years of the present era. The scrapping of institutions at the right time is a wholesome occupation in all things that are man made and human, for like clothes, they should eventually come to the scrap heap. When, however, religious sects get together to scrap their differences and shorten their creeds, Catholics although not surprised, are yet horrified. It is an awful sight to see men scrapping the dogmas of God. Anglicans, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, etc., etc., have come out into the market place to cancel all differences of religious belief and thus quite seriously, without any intention of humour, to reconstruct the Church of God. Men now ask how long can Christianity, that is faith in the minds of the people, survive these discarding activities. The apology that accompanies this line of conduct is that faith is fast failing from the earth; churches are empty and the external signs of religion are fast disappearing. To save some remnants of Christianity is the motive that drives to church union and inspires this generous sacrifice of religious differences. Catholics to them seem very ungenerous and a sort of recalcitrants or even conservatives and die-hards; of themselves they say that they have both faith and a sense of humour. Which mentality is just, the hard obstinacy of Catholics or the generous enthusiasm of non-Catholics? Why are Catholics so obdurate and irresponsible? They are realists. They would as lief undertake to scrap the material universe of nature as to scrap their Church. Nature resists all interference and if God has established a Church He never made allowances for such childish



enthusiasm. If the Catholic Church had been in its inquisitions and autos *de fe* as stern as nature, the hard truths of Christianity should have remained for all like truths of nature; but they would not have been the truths of charity. In upholding truth we can injure charity, but after all one should say, whether Catholic or non-Catholic, that charity without truth is also a delusion. Here, then, is the impasse between Catholics and non-Catholics and the compromise suggested is always that dogma is for morality and that it is morality that counts; to lose dogmas is like losing books of Scriptures, heavenly gifts indeed, but not indispensable. It is a very abstruse question because a childish one, to set morality and dogma against each other in the balance as though they could be different realities before God or in human life. Without arguing the point in the abstract, which would be a bewildering problem whether dogma is for moral or moral for dogma, we know that concrete Christianity or the Kingdom of God on earth is essentially both;—we must both believe and do;—and good works without faith are dead. The cheering bell-fries of Christianity that ring out hope to mankind are set on the deep foundation stones of dogma. It would be indeed miserable to be compelled to choose between fanaticism and indifference in religious matters, but the former, nevertheless, must be preferred.

#### **Lost Sacraments.**

To those who bear lightly the loss of dogma should be proposed the loss of the Sacraments, and we think that an anguish of soul should ensue such as that which prompted the prayer of the dying sceptic, "Oh my God, if there is a God, save my soul if I have a soul." Can a priest forgive sin? Is Christ really present in the Eucharist? Who will affect to minimize these? Is there anything so momentous as the forgiveness of sin and the permanent, easy and gracious means of priestly power and the use of that power in the confessional. What can compare with the problem of Christ's being actually present on His throne of the Altar in the Eucharist and of

His own friends, Christians that would profess to die for Him, passing Him by with contempt and even blasphemy? It is folly for a few innovators to claim certainty for their opinion against the realism of fifteen centuries. Shall all this, then, be rejected and scrapped? Shall the Holy Spirit be denied and rejected in the Sacrament of Confirmation, the Spirit of Truth that would descend upon every Christian child as the universal church believed and practised; shall the soothing Sacrament of Extreme Unction be banished from the chamber of death where the soul makes its transit to God;—shall it go forth unhouseled and unaneled as its pagan ancestors were doomed to go before Christianity came? What shall substitute for them all and especially for the greatest of them all, the holy Sacrifice of the Mass and Holy Communion that follows and completes it? Shall these two be lost in the yawning gulf of modern wilful doubt and scepticism? Must nothing remain in the discarding process of church union that is set on foot to save Christianity, but the empty name of Christian? A pulpit of idealism forsooth instead of a tabernacle of realism and of the Real Presence! Shall the altars of the catacombs be added to the heaps of ruin and the memorials expunged from their walls of Masses offered and Communion received. There, old missals remain, the old chalices and the old tabernacles and the old altars of stone. In every land of Christianity they still stand like rocky Horeo in the desert still stands for the Jew. The realism of Christianity has succeeded to that of Judaism for there was always realism. We know that God spoke to Moses and our fathers was the challenge given to Christ Himself; even Christ could not talk and theorize away the religion of Moses. The realism of miracles and of prophecy fulfilled were required. To-day the Jew draws substance and truth from the realism of the past; and his religion is true because it was true.

### **The Spires of Rome.**

To take a fling at unity when labouring for Church union is the paradox of modern Christianity; to hold Catholics as

enemies and intransigent because three hundred millions and more believe and pray and worship and obey as one, with the harmony and accuracy of nature itself. If mere union is required, surely it is here in the strong harmony of three hundred million minds. We could add as many more millions of Catholics to the great concursus, but for the one bugbear of the primacy of the Pope, for the multitudes of Greek Orthodox perhaps three hundred millions are Catholic in everything but submission to Rome. When winnowing out all Christians to some generalization of Catholic and non-Catholic we find that the classification is of those that accept the Pope and those that do not. There is a large class of most educated Protestants that accept every doctrine of Catholicity but the supremacy of the Pope. How little it is, then, that keeps millions out of the true Church and what an indictment against them for their spirit of disunion, for it should not be difficult for these to unite.

It is an easy induction to say that if Catholicism is sound and incorrupt in every other doctrine besides Papal supremacy that the old historical, original, mother Church is wholly sound. Shall the realism of nineteen hundred years and an unbroken line of Pontiffs that enthused even the Protestant Historian Macaulay, be also discarded, or as we say scrapped, to gratify mere racial antipathies, imperial aspirations and political supremacy of proud nations? How wanton to take a fling at the "Spires of Rome" to serve the purpose of a political campaign as a prominent Anglican divine of Kingston, Ont., did at the last general election. The best of his own communion received back from Rome with much critical and learned research into antiquity, every doctrine but the primacy of the Pope. They have had the good fortune to receive the saving truths a second time less than a century ago, when the Oxford movement enlightened them; the same truths that their fathers received from St. Augustine. The Spires of Rome indeed! They are still pointing to Heaven and ringing the old faith over the world, stubborn in Orthodoxy as the rocks they



stand on, proving the truths they teach as nature does by their own permanency; their chimes seem to chant the refrain that that which is true is always the same and what is always the same is presumably true.

The reasons for an indefectible Church are illuminating in view of the drifting sects that we see dividing at certain periods into an nebula of multiplicity and then swarming again in some strange aggregate of affected unity drifting and edying with fitful impulses, sometimes nearing Catholicity in parts that float away from the great mass, never able in bulk to enter from a lack of general instinct of orthodoxy, serving, nevertheless, the purposes of a religion to millions. That which serves the purposes of the Church might be perhaps considered a Church? Facts and not theories, however, are to be the answer to this plea. Christianity outside of the Catholic Church has about run its course. The question of the day and the by-word is "Has Christianity failed?" Frantic church reunion is only the gathering of remnants for a last stand. Mixed uniforms in hastily gathered regiments speak of past disaster. Even if they all came momentarily together could they form a church? Let us add here to other platitudes the purposes of a church. What purposes does a church serve? It surely should be the connecting medium between man and Christ the Redeemer, and thus it must perpetuate truth everywhere and to the end; it must be as broad and as long as the procession of humanity. It should bring certainty with its truth and certainty can be lost after truth survives; yet what is truth without certainty? It is like a relic without an authentic. Can we take seriously a medley of discordant voices as the echo of the voice of Christ, now so distant? Another jibe is "what would Christ think if He came back, of His Church of Churches?" Yes truth, respect, power to govern, love and perfect confidence must go with the Church. These advantages are yet undiminished in the Catholic Church and are perhaps the cause of flaunts against the Spires of Rome. The cry raised against it is of mediaevalism, intolerance and reaction, but these are beautiful and genuine qualities in the terms of

her friends. When translated into these terms they are antiquity, purity and indefectibility, that can be concentrated into what is meant by the realism of the Church.

### **Catholic Charity.**

The Church is strong, yet kind, and this is most noticeable in the correction she has administered to a few of her theologians. They thought there could be no divine faith, grace and salvation outside of the Church, and even so moderate and distinguished a mind as the convert Orestes Brownson taught this. He argued that certainty for the truth taught was an indispensable forerunner to an act of faith and the light transient sects of human origin could never supply it along with the truths they taught. This is the plea; but the Church says that the great primary truths like the unity of God, future rewards and punishments, etc., as taught by Jew or Christian, have sufficient authenticity of having been revealed by God to be a basis for a saving act of faith.

An idealistic Church issuing from individual minds when conning over the contents of the open Bible, has its genius directed to ever succeeding divisions as the greatest non-Catholic authorities admit and even approve; thus to charm such in to a semblance of union by the mere shibboleths of the names of sects, would be to paralyze their life and disintegrating activity. Such an idealistic church begets opinions, theories, views and even strong notions of all kinds on supernatural truths; but can it lead to faith or to that moral certainty that a sensible person requires before making his act of faith?

To give a summary of the realism of the Church, we should say that it is expressed in her familiarity with God and this feature must be noticeable for even outsiders bring it up as a slur against her, "How familiar Catholics are with God and the saints!" They have God in their Churches really present under sacramental veils and the saints stand about in the statues and stained glass; they expect immediate answers to their Novenas and prayers, they even look for miracles as though the age of miracles was still present. Shrines like

Lourdes are pouring out miracles every year and they are actually taking them as a matter of course. In fact these are the arguments of the Church rather than doctrinal disputations. Infallibility, too, is not wanting not only in the Church at large, but also in the primacy of the Pope. Doctrines are defined, saints are canonized, and the communion of saints between heaven and earth is relied upon to help those that have gone to the other world, and nothing seems lacking to the full presentation of a Church of realism.





### An Irish Christmas Legend

Pile high the turf upon the fire,  
And make the cabin bright,  
And put no bolt upon the door  
This blessed Christmas night;  
For if so be they pass this way  
And she in trouble sore,  
They'll know an Irish welcome waits  
Beyond the open door.

Now place the Christmas candles there—  
Put one for every pane—  
That they may see the blessed light  
A-shining through the rain;  
The curlew calls across the sky,  
The winds are keening low,  
Who knows but here they'll rest awhile,  
As on the way they go?

One Christmas Eve, long, long ago,  
The doors were bolted fast,  
And in the dawn's grey light they found  
Their footsteps as they passed;  
For this the Christmas lights are set,  
The doors are open wide,  
That in her travail she may know  
A place she may abide.

The inns were full, but there is room,  
This blessed Christmas night,  
For Mary and her Holy Child  
Where shines the Christmas light.  
Then set a candle in each pane,  
That, passing they may know  
A welcome waits the Holy Child  
Where Christmas lights bright glow.

REV. D. A. CASEY, Litt.D.

## Civilization's Debt to Italy

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D., NEW YORK.

**F**OR years I have been trying to write a book with the title, "What Civilization Owes to Italy." I am not sure when it will be printed, because in the present state of the printing trade every publisher is shy of big books and how ever could a man write a small book on that subject. After having gathered the material for that volume I am quite convinced that when one has collected the debt that civilization owes to Italy there is so little left to owe to any other nation, at least comparatively speaking, that it is scarcely worth while talking about. My only reason for saying that is that I have spent a good deal of time for years trying to make out the bill. No one knows better than I do that I did not get all the items in, but I gathered up so many of them that I have a very definite idea founded on rather exact data as to how much the debt of the rest of the world to Italy actually is. I am not going to tell you that story now. I am only going to tell you a very small part of it—a few of the outstanding debit accounts in Italian History.

Of course everyone recognizes that in art Italy's contribution to civilization is so large as to be quite incommensurable. Practically all the greatest painters are Italians. Only twice in the history of modern civilization has the primacy in painting passed from Italy to other countries. During the seventeenth century for a time scarcely longer than a generation, when Velasquez and Murillo were doing their work in Madrid and Rembrandt and Rubens theirs in the Netherlands, Italian painters, though some of them were really great artists, were of second rank. During the political troubles of the nineteenth century French painters, most of whom, however, had studied in Italy, took the lead for a time, though it must be confessed in a period that had very little of great art in it. In sculpture even much more than in painting Italy is a leader. What

names have other countries to place beside those of Donatello, the Pisanis, Ghiberti of the Baptistery Doors, the Della Robbias, Leonardo da Vinci, and Michael Angelo, not to mention others in the domain of sculpture.

What is true in painting and sculpture is just as well exemplified in architecture and the arts and crafts. Civilization's debt for these is well nigh incalculable. In architecture we owe the Byzantine not to Byzantium, but to Italy. The finest example of it is St. Mark's in Venice. Gothic Architecture, that is the use of the broken arch in great monumental buildings, it is said to have been first tried in Italy. The Crusaders saw it in Sicily and brought it home with them after the Crusades and then developed it wonderfully in their great cathedrals in the northern countries where in the winter time they needed so much light and therefore demanded the high buildings with the large windows. Renaissance architecture, which has so deeply influenced the modern time, is all Italian. Spanish architecture was largely influenced from Italy. French Renaissance architecture, so-called, drew most of its ideas from Italy. Not a few of the Chateaux on the Loire were built by Italian architects, notably Fra Giocondo. Our handsomest building in New York built in the twentieth century, is the New York Times building, which, of course, is nothing but Giotto's Tower set down on Broadway in 1904. Look at the beauty of the New York Public Library some time and realize how much of it is due to Italian influence both within and without.

Auction sales in recent years have served to show us a little of what we owe to Italy for beautiful arts and crafts. Mr. Pierpont Morgan paid \$60,000 for the Cope of Ascoli, though the jewels had been removed from it, because his experts told him that it was the most beautiful piece of needlework in the world. It was made seven centuries ago in a little Convent in North Central Italy. Go to Anderson's some time, or the American Art Galleries when a sale of Italian Renaissance furniture is on, and see what prices these antiques command. In metal work the Italian artists were far ahead, their sta-



tuettes and bronzes now command prices that are fairly staggering. I remember being at a sale where a censer, that is a thurifier as used in religious services, was being sold. The auctioneer said that unless \$55,000 was offered for it it would not be sold. It was less than eighteen inches high. Just a piece of bronze made by a student of Leonardo da Vinci, and not Leonardo himself. I expected to see that thurifier set back, but no, someone bid \$60,000 and then sixty-five and then seventy. I do not know how much higher it went, but something near \$80,000. The papers the next day said that it was knocked down for that sum. I should hate to have it knocked down to me for any such sum. What I wondered at was that they called it knocking it down, and yet there is no doubt at all that the buyer considered it worth it. One of Raphael's pictures, the Cowper Madonna, 18 x 24, a little bit larger than a pocket handkerchief, commanded three quarters of a million in a sale some years ago in London. Evidently a little of the debt to Italy is being collected.

What is true in the arts is just as true in literature with perhaps a little less significance. To an Italian, Francis of Assisi, we owe what is known as the "Hymn of the Creatures," which Matthew Arnold proclaimed the great beginning of modern vernacular literature. Francis of Assisi was really one of the earliest of the *Trovatori* or Troubadours, his love being for the divine rather than for the human. Dante, who came at the end of the thirteenth century, I always think of as, as I have just said, the greatest human being that ever lived. That seems a great deal to say, and if I were the only one who said it I should feel dreadfully lonely, but something like 10,000 books have been written about Dante and some 20,000 more or less important articles. The Dante library at Cornell has a catalogue in two large octavo volumes, six hundred pages altogether, of nothing but titles of books and articles about Dante printed in double columns so as not to take up too much room. Ariosto probably influenced the poets of Europe more deeply than any other poet, except the classics, have ever done. Ariosto's "Jerusalem delivered" was the most

read poem in Europe for two centuries. Before the Italians made their own vernacular literature they had made a great Literature in Latin. To them we owe the greatest rhymed Latin Hymns. The "Dies Irae" is perhaps, as Professor Saintsbury, of Edinburgh, said, the greatest wedding of sense and sound that has ever been made. Only Dante and Shakespeare have ever equalled it, no one has ever excelled it. The Stabat Mater, St. Thomas Aquinas' great hymns, and St. Ambrose's great contributions to hymnology, must all be set down to the credit of the Italians. They invented the modern novel and the modern short story and Macchiavelli is the greatest historian of modern times in spite of the fact that his first name, Niccolo, is said to be the origin of our English "Old Nick" for the Devil.

What country in Europe can show anything like so large a debt on the part of world literature as this of Italy? In music, however, the debt is even larger. Italy invented the opera, both serious and comic, and her musicians have given us the greatest operas. For a while in the later nineteenth and earlier centuries, Italy's primacy in music seemed disputed, but surely not seriously. Even at the present moment, when all music is in a decline the Italian composers have written the popular music for the world. Think of what our programmes at the opera would be without Rossini and Verdi and Bellini and their Italian musical compatriots! Think of all that Donizetti has done in lighter vein. All our theatre comes from Italy, the horse-shoe shape with its boxes, movable scenery on the stage, the frame which makes the stage scene a picture, and all the rest of the architecture. On the other hand all our ecclesiastical music is Italian. We have the Ambrosian hymns, the Gregorian music, the plain chant that is now being revived, and all of Palestrina's magnificent contributions to church music. Besides, we owe the finest violins ever made to the Italians and the construction of the pianoforte in the form in which it is and the development of the harp, to say nothing alas, of the hand organ, for, unfortunately to them, we owe also the first "canned" music. We trust the musical

judgment of the Italians more than that of any other people. The Scala at Milan still continues to be the world's highest court of appeal in musical judgment as regards both voice and musical composition.

It may perhaps be thought that in the arts Italy was so far in the lead of the rest of the world that naturally her accomplishments were very great, and undoubtedly greater than those of other people. Perhaps some might be inclined to think that in the childhood of the race we took to art and Italy was the pioneer of modern times; but now that mankind has grown up we have taken to science and of course in that Italy lags far behind the rest of the world. I suppose that there are some people who would actually be ready to say something like that. We are so little accustomed to associate Italy with science because until comparatively recent years we have known almost nothing about the history of science, we are therefore inclined to conclude that since we knew nothing of it, there must be nothing to know. The history of science, however, sets Italy up in the greatest place in that department too. I know that the names of the great founders in modern science are not Italian, but then who knows the history of their education and environment? Copernicus, the father of modern astronomy, was a Pole, but he wrote his great book on the revolutions of the celestial bodies after he had studied for years down in Italy; indeed the first draft of it was made down there, and he dedicated it to the Pope with permission. The greatest disciple of Copernicus, and the man who more than any other helped to bring in the Copernican system, is Galileo, the Italian whose name deserves to come just after that of Copernicus in the history of astronomy. Vesalius, the father of anatomy, and by that same token of the morphyological sciences in biology, was not Italian, but a Belgian, but after making his medical studies at Louvain he looked around for graduate work, could not find it in Paris, though he tried, so he went down to Italy and stayed there for twenty-five years and wrote his great text books down there. Though he was a foreigner they made him professor of anatomy and encour-



aged his work in every way. Harvey, the father of modern physiology, through his description of the circulation of the blood, had been a student in Padua and makes his acknowledgements to his Italian masters at the beginning of his work. His English biographer says, "There can be little doubt that the seed then sown fell into suitable soil and that to Fabricius (Padua) we owe the awakening of the spirit of inquiry and observation which ended only with Harvey's life, but which in its course enriched the world of knowledge and of thought "with one of the grandest generalizations" (Bowie). Indeed, there is more than a question whether Harvey did not obtain the complete idea of the circulation of the blood while studying in Italy, for the pulmonary circulation had been described by Realdo Columbo and the general circulation by Cesalpino, but that does not lessen Harvey's merit, for he made the demonstration and formulated the teaching which made the world accept the idea.

How many other names besides Fabricius, Columbo, and Cesalpino are famous in the teaching of medicine in Italy anyone who knows the modern development of the history of medicine will readily realize. Malpighi deservedly has his name attached to more structures in the human body than any other and is rightly called the father of histology. Morgagni was greeted by Virchow as the father of modern pathology. The Englishman, Richardson said of his book, "The Seats and Causes of Disease," to this day no medical scholar can help being delighted and instructed by the study of this wonderful book. To move into it from a body of current medical literature is like passing from the periodical flux of current general literature to the perusal of a Shakespearian Drama, the "Pilgrim's Progress" or "Paradise Lost." We shall have something to say of other distinguished contributors to the medicine and surgery of the world and that is quite literally what they were in the second part of this paper when I come to talk more particularly of medicine and surgery.

In education Italy has been the schoolmaster of the world for advanced teaching for seven of the last eight centuries.

Whenever anybody from the beginning of the twelfth down to the end of the eighteenth century wanted to get a better education than he could get at home in any country in Europe practically always he went down to Italy to secure it. This was always true for art and sculpture, but also for scholarship of all kinds and above all for science. All the great founders of modern science have studied in Italy, above all in mathematics, in astronomy, in medicine, and in surgery, and her schools have always been famous in philosophy. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, when Napoleon gave a fresh impulse to French genius for a half century, France was the home of graduate teaching. After 1879 Germany became the home of graduate teaching, and now the question is, where will advance students go; and we are bidding for them here in America. Before the nineteenth century people went to Italy. Gerald, the Welshman, in the twelfth, Jocelyn of Brawelond in the thirteenth, Chaucer in the fourteenth, Groecyn in the fifteenth; all from distant England, ever so much farther away from Italy than the Pacific Coast is now, went to Italy to study. Lanfranc, the first great teacher of surgery at the University of Paris, and his namesake, the Archbishop of Canterbury, as well as his successor at Canterbury, Anselm, were all Italians carrying Italian thought and influence to the West. Guy de Chauliac, often called the father of French surgery, studied down in Italy. It would not be difficult to make this list a long catalogue. During the Renaissance time everybody that could went down to Italy from France, Spain, England, Germany, and such names as Reuchin, Erasmus, Regionmontanus, Cardinal Nicholas of Cusa, are only exemples of Italian students. After the Renaissance no one was considered to be educated in Europe unless he made the Grand Tour and above all spent a considerable time down in Italy. The magnificent editions made by the early Italian printers of the great books of the world are the best demonstration of the profundity and accuracy of their scholarship.

Above all we in the modern time at a distance from Italy and in a period when we are not very much in art or at least

not productively interested in it, may be inclined to think of Italians as lacking in profundity of intellect and as never having made serious contributions to world philosophy. Only a very little knowledge of the history of philosophic thought is necessary, however, to correct any such false notions. The great Latin fathers of the Church, Augustine, Jerome, Ambrose, Gregory, are typical examples of Italian genius. Anselm of Canterbury has deeply influenced great thinkers now for nearly a thousand years. Aquinas is considered by many, among them the great Cardinal Mercier of Louvain in our day, as the profoundest thinker of modern times. It is curiously interesting to realize that he was a great poet as well as a great philosopher, an almost unprecedented combination, and some of his Latin hymns are among the greatest ever written. Dante thought so much of him that his poems are fairly saturated with Aquinas, so that it has been said if by any chance the writings of Aquinas should be lost the great principles of them at least could be supplied from Dante's "Divine Comedy." In more modern times such men as Jerome, Cardan, Telesio, Giordano, Bruno, and Campanella, are great figures in the history of philosophy. The work of Telesio "marks the fundamental revolution in scientific thought by which we pass over the ancient to the modern methods." He lived a century before Bacon, who confesses his obligations to Telesio, whom he frankly hails as "the first experimental observer of nature." Campanella and Bruno are better known because they were persecuted, and Bruno and not Spinoza, should have been called "the god intoxicated man." More than any other, he is the founder of that Pantheism which tinctures so much philosophic thinking in our time. Campanella has been called "the audacious Titan of the modern age."





## A Fiftieth Anniversary

ON November 6th, the historic Niagara Peninsula once again appeared on the horizon of fame. This time it was not the triumphal march of warriors returning from hard won battles, fought against the enemies of their country, nor was it the success of some wonderful commercial enterprise that arrested attention. No, it was something of greater significance at least to the people of a flourishing town in that district—the Golden Jubilee of Rt. Rev. T. J. Sullivan as a pastor and a citizen of Thorold.

At eleven o'clock on that bright Sunday morning, Catholics and non-Catholics of the town filled the Church of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary to assist at the solemn High Mass of thanksgiving celebrated by the reverend Jubilarian in the presence of His Grace Most Rev. N. McNeil, Archbishop of the Diocese. The venerable celebrant was assisted by his brother, Rev. J. J. Sullivan, C.M., of St. Louis, Mo., and Rev. M. E. O'Neill of Fort Dalhousie, with Rev. D. J. O'Neill as Master of Ceremonies; Very Rev. Dean Morris of St. Catharines and Rev. F. Smith of St. Mary's, St. Catharines, assisted His Grace at the throne.

The rendition of Leonard's Mass by the parish choir increased to a marked degree the splendour of this special devotional service.

Mass being finished, Very Rev. Dean Harris of Toronto ascended the pulpit and addressing himself first to the venerable Jubilarian, said: "My dear Monsignor Sullivan, permit me to anticipate the gracious and cordial felicitations which will be extended to you by your faithful parishioners. The large-hearted and generous people who fill your church this morning, the priests of the diocese who respect and esteem you, and I who remember you in the morning of your priesthood, bear to you the expression of our warmest congratulations on the



RIGHT REV. T. J. SULLIVAN





honourable completion of your fiftieth year of untiring and faithful pastoral work in this parish."

Then taking for his text, "And I will raise me up a faithful priest, who shall do according to my heart, and my soul, he shall work all day before me and I will crown him with a crown of glory," the eloquent and cultured orator brought his hearers back in vision to the days of Aaron, the high priest of the Jews, picturing to them the work of Aaron among his people for forty years until he left worn out with age, for Mount Hor. In a logical manner he showed how the Jews, the chosen people of God, were led from the time of Aaron to the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, by priests and kings. Continuing, he told of the establishment of the Christian priesthood by our Divine Lord and outlined the preliminary studies of the student at College in preparation for the philosophical and theological studies in the seminary. Finally he described the life of the priest from the time he enters the ministry until lying on his death-bed he resigns himself to the holy will of God, and recalls to his mind the words of St. Paul to his Roman converts: "The sufferings of this world are not to be compared with the glory that is to come which shall be revealed in us."

After the sermon Mr. David Battle, accompanied by a number of his fellow-parishioners standing at the altar rail, read an appropriate address, expressing appreciation of all the work accomplished by their esteemed Pastor and the gratitude of the congregation for the many favours both temporal and spiritual received by them through his sacred ministry. A résumé of the address is contained in the following sentence: "For those fifty years both in smiles and in tears, you have been to us our shield and our stay."

In response to all that had been said, the Reverend Pastor expressed his gratitude for the many tributes of respect which had been shown him that day and also during his long career in the parish. He heartily thanked the people and the congregation for the interest they had taken in the parish during all this time. He especially eulogized the Sisters of St. Joseph

for the great work accomplished by them in the educational training of the children of the parish.

His Grace Archbishop McNeil said he thought it appropriate to unite with the congregation his sincere congratulations to Rt. Rev. Mgr. Sullivan on his completion of fifty years' faithful and splendid service as pastor of Thorold. But whilst he rejoiced, he sympathized with them. He rejoiced, he said, because of the great event celebrated; but he sympathized because soon there would be a parting, Monsignor Sullivan was leaving for St. Augustine's Seminary to give the young men there the remaining days of his priestly career.

Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the evening and the chanting of the "Te Deum," brought to a close the religious celebration of the Jubilee.

That the citizens of Thorold regardless of creed and class might all have an opportunity to meet their honoured friend and extend to him further tokens of respect, a grand social function was held in the parish hall on the following Tuesday evening.

Into the spacious hall which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion gathered hundreds of people eager to honour the venerable guest of the evening. On the platform were the visiting clergy, the Mayor of the town and other prominent citizens. Mr. Jos. Battle in his usual capable manner occupied the chair.

An overture by the orchestra and a chorus by members of the Sodality opened the excellent musical entertainment at the close of which speeches were in order, and as all the speakers were in reminiscent mood, many interesting reviews were made of Rt. Rev. Mgr. Sullivan's activities during his pastorate in Thorold. Some of the activities were: The building of the Parish Hall, of the parochial residence, and of the last and crowning work, the consecrated cathedral-like church of Our Lady of the Rosary.

The school children's celebration of the golden event took place on Wednesday afternoon. The opening chorus, "Ireland, I Love You," was followed by an exquisite little play of one

act called "Fetters of Roses," and signifying the love and esteem the children bear their honoured and devoted pastor, and their regret at his departure. Master René Michaud delivered a short address, after which a beautiful spiritual and floral bouquet and a costly set of morocco-bound Roman Breviaries were presented to their beloved Jubilarian.

In thanking them, which he did very heartily, for their splendid entertainment and appreciated gift, he assured them they would always occupy his uppermost thoughts. He recommended for their imitation the good example of the former children of Thorold.

This entertainment brought to a close the celebration of an event unique in the Diocese of Toronto.

REV. J. D. O'NEILL.



### Prayer to Our Sweet Saviour in the Blessed Sacrament

"Good night," my Jesus, though I leave Thee,  
My heart still lingers at Thy shrine,  
And in the lamp which burns before Thee,  
I place this weary soul of mine.

With angels bright in yonder Heaven,  
I join in praise to-night;  
Oh! let me rest on Thy dear bosom  
Till darkness turns to light.

"Good night," my God, my Love, my Saviour,  
Some day I shall Thy mercy see,  
In this blest hope I calmly slumber,  
In peaceful rest I dream of Thee.

—SELECTED BY J.F.C.



## A Silver Jubilee

Seldom is it our happy privilege to spend a few days in the heart of such universal and whole-souled enthusiasm as characterized the ceremonies by which the people of Lafontaine celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the coming of the Sisters of St. Joseph to their Parish of Sainte-Croix. A celebration indeed, such as we rarely see nowadays—not the result of the plans and preparations of a few of the inhabitants of the town, but the cordial expression by one and all, of their appreciation and gratitude for the good work accomplished and the benefits received from the presence of the Sisters in the parish.

The Jubilee day was set for Sunday, the eighteenth of September, the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, and the Saturday before, the parishioners, setting aside their customary daily routine, devoted time, energy, money and heart to the decoration of the village. By evening the work was complete, and from every available point of vantage, flags and banners of welcome and jubilation waved their enthusiastic messages to the Sisters. Reverend Mother Victoria, Superior General of the Sisters of St. Joseph, arrived from Toronto; the missions of Orillia and Penetanguishene, as well as the Mother House, also sent their quota of visitors, among whom was one of the foundresses of the Sainte-Croix mission. All found Lafontaine truly “en fete” for their reception. Among the parishioners who distinguished themselves in planning and in carrying out the various details of the celebration, Messrs. Telesphore Moreau and Samuel Gignac, two representatives of the School Board and former pupils of the first Sisters of St. Joseph in Lafontaine, were tireless in their efforts to make the occasion the splendid success it was, and to show their appreciation not only of what had been done for them in the past, but of what was still being done for their children in turn, by the good Sisters.

But if it were quite enough for one to be acquainted with the kind and zealous pastor of Lafontaine, Rev. Father H. Brunet, to divine the motive power that lay behind this immense display of energy and goodwill. His hearty co-operation in every project that concerns the welfare of the Sisters is well known and the zest with which he entered into the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of their coming to the Parish is but the verification of the old adage that zeal for the things of God is, after all, only the overflow of our heart's love for Him, upon our neighbour.

On Sunday morning at nine o'clock, a High Mass of thanksgiving was sung by Reverend Father Brunet. The interior of the church had been beautifully decorated for the occasions, and the tasteful arrangement of the altars reflected great credit on the skill of Miss Martin, the organist, who besides supervising the adornment of the church, had also trained the choir, and whose artistic efforts in both branches were crowned with decided success. In a short but glowing address to the congregation. Reverend Father Brunet struck the keynote of the day, and translated into words the feelings of jubilation and thanksgiving—to God for the many blessings He had bestowed on the people of the parish during the last twenty-five years through the presence of consecrated lives in their midst—and gratitude to the Sisters who, lending themselves so perfectly to the designs of God, by prayer and example had been the channel of these blessings. To Saint Joseph, too, there was a debt of gratitude to be acknowledged, since he, having been chosen first patron of Huronia, had never failed his clients in their appeals for help; he had finally eclipsed all his other favours by sending his daughters to labour in the parish, and continued and would continue to bless their labours there.

In the early afternoon, a number of the old pupils of the parish school gathered informally at the Convent, and entertained the Sisters with a little programme of vocal music. It proved thoroughly enjoyable, and through the charm of informality, won for itself a place as one of the pleasantest features of the day.

It had been decided to make the principal feature of the afternoon's celebration the erection of a large cross to replace one which had stood for years on the old Lacroix homestead, but long since destroyed by the relentless wear and tear of the elements. It had been raised in the first place as a monument to the faith of the early Canadian settlers, and since the people of Lafontaine had been most anxious to restore it, it was considered appropriate to make its erection one of the means of commemorating the Silver Jubilee of the Sisters of St. Joseph in the parish. The cross is thirty-five feet high and painted red and white in remembrance of one of the outstanding incidents in the life of Father Breboeuf, whose name will ever be dear to the hearts of the early and later settlers of old Huronia.

Accordingly about half-past two o'clock a procession was formed at the church grounds, and the cross conveyed to its destination on a decorated chariot, drawn by four magnificent horses. The whole population accompanied it, driving or walking in procession. At a certain point on the road, the Cross was transferred from the chariot to the shoulders of the members of the Catholic Order of Foresters, who carried it to the place of erection, followed by the men and young men of the parish and the boys of the school. It was indeed an imposing spectacle to see the huge cross borne reverently on the shoulders of these devout Catholic men, and followed by the crowds of people all united in the one true Faith and in the love of the Cross of Christ.

Arriving at the Lacroix homestead, the Cross was solemnly placed in position and blessed, after which Rev. Father Brunet, in his characteristic way infusing into the people his own earnestness and enthusiasm, led them in soul-stirring hymns to the Holy Cross. Then Rev. Father Castex, of Midland, mounted the improvised pulpit at the foot of the Cross and addressed the assembled people. He spoke of the cross, which before and even during the time of Our Lord, had been the symbol of shame and ignominy, but which He had glorified by using it as the instrument of our redemption. Since that time Christians have venerated it and looked upon it as the symbol of their faith,



and as such the original cross of Ste. Croix Parish had been erected. As such also this new Cross, and indeed every cross, should be a constant reminder to those who look upon it, of the love they owe to their Saviour Who was crucified for them on Calvary. The Rev. Father also asked a special remembrance for the son of the former owner of the homestead on which the Cross stands, who was the only victim of the Great War, from the parish, and also for the Sisters of St. Joseph, whose anniversary was being commemorated, and from whose loving labours for the Cross of Christ so many present had drawn profit.

After the procession, the young men of the parish mounted on their spirited horses in a company which had formed one of the most spectacular feature of the parade, led the way to the Convent, and, forming in military lines facing the building, paid their meed of respect to the Sisters.

Later in the day the Sisters were entertained by a concert given in their honour by the young people and tiny tots of the parish. With a complacency and wisdom far beyond their years, the little ones discoursed together, congratulating each other on the benefits they were deriving from the example and teaching of the Sisters, and finally deputed the two tiniest and most winsome of their number to communicate their appreciation to Rev. Mother Victoria, and to present to her a purse, the overflowing expression or rather reiteration of the cordial sentiments of appreciation and gratitude of young and old. At the conclusion of the entertainment, by request of Rev. Mother Victoria, Rev. Father Brunet thanked the people in behalf of the Sisters for the kindly feelings which prompted, and the universal interest and energetic co-operation which perfected a day of such genuine jubilee.

On Monday morning Rev. Father Brunet sang a Mass of thanksgiving in the Sisters' chapel, thus bringing to a close a Jubilee Celebration which will long be remembered by all who participated in it. In the hearts of the Sisters of St. Joseph, happiness and a sense of true satisfaction could not but be kindled through contact with such enthusiastic appreciation, and on the other hand, in the expression of this

cordiality the people of Lafontaine experienced in double measure the blessedness of giving. If indeed there were any alloy in the happiness of the Sisters, it was occasioned by the absence of very many former pupils of the parish school who, during the last twenty-five years have answered the call of the Master to come and follow Him more closely in a life of entire devotion to His service. Had it been possible to reassemble all for the day of rejoicing, besides the joys of reunion, what just pride would have been theirs to see their dear ones united heart and soul in the lovely cause of gratitude, and affording it expression in the most enjoyable, the most enthusiastic and whole-souled of celebrations—a “Jubilee par excellence.”









VERY REV. A. O'MALLEY, LITT.D.

## Dean O'Malley, Litt.D. of Barrie

In the death of Rev. Dean O'Malley at St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, 7th inst., a priest of scholarly attainments has passed from the ranks of the clergy of Toronto Diocese. Though American by birth, he was Canadian by education and domicile. As a pupil he early proved himself an apt student, winning distinction at the primary schools hardly less brilliant than that which marked his course at St. Michael's College and the Grand Seminary, Montreal.

Andrew O'Malley had no sooner completed his studies at the High School, than he took up school-teaching as a profession. But finding that his energies were too circumscribed by red tape and blue-books, he relinquished his new calling for the more bustling life of a shopkeeper. It was while catering to the wants of the body from behind the counter that he conceived the higher purpose of his life, that of ministering to the needs of the soul.

Notwithstanding that he had attained to somewhere in the late twenties when the call to the priesthood came he none the less entered upon his ecclesiastical course with the zest and adventurous spirit of an explorer in search of a new continent. By dogged industry and patient endurance, he gained a high place both in philosophy and theology.

Dean O'Malley was ordained by the late Archbishop Walsh in 1893. The charges which he has since held were: The curacy of St. Paul's, St. Catharines; St. Michael's Cathedral, St. Mary's and the pastorate of Uxbridge, Oshawa, and the Deanery of Barrie, where he died. In all these parishes he will be long and affectionately remembered for his generous service to the cause of religion and education.

Amid a busy life, Dean O'Malley was one of the few clergymen who was able to find time for literary work apart from the discharge of his pastoral duties. After the routine work

of the day was over he sought the higher atmosphere of literature as the tired student of the laboratory seeks the open air and sunshine of the golf links. He was the author of more than one volume, and a public speaker of striking power. But it is as a conversationalist he was best known and will be longest remembered. He had the art of picturesque phrase which gave colour and tone to his thoughts and an opulence of imagery that made his conversations charmingly realistic.

Deep and sincere will be the regret of the readers of St. Joseph Lilies far and near, on hearing of Dean O'Malley's death, for he has been a contributor to its pages since its first publication and his many interesting contributions were always highly appreciated and enjoyed.

Let us hope and pray that in the golden bourne that lies beyond the setting sun, his scholarly soul has reached the summit of his ideal, seated among the Doctors of the Church at the marriage feast of intellect.

REV. M. CLINE.

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## Values

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

The Universe is but a mammoth scroll  
 To trace the perfect pattern of His plan;  
 The birds, the flowers, the beasts and-chiefly-Man,  
 Who holds within him an immortal soul.  
 Unmeasured seas of space that starward roll,—  
 Do they not dwarf to naught, since time began,  
 This pin-point world which nations seek to span?  
 Yet, like God's truth, the world moves to its goal.

Not what we see, but what we dream, is great—  
 Yea, Virtue suffering pain to heaven towers;  
 A mother's smile, a sweetheart at the gate—  
 Love's faith and sacrifice make glory ours,  
 Count not face worth, look deep, 'twill be too late  
 To seek for perfume from Life's withered flowers.



## Kant Under the Light of History

BY REV. M. J. RYAN, D.D., Ph.D.

(In The American Catholic Historical Review).

### PART I.

Time! the corrector where our judgments err,  
Time the Avenger!

—Byron.

By the irony of progress Kant's philosophy, after an experience of a century and a quarter, has become a subject properly for an Historical Review. The philosopher who claimed to be the Copernicus of the mind, who solemnly suspended all metaphysicians from their occupations, who announced a system indispensable for the highest aims of humanity and asserted that his system had nothing to fear from any changes of opinion or any spirit of amendment, has become like Tycho Brahe, an historical phenomenon, manifestly relative and conditioned by his own time and place. The pretence of an everlasting gospel has had its day. The spell has long been broken; and the vogue, equal at least to that of Descartes in the seventeenth century and of Locke in the eighteenth, has passed away like a dream. Common sense by a passive resistance, and reason by an active one, have been too strong for Kant. The tremendous apparatus of pedantic terms with which Kant overawed the world for a time has long been pierced so that we know how much was behind it all, and it is possible to explain in simple language the ideas once so mysteriously and thought to be mystical.

No one now would accept the system of "Critical or Formal Idealism," any more than that of Pre-established Harmony or that of Innate Ideas and Occasionalism. The appearance of unity and consistency by which Kant's system at first commanded respect has been dissipated by a hundred

critics; and with this, the falsity of the greater part of it has been laid bare. All serious students of philosophy now recognize that Kant's theory can only be profitably considered as a movement of transition. Only at the moment when it appeared, formed by the pressure of the philosophical situation as conceived by its author, could Kant's system offer itself as a living solution for a living problem. The collision of Hume and Wolff within the mind of Kant set his inventive faculty in action, and what he produced has now gone to the history of the past along with the theories of those authors.

One of the reasons why Kant employed such an obscure and ambiguous style in his greater works was the wish to conceal his new opinions from the authorities of his church and from the public. "It is remarkable," said Huxley, "that Kant is a very clear writer on physics, but obscure on metaphysics. This was because he did not want too many to understand him. He would have been persecuted, at that time, for his scepticism."

### Kant's Opinions About Religion.

The Kantian (1) philosophy has been enveloped in such a golden haze by its Anglo-Saxon admirers (some of them Catholic) that it is necessary to say plainly at the very outset that Kant was not a Christian but at most a Deist, and that he is an anti-Christian writer. In his manhood he never entered a church. Once as rector of the University of Königsberg he was obliged to head a procession of the professors to the cathedral; but when he arrived at the door of the church he would not enter but turned aside and returned to his rooms.

As Baron Friedrich Von Hugel, who certainly is not biased against his philosophy, says (2) "Throughout his book on Religion within the bounds of *Mere Reason* he shows an angry

(1) The best exposure and refutation of the critique of the Pure Reason in English will be found in Sidgwick's Lectures on the Philosophy of Kant, and in "Kant's Theory of Knowledge," by H. A. Prichard, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford.

(2) *Eternal Life: A Study of Its Implications and Applications* (Ch. V.) by Frederick Von Hugel.

hostility to any recognition of Jesus Christ as God or even as simply, somehow unique." Nor does he even admit what we call natural religion. Judaism, or Mohammedanism, or even the later Buddhism would, each of them be more than Kant would accept. According to him, we have no duties towards God; there should be no worship or prayer—neither petition nor praise. "A disposition to execute all our actions as if they took place in the service of God is the spirit of prayer, but to incorporate this wish in words, even interiorly, can only have the value at most of the means of the repeated awakening of that disposition within us."

The error was not even original. "The famous Kantian definition of religion," as Falckenberg says (3) (i.e., the regarding of our duties to man as divine commands)" was announced in Glasgow a generation earlier than in Koenigsberg," by Adam Smith, who was a deist.

To regard our duties towards our neighbour and ourself as if they were divine commands is inspiring and strengthening—in one word, useful, but not founded upon truth. Thus, though he professes in the Critique of Pure Reason that we can know nothing about the attributes of God or the relations between us and God, he here inconsistently asserts in a positive manner that God cannot hear prayer or give us commandments.

Von Hugel, (4) who is not depreciatory of Kant's genius, says that his greatness lies not in religious philosophy but in epistemology and ethics, "and even in these it lies more in his detection of the precise nature and whereabouts of certain crucial problems and complications than in the consistency and satisfactory character of the solutions proposed. Three or more mutually inconsistent principles are often found to be operative in what he claims to be a single and self-consistent solution; and certain strong theological antipathies and insensibilities when he comes to religious matters."

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(3) Falckenberg History of Philosophy, Ch. V. (Article on Adam Smith).

(4) Eternal Life, loc. cit.



Kant had a great affection for Hume's sceptical *Dialogues on Religion*, which the author was too prudent to give to the world during his life; and it must not be omitted that Kant revised Hamann's translation of them and was earnest with the younger Hamann to put forth the work of his father although a translation by Plattner had already been published.

When Kant, having taught that there were no proofs of the existence and attributes of God, excuses himself by saying that he has also shown the atheist that there are no valid arguments against the existence of God, one wonders whether he really believed that all atheists were such simpletons as to be humbugged with this camouflage. The atheist assuredly has the best of bargains wherever the believer is weak enough to agree with him that nothing can be known by proof about God.

It must be remembered that, when Kant talks of belief or faith as a substitute for knowledge of the fact that the will is free and that there is a God and that the soul is immortal, he means by faith and belief something very different from what we mean by religious faith. It is not divine faith but human belief, an opinion to which one is strongly inclined, a sentiment, a hope that it may be so. He is so entangled in the toils of his agnostic theory, laid down in the *Critique of the Pure Reason*, that he does not, strictly speaking, believe in God, but only believes that there is a God and that there is a future life. The freedom of the will, the existence of God, and the future life, are "practical postulates" required for the interests of duty against pleasure; they are something like what the Oxford logicians call "a working hypothesis"—perhaps a hope that there may be a God and a future life.

"Where Kant's view remains religious and he is reasoning *ex-professo*," says Von Hugel, "he at once becomes hypothetical."

In any case since God is not to be worshipped nor petitioned, the system is virtually and practically atheistic.

His interpretation of sacred history and of the whole

Scriptures regards them as mere human writings and is of the kind now called modernistic.

The effect of a doctrine on the mind, as Mill (5) observes, is best shown not in him who forms it but in those who are formed by it. And experience has shown that the consequence of the Kantian system in those who have accepted its principles has been, in strong and thorough-going minds, agnosticism (which is practically atheism) and has been Modernism in those who have tried inconsistently to combine the formulas of the Christian creed with the principles and theories of Kant. His book on Religion, in particular, has furnished many hints towards the Modernism which appears to be undermining all the churches except the Catholic. He taught the two-facedness by which clergymen, as preachers in the pulpit speaking under commission, are bound to the creeds of their Churches, but as theologians, scholars, and authors may and should hold themselves free to express doubt and dissent, since to have any unalterable articles of faith (except, of course, belief in Kantism) would be a crime against progress and against human nature. We may trace to his influence such sayings as that religion is only "morality touched with emotion" (that is, rendered poetical) and that God is only an imaginative personification of our highest ideal of morality.

"Kant," says Lord Acton (7) "was incited by the French revolution to draw up a scheme of universal history, though perfectly ignorant of this subject, in unison with his own system. It was the entire inadequacy of Kant's philosophy to explain the phenomena of history which led Hegel, for whom the philosophical problem had converted itself into an historical one, to break with the system altogether." In one thing, however, Hegel and Kant agree, that is in ignoring the inspiration of the Scriptures and treating the historical books as mere human compositions, full of fiction, and in denying the

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(5) Representative Government, Ch. X.

(6) Matthew Arnold.

(7) Acton on Buckle's Philosophy of History, in Historical Essays, page 327.

Providential government of the world, and especially everything like miracle and prophecy.

Kant also held a theory of evolution which seems to differ little from materialism. In his last and crowning Critique on the Faculty of Judgment, which deals with purpose or design (the adaptation of means to end) in nature, and with the Beautiful and Sublime, he writes (8). "The union of so many species of animals in a certain common Schema . . . allows us at least a faint ray of hope that something may be explained here on that principle of the Mechanism of Nature, without which there could be no natural science at all. The analogy of forms, which in spite of all their diversity, seem to be generated from a common origin, strengthens the supposition of a real relationship between them, in their production from an original parent form, by the progressive approach of one species to another, from that in which the principle of purpose seems most exhibited, namely from the man, to the polyp, and from this again to the moss and lichen, and finally to the lowest phase of nature known to us—to inorganic matter—from which together with its forces the whole technique of nature seems derivable according to mechanical laws—that technique of nature which is to us so incomprehensible in organized beings, that we believe ourselves obliged to assume a distinct principle for its explanation."

Kant, however, was not a materialist.

We are not surprised when we find a poet, for example Tennyson, combining a doctrine of evolution with a doctrine of Berkeleyan Idealism. For no one expects a poet in his poems to maintain philosophical consistency. But in one whose profession is philosophy and who sets up to make a system we have a right to demand coherence. The spirit and tendency of the Third Critique on the whole seems to be to substitute in place of religion a subjective and agnostic sense of the sublime in nature and a poetic deification of the universe in order to satisfy the need which the human heart feels for some object to revere and adore.

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(8) Kritik der Urtheilskraft, page 399, ed. Kirchmann.



**Kant's Inconsistency.**

A distinction often has to be made between the opinions which a philosopher himself holds and those which his system logically involves and into which it may consistently develop. Though Kant is a laboriously systematic and an ingenious and an original thinker, yet his philosophy is in many ways inconsistent. Not only are his various treatises incoherent with one another, but the *Critique of Pure Reason* is in some places quite inconsistent with itself. Kant's system of thought in fact was fluid and shifting and shimmering like a pool of quicksilver; the old philosopher did not always see the consequences of his own theories; and sometimes when he did see them, he tried to avoid them. The inconsistency and ambiguous use of terms produced by confusion of thought, and producing more confusion, are now acknowledged by his disciples, who indeed profess to see his meaning more clearly than he saw it himself. Did not Kant himself in a moment of unguardedness say (9) that it is possible to understand a philosopher better than he understood himself because he did not sufficiently define his concept and thus sometimes spoke or even thought in opposition to his own purpose? The only difficulty is that exponents and advocates as well as critics and opponents differ widely in their interpretations; what one disciple puts forward as the very essence of Kant may be denounced by another as the very error which Kant was bent on destroying; and thus we have libraries of controversy about this meaning, in which the question of philosophic truth is quite forgotten. To try to pin down the Kantians to a definite position, especially concerning religion or theology, is trying to bind Proteus. The Neo-Kantians indeed, who might almost as well be called Neo-Hegelians, frankly confess his and their self-contradiction; and like Hegel, though they will not accept the mysteries of divine revelation, yet defend their position by asserting that there is a fundamental contradiction

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(9) *Critique of the Pure Reason*, *Transcendental Dialectic*, Bk. 1., First Section, p. 255 in Max Muller's translation.

in human thought. Mr. F. C. S. Schiller, Ph.D., relates (10) that once Henry Sidgwick lectured to the Oxford Philosophical Society on the philosophy of Thomas Hill Green and its inconsistency and the ambiguity of his expression. When he had finished, the disciples of Green got up one after another and admitted that there was a fundamental inconsistency in their philosophy but suggested various ways in which they thought it might be healed. At last an Hegelian rose and suggested that both sides of the contradiction should be held. Sidgwick in replying to the criticisms upon his lectures said that the school to which the last speaker evidently belonged had never made it clear how they managed to distinguish the contradictions which they took to be evidence of error from the contradictions which they regarded as evidences of higher truth. As he sat down amid laughter and applause, an eminent tutor remarked to Schiller that Henry's reply showed that he had his share of the Sidgwickedness of his family.

#### **Kant's Influence in His Own Country.**

Kant invented a form of error which was original and specious, and adapted to the spirit of the age. It is obvious that a limited scepticism, attacking only religion, and professing also to oppose irreligion, was much more seductive than the universal scepticism of Hume. And Kant's agnosticism was so artfully camouflaged that it attracted both those who understood it and those who did not. For it is said that its first admirers were found in the Catholic universities of Germany. Honest and benevolent minds generally are simple and easily deceived. In the case of Hegel, says Acton (11) "The breach between pantheism and Christianity was so well concealed by an ambiguous use of terms that the most learned Catholic layman of the time (the elder Windischmann) rejoiced at the coming of a new era for religion." And something similar had happened when some Catholic professors

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(10) In *Memoir of Henry Sidgwick*, p. 586.

(11) Acton, *Historical Essays*, p. 361 (on German Schools of History).

thought that Kant was exalting moral proofs above intellectual speculation, and faith above reason.

On the other hand, the many men of this world who wish to forget God, welcomed a philosophy which taught them a justification for their neglect, and yet did not openly run counter, like Hume's scepticism, to their worldly common sense. The preaching of duty gave an air of elevation to this philosophic apostasy.

Moreover, there always will be many light enough to follow a new road even if it leads nowhere. Many will believe anything provided that they are not obliged to believe it. Many will think whatever is hardily and oracularly asserted must be so certain that it is their own fault if they do not see it. And many, as Kant himself recognized will think that what is too obscure for them to understand must be very profound.

The direct and legitimate issue of the Kantian system is found in a practical school of philosophy, contemptuously indifferent and sceptical about metaphysics and especially about theology, but at the same time opposed to theories of empiricism. But along with this there were two other movements which may be called by-products; or to change the metaphor, we may say that they were produced by the spin or angular momentum of the ideas which he set in motion.

Kant argued against metaphysics in a metaphysical manner, and these two elements, the resultant practicality and the a-priori method were divorced, and each by itself asserted and developed at the expense of the other. He produced a new strain as by a "mental chemistry" in Spinozistic metaphysicians such as Fichte, and in the early Schelling and the early Hegel; and on the other hand, he was claimed as father and patron by a school of empiricists, such as Fries.

Kant showed his dislike of Fichte's metaphysics very early in the latter's career, and soon publicly repudiated him.

In a letter written towards the end of 1797, apologizing for his delay in acknowledging the receipt of Fichte's essays, he says that he now finds himself, when he composes, "driven



into practical departments, willingly leaving to others the subtleties of theoretical speculation, especially when it leads to your finely pointed apices." He is glad to see by Fichte's recent pieces that he is developing a popular style in exposition and that "you have already passed through the thorny paths of scholastic (i.e., Wolffian) method and will not find it necessary to return to them." Fichte replied that he did not think at all of bidding farewell to a scholastic mode of exposition and argument, but on the contrary carried it on with pleasure, finding it to strengthen his powers.

A couple of years later, when Fichte's metaphysical opinions about religion were getting him into trouble and he was claiming to be a disciple and developer of Kant's philosophy, the old man promptly repudiated both the new system and its author; "I hold Fichte's *Wissenschaftslehre* to be a wholly untenable system. . . . The presumption of crediting me with the intention of giving merely a propaedeutic to transcendental philosophy, and not the very system of such a philosophy, is incomprehensible to me. Such a design never could have occurred to me; I myself declared in the *Criticism of the Pure Reason* that the completed whole of pure philosophy was the best guarantee of the truth of the *Criticism*." (12) And he hints that Fichte, in professing to be his disciple and friend, was altogether insincere and artful.

The empirical school on the other hand seize on Kant's practical conclusion, and either dilute or explain away the a-priori method and proofs. Fries asserts that the a-priori factor in the Kantian system was not really reached by Kant by an a-priori road but a posteriori and that there was no other way in which it could have been reached.

Within half a century, in spite of Fichte and Schelling and Hegel, and Schopenhauer, metaphysic in Germany was quietly dying. (13) The philosophers were turning themselves into historians of philosophy; their lecture rooms were empty; and Schelling confessed to a traveller that the end

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(12) Quoted in Wallace's *Life of Kant*, p. 85.

(13) Acton on German Schools of History, *Essays* p. 386.

had come: "La pensee allemande est aujourd'hui dans un cul de sac, et je ne vois pas qui pourra l'en tirer." Thus the legitimate development of the Kantian philosophy was a sort of higher pragmatism; and it might not be difficult to show how it eradicated the principle which would have resisted the specific pragmatism lately developed.

### **Influence Upon British Philosophy.**

The influence of Kant upon British philosophy during the last century was felt in three different ways during three different generations. In the first period Coleridge, who had been a disciple of Bishop Butler in Ethics, took from Kant what was positive and constructive in his moral philosophy, and interpreted the Critique of the Pure Reason very benevolently, thinking that Kant must have meant more by his Thing-in-itself than his words expressed and that he must have attained through his practical convictions of duty and freedom that knowledge which his mere expressions seemed to repudiate of the spirituality of the human soul. It is a great mistake, however, to think that Coleridge was a Kantian. He took up Kantism for a time, as he took up Schelling for the brief period while he was composing the *Biographia Literaria*. But in his mature and definite convictions Coleridge continued the tradition of the Cambridge Platonists of the seventeenth century, and he even approved of Reid's names for the various modes of cognition in preference to the Kantian terms. (14) For the full proof of Coleridge's Platonism, which might require several pages, I must refer the reader to an article upon Coleridge which I wrote some years ago in *Hasting's Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics*, or to the *Catholic University Bulletin* of January, 1907.

In the second period Hamilton and his disciple Mansel with good intentions but little wisdom sought to found faith upon agnosticism and the "relativity of human knowledge"

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(14) Contrast Coleridge's terminology in Appendix E to the *Statesman's Manual* with Kant's given in *Critique of Pure Reason*, *Transcendental Dialectic* Bk. 1, 1st section, p. 260, by Max Muller.

(a vague equivocal term that may mean any one of four or five different theories). These two thinkers drew from Kant chiefly what was subjective, negative, and sceptical, while they thought, with much lack of clear-headedness and consistency, to combine it with the native common-sense philosophy. Through these Kant has had some influence upon Herbert Spencer.

In a third period, a "Neo-Kantian" school, as they called themselves, of whom Thomas Hill Greene (15) seems to have been chief, took from the Critique of Pure Reason the affirmation of an a-priori element in human understanding, especially the very obscure doctrine of the "synthetic unity of apperception" (or self-consciousness) and developed this element alone as Hegel did into a something like mentalistic pantheism. Here there is no light but rather darkness visible—such gloom as counterfeits a light. So misty and obscure a theory never could obtain disciples outside of the lecture-room of the master. I remember once my lamented friend Rev. Walter McDonald, Prefect of the Dunboyne Establishment in Maynooth, saying to me, in the vigorous language of private conversation, that he had read every one of Greene's works and could not understand a word in any of them. I said that I had read some of them and understood just enough to see that Greene did not understand himself.

### **Limits of Kant's Knowledge.**

Kant, as Falckenberg remarks, was an acute rather than a profound thinker; and at the same time his acquaintance with earlier systems of thought was very slight. "It can be proved by history," Schelling (16), who had been a follower of Kant, wrote during the life of the philosopher, "that Kant had never studied philosophy in its grand and comprehensive type . . . that he knew of Plato, Spinoza, even Leibniz only through the medium of a metaphysical doctrine which was dominant about

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(15) See Sedgwick's Lectures on Green in the volume "Lectures of Kant and other Philosophers."

(16) Schelling quoted in Wallace's Kant, p. 95.



fifty years ago (i.e., about 1750) in the German Universities—a pedantic metaphysics which derived its origin from Wolff. . . . His philosophy is no native and original growth but secondary and derivative; it is no universal, self-subsisting system, but rests in part on the rubbish-heap of a forgotten system.”

Widely as we differ from Schelling, we may agree with him in this censure. Kant betrays himself when (in the preface to the second edition of the *Critique of Pure Reason*) he describes Wolff as “the greatest of the dogmatic philosophers, the one who first showed how the secure method of science could be attained only by legitimate establishment of principles, a clear definition of concepts, an attempt at strictness of proof, and an avoidance of all bold combinations in concluding.”

In any one acquainted with Aristotle or the great scholastic philosophers and theologians, such language about Wolff can only excite a compassionate smile.

Kant's references to the Greek philosophers show that he had made no study of them and had only a general, popular knowledge of them. Though he had the face to claim that he understood Plato better than that philosopher understood himself, his remarks about Platonic philosophy show a slight and superficial acquaintance with it. His statements about the Epicurean system are very inaccurate. Concerning the great mediaeval thinkers who united all that was best in both Aristotle and Plato, and who developed the Aristotelic principles with real grasp and clearness, he was altogether ignorant and indifferent, notwithstanding the respect which Leibniz had expressed for them. Even the British philosophers were little known to him, though he was more influenced by them, as will be seen, than is generally known; and he did not even study the ablest works of Hume, whom he professes to be opposing.

His system, so far as it is connected with previous philosophy, is related to the Leibniz-Wolffian system, as he usually styles it. But he knew little about Descartes and less about

Spinoza, the predecessors of Leibniz. Without doubt the Wolffian or Leibnizian system in some respects prepared the way for Kant, as will be seen; often indeed, when I have been reading some of Leibniz's hypotheses or theories, I have felt inclined to say that much of Kant is but a crystallization of what was fluid in Leibniz—as if he were but asserting positively and formally what Leibniz had indecisively and tentatively and virtually suggested. It cannot be too clearly realized that Kant's system, with all his boasts of finality, was no universal and self-subsistent philosophy such as Aristotle's, but a local temporary and relative one, produced by the impinging of Hume's scepticism upon dogmatic rationalism of Wolff, an historical phenomenon significant for a given time and place, but not a possession forever.

#### **The Critique of the Practical Reason.**

In consequence of his inconsistency not all parts of the Kantian philosophy are equally false and pernicious. The Critique of the Pure Reason is that by which he is most known in foreign countries. But, though it was the first of the Critiques published, it was not by it that he first became famous in his own country, but by the Foundation for the Metaphysics of Ethics and by the Critique of the Practical Reason, for the sake of which men of philosophy and of letters studied the Critique of the Speculative Reason. Without doubt Kant's earnest preaching of duty came as a fresh breeze in a stagnant atmosphere of sentimental utilitarianism, in a country and an age in which as Fichte said, "the citadels of morality had been destroyed, and the idea of duty blotted out from all the dictionaries." "Buy two books for heaven's sake," wrote Jean Paul (Richter) to a friend—"Kant's Foundation of a Metaphysic is no mere sun of the world but a whole dazzling solar system at once." But he abhorred the Pure Reason when he read it. Fichte, who was accidentally acquainted with Kant's Critiques by a student who asked for his assistance in reading them, wrote to friends: "I live in a new world since I have read the Critique of Practical Reason. Things which I believed

never could be proved to me, e.g., the idea of an absolute freedom and duty, have been proved, and I am the happier for it." Schiller was another who expressed himself with the enthusiasm of a neophyte; he stuck to the theory of the beautiful and the sublime; but his admiration for the Ethics was cooled by a longer acquaintance. Kant's stoical, or worse than stoic theory that an action ceases to be moral if done for any other motive besides a stern sense of duty—for example, from love and affection and with pleasure—was happily satirized by Schiller (though with some exaggeration as is usual in satire) in two epigrams on a Case of Conscience, at the conclusion of his group of Distichs on The Philosophers:

### 1. Scruples of Conscience:

The friends whom I love, I gladly would serve  
But to this inclination incites me  
And so I am forced from virtue to swerve  
Since my act through affection delights me.

### 2. Decision:

The friends whom thou lovest thou must first seek to scorn,  
For to no other end can I guide thee:  
'Tis alone with disgust thou canst rightly perform  
The acts to which Duty would lead thee. (17)

The Critique of the Practical Reason contains the core of Kant's philosophy. The essence of that philosophy is found in the ideas of free will and duty; and it is only fair to him to say that the safeguarding of the freedom of the will is his chief interest in the distinction and difference between the Phenomenon and the Thing-in-itself.

Kant's doctrine, however, concerning the authority of conscience and the unconditional command is by no means so original as his admirers would have us believe; while his practical rule, "Act so that your conduct may be suitable for all men," makes consequences, after all, to be the criterion by



which we are to distinguish between right and wrong, and thus does not elevate us altogether above experience, as he professes to do.

### **The Origin of the Ethical System.**

Lord Acton, who, with a German mother, a German education, and a German wife, and an Hegelian (which is German) theory of progress, cannot be suspected of unfairness to the Germans, and whose writings show that he was not prejudiced in favour of his own countrymen any more than in favour of his own Church, writes (18) thus to Gladstone who was then preparing an edition of Bishop Butler's Works (a name familiar to all readers of Newman's Apologia): "The Germans do not know it, but Kant is the macrocosm of Butler. He is Butler writ very large. His main argument, founded on the deification of the human conscience, came to him from The Analogy and the Sermons. It is not impossible, I maintain, to show where Butler got that theory of conscience which has so much influenced political as well as religious thought. I do not think that he was the discoverer and innovator in ethical science that men like Martineau say he was. But it is pretty certain that Kant, who was no great reader, took it from him, and dug no deeper into seventeenth century literature."

(Acton says elsewhere that Butler's doctrine about conscience is identical with that of Alphonso de Sarasa, S.J. (1618-1667) and may have been learned from his writings).

"Kant stands on the shoulders of the Analogy when he elevates the probability into a substitute for proof, and on those of the Sermons when he makes the infallible Conscience the basis of certainty and the source of the Categorical Imperative. And my point is that he hails from Butler directly or indirectly.

"Kant's countrymen derive him from Hume, Adam Smith, and Rousseau. But I do not despair of convincing German

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(18) Acton's Correspondence, Vol. 1, pp. 225 and 79-80, ed Figgis and Lawrence.

friends that what Butler compressed into a crowded volume is expanded into the minute and subtle philosophy of his successor.

"The relations of Kant with Butler must have been set as a thesis in some university. But I cannot find that any book treats of it."

It is amusing—or it would be amusing if it were not mournful—to remember how many simple Anglo-Saxons have idealized Kant without the slightest suspicion that whatever was best in him was derived from one of their own philosophers, whom they comparatively depreciated, and that indeed Kant in the process of adoption omitted much that was true and good.

For when we consider his relations with Butler, it should not be overlooked that Kant's theory of conscience and duty differs for the worse from Butler's doctrine in one very important respect. Butler affirms in the most emphatic way that the law of conscience immediately leads us to the belief in a Law-giver, and that the judgment of conscience upon our actions, words, and thoughts, "if not forcibly stopped, goes on always naturally and of course to anticipate a higher and more effectual sentence which shall hereafter second and affirm its sentence." (19).

Kant, as I need scarcely say, denies the inference from the law to the Law-giver, and asserts the "autonomy" of the human mind and will. If, therefore, he drew his ethical theory from Butler, he robbed it of the great part of its value.

Kant's most famous saying, which is now inscribed beside his bust on the wall of the Stoa Kantiana in the University of Königsberg, "*Der bestirnte Himmel über mir, und das moralische Gesetz in mir*—The starry firmament above, and the moral law within"—is taken, as Acton (20) observes, straight from Rousseau, whose portrait was the only print that adorned the walls of Kant's room, and whose *Emile* kept him for one exceptional afternoon from his daily "Constitutional" walk. But it is to be observed that when Rousseau compared the majesty

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(19) Butler's Sermons, No. 11, §3, and No. VI., at end.

(20) Acton's Correspondence 1, 225.

of the moral law within us to that of the heavens without and above, he was comparing it to something whose reality he did not doubt, whereas Kant is comparing the moral law to something which is in his opinion only a "phenomenon," an appearance within our own sensibility and imagination, not a reality; and therefore his comparison does not tend to deepen and strengthen our reverence for conscience, but rather tends in spite of him to reduce duty to the level upon which he places space and time.

Perhaps we may profitably remark here that the Psalmist (in our 18th psalm) makes a parallel between the glory of the sunlit sky and the law of God as enlightening our souls.

Kant's scepticism about the worth of the arguments and proofs of speculative reason came as he confesses, from Hume.

The Lowland Scottish are the Prussians of Great Britain, and Kant was of Scottish descent. Yet no two characters could have been more unlike than that of this exceptional and untypical Lowland Scottishman with his easy-going good temper and naiveté, and his infantile levity of scepticism, and the serious, almost solemn determination of the Prussian Agnostic. Still, it was Hume, as Kant tells us, who threw the spark which lighted Kant's torch and thereby kindled a conflagration; for it is obvious that a moderate and limited scepticism which fell in with the spirit of this world, was much more seductive than the universal scepticism of Hume, which questioned the reality of this world as well as the other.





## Rhymes of an Ancient Springtide

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

A NEW book, in warm red as to cover and binding, appeared one day on our library table. It came as the gift of a dear and valued friend, a reminder of days agone. Its title was "Ver Sacrum." The Holy Springtide. Its contents are both curious and charming.

It is a collection of German poems, devout in tone, translated into musical English verse by Edith Renouf, daughter of Sir P. LePage Renouf, and dedicated to his friend, the Rev. Father Neville of the Oratory, Birmingham.

Many of these German lyrics reveal themselves as old favourites, well beloved. Some are by Novalis Von Hardenburg, whose "Hymns to the Night" charmed us into an attempt at translating them, many years ago; others bear the honoured name of Angelus Silesius, whose beautiful thought has accompanied with us a long, long time. In fact, a page of his quatrains, even now has place, between covers where nothing else besides our own verse is allowed to come. Somehow that page seems to consecrate the rest.

But this book of the Sacred Springtide has many and varied blossoms. A "Neopolitan Folk-Song," some lovely Christmas and Easter verse, a "Child's prayer" of exquisite simplicity, some legends of the Saints and a quaint poem by the De La Motte Fouqué attract the reader and embellish this curious German Garden.

The longer poems cannot be given here, for lack of space; but three or four of the shorter ones—which fortunately, are among the more choice—can be inserted. Here is a Christmas Carol, with a refrain or chorus intended to be used after every verse. It is both quaint and beautiful.

“O Child, of God the very Son!  
O Manger, throne of Solomon!  
O Stable, Eden of delight!  
O Straw, like Roses, red and white!  
Child in the Stall,  
Save Thou us all!  
Child in the Cot,  
Forget us not!

O Child, who may with Thee compare?  
Thy face is like to lilies fair;  
Thy cheeks like milk and wine appear;  
That wine our inmost hearts doth cheer.

Chorus.

Thy locks like gold are to the sight  
Thy lips are red, Thine eyes are bright;  
Fair from the head unto the feet  
Thou art, and more than honey sweet.

Chorus.

Thy body we may well compare  
To ivory set with sapphires rare;  
Ivory for Thy human state,  
And sapphire for Thy Godhead great.

Chorus.

Thy hands with hyacinths are filled,  
Whence sweetest fragrance is distilled.  
O Child, Thou shinest far more bright  
Than doth the sun at noonday height!

Child in the stall,  
Save Thou us all!  
Child in the cot,  
Forget us not!”

On the next page we find a curiously original verse from the German of Tauler, the mystic, sufficiently brief to admit of full citation

**A Cargo of Blessings.**

A ship comes sailing towards us,  
Laden with treasures rare;  
The mast is tall and shining,  
The sailors, angels fair.  
The ship sails softly onward,  
God Father bade her speed;  
She brings a priceless treasure;  
A Saviour in our need.  
The Virgin clasps an Infant,  
Born of her flesh and blood,  
The long desired of nations,  
Christ, very man and God.  
The ship draws ever nearer,  
So softly, yet so fast!  
Full swells her sail; The sail is love,  
The Holy Ghost her mast!

One is really bewildered among so many buds and blooms of Sacred thought. Choice can be determined only by length. The selections from Novalis are very beautiful and the following by Angelus Silesius, is a little Gospel in itself.

**The Tree of Life.**

Blest is he that seeketh rest  
In God's pastures green and quiet,  
In the shadow of the cross  
Far from worldly rout and riot;  
He is safe on holy ground,  
Though the tempest rage around.  
Sun by day and moon by night  
Shall not there have power to harm him;  
Hellish foes with subtle wiles  
Can not there prevail to charm him;  
No true ill can him betide  
Who beneath the Cross doth bide.  
With the fruit that Tree doth bear  
He his hunger keen relieveth,



Closest union with his God  
 Through that wondrous food receiveth;  
 Sweetest fruit, how blest is he  
 Who dost taste it worthily!

With the dew Christ's wounds distil,  
 Of its thirst his soul he easeth,  
 Even as the panting heart  
 By the brook its pain appeaseth;  
 Christ's sweet blood may well make whole  
 Every weak and fainting soul.

Come then to the cross, all ye  
 Who do faint beneath your burden;  
 Rest beneath that tree and seek  
 There your labour's ample guerdon;—  
 Peace which nowhere can be found,  
 Save upon that hallowed ground.

Let me dwell beneath that cross,  
 Lord, in life and death, I pray Thee!  
 Let no hostile powers thence  
 Drive me, Lord. Do not gainsay me,  
 Who on earth no comfort own  
 Save Thy death and Cross alone!

A popular Processional Hymn, entitled "Beyond All Praise," also graces this volume or Rhymes, uniting simplicity with a dignity befitting its themes. It opens thus:

Fair blue sky  
 Up on high,  
 Say, how many stars do shine?  
 More than well  
 Tongue can tell!  
 So oft praise this Sacrament!

Deep green sea  
 Say in thee  
 Are so many drops of brine?  
 More than well

Tongue can tell!  
So oft praise this Sacrament!

It goes on with the unnumbered leaves of the forest, the sands of the shore, and the motes in the sunshine, always with the same refrain. The next poem, "The Hidden Manna," is also in praise of the Blessed Sacrament. A "Children's Evening Song" makes tender appeal to the Blessed Mother and "St. Francis' Bride" is really too charming to omit, so here it is:

Welcome, darling Poverty,  
Sister of Humility!  
By no heavy load oppressed  
Through the world thou wanderest.  
One small dish sufficest Thee  
To hold food and drink, we see.  
Nought hast thou to lose, below;  
Fearlessly Thy way canst go,  
Though armed hosts and robber-bands  
Fill the terror stricken lands.  
Will thou needst not make, nor care  
Who hereafter be Thine heir;  
Better far than kin or friend  
Peace Thy death-bed shall attend.

Poverty, O, mighty queen,  
Lording it with brow serene  
O'er the world and all comprised  
Therein which Thou hast despised!  
Who with love of thee is graced  
Is not satisfied to taste,  
But with growing thirst possessed,  
Of the waters, fountain blest!  
Poverty is lack of pelf.  
Lowly estimate of self,  
Life of labour and of love,  
Endless reign with Christ above!"

—B. Jacopone da Todi.

The following is a fine bit of Teutonic thought. Note the introduction of the owl with its touch of comicality, striking a sharp, discordant note peculiarly German.

**The Hermit and the Nightingale.**

Come, night's sweet solace, nightingale!  
Let cheerily throughout the vale  
Thy sweetest accents ring!  
Thy Maker praise, as Thou canst best,  
For other birds are gone to rest  
And now no longer sing.  
Thy little voice now boldly raise  
Who best can praise  
Of all that sing  
God in Heaven, our Lord and King.

Although the sun long since hath set  
And we in darkness tarry yet,  
We none the less can sing  
Of God's great goodness, wisdom, might!  
Unhindered by the shades of night  
Our wonted homage bring.

Echo, the woodland's wayward child,  
Will join to ours her accents wild  
And seemingly rejoice:  
She bids us thoughts of sleep repress  
And sadly shames our drowsiness  
With never wearied voice.

The little stars now, bright and clear,  
In honour of our Lord appear  
In yonder calm blue sky.  
The owl that cannot sing, doth still  
Hoot and thus testify its will  
The Lord to glorify.

Then dearest bird, come sing with me!  
Let not us twain the sluggards be



To waste the night in sleep;  
Nay, rather, till the dawn appear  
In hymns, oh, let us persevere  
And blessed vigil keep!  
Thy little voice then boldly raise;  
Who best canst praise  
Of all that sing,  
God in Heaven, our Lord and King.

The above is from the German of Grimmelshausen, 17th century.

This charming book of the Springtime, which by the way is issued by Longmans, Green and Co., (London, New York and Bombay) is divided by five sub-titles, the first being "Christmas Roses"—the others "Lent Lilies," "Sunflowers" for "Easter-tide—"Marigolds," verses in honour of the Madonna, and "Meadow-sweet," legends of the saints. At the end of the section for Lent appears the following bit of verse by F. de la Motte Fouqué, which may fittingly close this review.

#### Christ's Flowers.

That Thou tendest us like flowers,  
Lord, I own with grateful heart;  
Yet, in sooth, Thou actest by us  
More than tenderest gardener's part.

For indeed, what gardener ever  
Shed his blood on earth below  
That his flower thus besprinkled,  
Might with fairer color glow?

Or what man, however skilful,  
Could attain the wondrous art  
To his flowers life and spirit  
Of his spirit to impart?

Or who yet has moved his nurslings  
To a land of light and bliss,  
Where nor wind nor winter rages?  
Yet, O joy, Thou dost all this.

## An Old Dramatist

BY REV. M. J. WATSON, S.J.

**I**N the strenuous and spacious days of the Renaissance the literary world gave evidence of an energy and inspiration similar to the power which in the springtime quickens the earth with new life, and "gathers into quires the scattered nightingales." Poetry especially felt this influence and matured into rare fruitage. Many singers arose, each of whom in his degree sang with a true and lovely note; but while the master voices in the concert have won universal recognition, it has been the lot, in too many instances, of the minor strains to encounter coldness and neglect. The name of George Peele, the dramatist, is known to few; but his work, inconsiderable though it is in bulk, is worthy of attentive study and fated not to die.

The sixteenth century drama springs from the miracle and morality plays of mediæval times. In the reign of Queen Mary the first English tragedy appeared under the title of *Gorbodue*, or as it is sometimes called, *Ferrex and Perrex*. It was written by Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, in collaboration with Thomas Norton. Like later tragedies, it had five acts, but it kept the awkward Greek device of the Chorus. In the second half of Elizabeth's reign the drama attained its full growth. Before Shakespeare began his career as actor and playwright, a number of university-trained writers, Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Nash, Lodge, and Kyd, appeared and proved by their work that a new era in poetry was coming into being. In them a fresh and vigorous dramatic spirit struggled for adequate utterance, and despite much extravagance and bombast and the banalities of classical allusion, the new men showed that they possessed genuine poetic insight, and their verses flash at times with a lyrical inspiration that we look for in vain in *Gorbodue* and the early plays. This was particularly the case with Marlowe, Peele and Greene.

The following lines are taken from Marlowe's "Doctor Faustus":

Ah! Faustus,

Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,  
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually!  
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,  
That time may cease and midnight never come . . .  
Oh, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me down?  
See, see, where Christ's Blood streams in the firmament!  
One drop would save my soul, half a drop! ah, my Christ,  
Ah rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!  
Yet will I call on Him. . . .

In Peele's "David and Bethsabe" we have the passage regarding the bower which David said he would build:

Now comes my lover tripping like the roe,  
And brings my longings tangled in her hair.  
To joy her love I'll build a kingly bower,  
Seated in the hearing of a hundred streams  
That . . . with their murmur summon easeful sleep  
To lay his golden sceptre on her brows.

Here are foretastes of the ripe fruit with which Shakespeare has enriched the world forever. Contrast the achievement of the Renaissance dramatists with that of modern playwrights—between the two what a difference! Dr. W. Barry touches in his "Heralds of Revolt" on the state of the modern drama though he refers chiefly to France, his words apply with perhaps equal force to the dramatic literature of English-speaking lands: "The stage, even in Paris, threatens more and more to degenerate into a great spectacular exhibition, or pantomime for grown-up children—a Barnum's Show minus the performing elephants. Scene-painting has usurped the place of passionate, high-reasoned dialogues. *Quidquid agunt homines* is no longer its business. Not what men do, but what actors wear (and actresses do not), has become the principal concern of managers, critics and audience. It is the hour of so-called Realism.



The senses are to be fascinated while leaving the heart untouched save by gross and violent caricatures of the tragedies of the police court and the Old Bailey, and the artist's mind which even yet seeks to be 'purified by pity and terror,' in subordination to the eternal laws of beauty and the sublime, is now in course of banishment from the modern stage, as though it were some poor follower of the 'ancien régime,' and therefore could never too much be suspected. In its aims and ideals rarely perhaps was that stage more degraded than at the moment at which we write."

Before proceeding to consider Peele's Plays, it will be well to state briefly all that is known of his life. The poet was born in the first twelvemonth of Queen Elizabeth's reign (1558) and died before that reign had reached its term at the comparatively early age of forty. Entering the University of Oxford in 1573, he obtained the degree of B.A. in 1577 and two years later that of Master of Arts. After gaining considerable reputation as a poet, he left the University in his twenty-fifth year, and produced in London, eight years before Shakespeare began to write, his dainty comedy "The Arraignment of Paris." Other plays, with graceful court poems, followed. Of "David and Bethsabe" the best of his dramas, Dyce the Editor of Peele's works, says that it vies in tenderness and poetic beauty with any of the tragedies of Marlowe.

In an address to the gentlemen students of both universities (1587), Thomas Nash speaks thus to Peele: "I dare commend him unto all that know him as the chief supporter of pleasaunce now living, the Atlas of Poetry and "primum verborum Artifex": whose first increase, "The Arraignment of Paris," might plead to your opinions his present dexterity of wit and manifold variety of invention, wherein (me judice) he goeth a step beyond all that write." In the last years of his life Peele fell into poverty and sickness, the penalty at least to some extent, of culpable excess. He said of himself:

"I laid me down laden with many cares,  
My bedfellows almost these twenty years."

He died in 1598.

The claim that has been made for Peele that he chiefly, among the poet-forerunners of Shakespeare, stimulated the genius of the prince of dramatists, and that to him Milton was not unindebted in the writing of *Comus*.

Were "The Arraignment of Paris" as heavy and dull as it is bright and witty, it would live for the sake of one of the songs which it enshrines.

This first Play of Peele's is in rhyme; the only passages of blank verse in it are the prologue and the speech of Paris before his judges. The plot is built on the well-known story of the dispute of Juno, Pallas and Venus for the possession of the golden apple. The decision being referred to Paris, he awards the prize to Venus. The shepherd is then arraigned for partiality before the full assembly of the Gods, and his able defence elicits the praise of Pluto and Neptune. The following extract from his speech shows the smoothness and energy of the verse:

Now, for I must add reason for my deed,  
Why Venus rather pleased me of the three;  
First in the entrails of my mortal ears,  
The question standing upon beauty's blaze.  
The name of her that hight the Queen of Love  
Methought in beauty should not be excelled.  
Had it been destinéd to Majesty,  
(Yet will I not rob Venus of her grace)  
Then stately Juno might have borne the ball.  
Had it to wisdom been institutéd,  
My human wit had given it Pallas then.  
But sith unto the fairest of the three  
That power, that strew'd it for my farther ill,  
Did dedicate this ball; and safest durst  
My shepherd's skill adventure, as I thought,  
To judge of form and beauty rather than  
Of Juno's state or Pallas' worthiness,  
That learned to ken the fairest of the flock,

And praised beauty but by nature's aim;  
 Behold to Venus Paris gave this fruit,  
 A daysman chosen there by full consent,  
 And heavenly powers should not repeat their deeds  
 Where it is said beyond desert of hers  
 I honoured Venus with this golden prize.  
 Ye Gods, alas, what can a mortal man  
 Discern betwixt the sacred gifts of heaven?  
 Or, if I may with reverence reason thus:  
 Suppose I gave, and judged corruptly then,  
 For hope of that that best did please my thought,  
 This apple not for beauty's praise, alone;  
 I might offend, sith, I was pardonéd,  
 And tempted more than ever creature was  
 With wealth, with beauty, and with chivalry,  
 And so preferred beauty before them all,  
 The thing that hath enchanted heaven itself.

By Appolo's counsel Diana is constituted judge of the quarrel, and she exacts an oath from each of the three disputants to abide by her decision. She then describes the beauty and other perfections of a "gracious nymph," the fair Eliza, namely Queen Elizabeth, who is present at the play and awards the ball of gold to England's sovereign. She delivers the prize to the Queen's hands, saying:

Accept it, then, thy due by Diana's doom,  
 Praise of the Wisdom, Beauty and the State,  
 That best become thy peerless Excellency.  
 The three goddesses ratify Diana's choice.  
 Venus.—So, fair Eliza, Venus doth resign  
     The honour of this honour to be thine.  
 Juno. — So is the Queen of Heaven content likewise  
     To yield to thee her title in the prize.  
 Pallas — So Pallas yields the praise hereof to thee,  
     For Wisdom, Princely State, and peerless Beauty.  
 One of the songs alluded to above is a diamond of the purest



ray. It is entitled Cupid's Curse," and is sung by Aenone to the piping of Paris, as she and the shepherd sit under a tree on Mount Ida in the happy days that preceded the appearance of the golden apple.

## CUPID'S CURSE.

Aenone :

Fair and fair, and twice so fair  
It's fair as any may be ;  
The fairest shepherd on our green,  
A love for any lady's.

Paris :

Fair and fair, and twice so fair  
As fair as any may be ;  
Thy love is fair for thee alone  
And for no other ladye.

Aenone :

My love is fair, my love is gay,  
As fresh as bin the flowers in May,  
And of my love, my roundelay,  
My merry, merry, merry roundelay.

Concludes with Cupid's Curse:—

They that do change old love for new,  
Pray gods they change for worse.

Both.—They that do change, etc.

Aenone.—Fair and Fair, etc. Paris.—Fair and fair ,etc.

Paris.—Thy love is fair, etc.

Aenone :

My love can pipe, my love can sing,  
My love can many a pretty thing,  
And of his lovely praises ring  
My merry, merry roundelays.

Amen to Cupid's Curse,—

They that do change, etc.

Paris.—They that do change, etc.

Both—Fair and fair, etc.

There can be no question of the melody and passion of this lyric. It is interesting to note how so good a dramatic critic as Charles Lamb speaks of it in his "Specimens from the Garrick Plays." His opinion is given in the following letter to Vincent Novello:

To my esteemed friend and excellent musician,  
V. N., Esq.:

Dear Sir,—

I conjure you in the name of all the sylvan deities and of the Muses whom you honour, and they reciprocally love and honour you,—rescue this old and passionate ditty—the very flower of an old forgotten pastoral, which had it been in all parts equal, the Faithful Shepherdess of Fletcher had been but a second name in this sort of writing—rescue it from the profane hands of every common composer; and in one of your tranquildest moods, when you have most leisure from those sad thoughts which sometimes unworthily beset you; yet a mood in itself not unallied to the better sort of melancholy; laying by for once the lofty organ, with which you shake the Temples; attune, as to the pipe of Paris himself, to some milder and more love—according instruments, this pretty courtship between Paris and his (then—not-as-yet—forsaken) Aenone. Oblige me, and all more knowing judges of music and poesy, by the adaptation of fit musical numbers, which it only wants to be the rarest love dialogue in our language.

Your implorer,

C. L.

Lamb did not always think so well of Peele; he cites elsewhere a passage from the first scene of "David and Bethsabe," upon which he comments unfavourably. However turpid Peele may be at times, it would be incorrect to regard his whole work, or even a considerable part of it, as too florid and bombastic. When a great thought presents itself, he clothes it in dignified and powerful language. As an instance I quote the lines in which David after hearing of Amnon's lust, speaks thus of sin:

Sin, with his sevenfold crown and purple robe,  
Begins his triumphs in my guilty throne;  
There sits he watching with his hundred eyes  
Our idle minutes and our wanton thoughts;  
And with his baits made of our frail desires,  
Gives us the hook that hales our souls to hell;  
But with the Spirit of my Kingdom's God  
I'll thrust the flattering tyrant from his throne,  
And scourge his bondslaves from my hallowed court  
With rods of iron and thorns of sharpened steel.

For my part, I do not think that literature offers anywhere a more powerful figure than this of Sin enthroned in the guilty heart and watching with his hundred eyes every thought and desire, to drag the soul to everlasting ruin. The passage is surely worthy to be set side by side with Shakespeare's powerful sonnet:

"The expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
Is lust in action."

In "David and Bethsabe" Peele follows closely the narrative as it is set down in Scripture, and in some places (as in Nathan's Parable) he produces the words of the Bible. The tragedy concludes with the death of Absalom. David's affliction and patience in the midst of his misfortunes are exhibited with force and pathos. In the last Act the King speaks of peace, that—

Leads at her train the ancient golden world  
The world that Adam held in Paradise,  
Whose breath refineth all infectious airs,  
And makes the meadows smile at her repair.  
She, she, my dearest Bethsabe,  
Fair Peace, the goddess of our graces here,  
Is fled the streets of fair Jerusalem,  
The fields of Israel, and the heart of David,  
Leading my comforts in her golden chains.

Nevertheless, strong in his hope of Heaven's mercy, David is assured of peace at last.



I know my God is spotless in His vows,  
And that these hairs shall greet my grave in peace.

The "Old Wives' Tale" opens with a dialogue between certain wights who, after going astray in a woods at night, take refuge in a Smith's hut, and Madge, the Smith's wife, undertakes to tell them a tale: they fall asleep and in a dream the tale is acted before them. A conjurer, Sacrapant, stole a king's daughter and by his spells kept her hidden while her two brothers sought her all the wide world over. They finally succeed in delivering her from captivity; the magician is slain. The main incidents are here reproduced by Milton in his masque "Comus."

Peele's extant poems are all in praise of Queen Elizabeth and her court. The first "Polyhymnia" was written for the festival held to celebrate the completion of the thirty-third year of the Queen's reign. A short extract will enable to judge the style and quality of the verse.

Wherefore it fares as Whilom and of yore,  
In armour bright and sheen fair England's Knights,  
In honour of their peerless sovereign,  
High Mistress of their service, thoughts and lives,  
Make to the tilt amain; and trumpets sound,  
And princely coursers neigh and champ the bit:  
When all, addressed for deeds of high devoir,  
Press to the sacred presence of their prince.

The knights in thirteen couples, contend in the lists and a poem describes the exploits of each couple.

### **The First Couple.**

Sir Henry Lee—The Earl of Cumberland.  
Mighty in arms, mounted on puissant horse,  
Knight of the crown, in rich embroidery,  
And costly fair caparison charged with crowns,  
O'ershadowed with a withered running vine,  
As who would say, "My spring of youth is past,"

In corslet gilt of curious workmanship,  
 Sir Henry Lee, redoubted man-at-arms,  
 Leads in the troops: whom worthy Cumberland,  
 Thrice-noble earl, accoutred as became  
 So great a warrior and so good a knight,  
 Encountered first, y-clad in coat of steel,  
 And plumes and pendants all as white as swan,  
 And spear in rest, right ready to perform  
 What 'longed unto the honour of the place.  
 Together went these champions, horse and man,  
 Thundering along the tilt; that at the shock  
 The hollow gyring of heaven resounds.  
 Six courses spent, and spears in shivers split,\*

The other poems are "Anglorum Ferieae England's Holidays celebrated on the 17th of November, 1595. Beginning the 38th year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth," "A Farewell to Drake and Norris," "Welcome to the Earl of Essex," and a long pangyric of the "Order of the Garter." Three stanzas of sweetly flowing rhyme, entitled "Blessed be the Hearts that wish my sovereign well," from the epilogue of Peele's works.

Although it must be acknowledged that Peele's writings do not belong to the highest class, yet when studied in connection with the birth of the Shakesperian drama, they are deeply interesting; and the question naturally suggests itself, How many of the volumes which pour yearly in such profusion from the modern press are superior to his Plays? The rage for reading new publications chiefly of fiction, results in an enervating intellectual idleness and does little good to the reader. Old books, doubtless, exact at times some close attention and study, but the necessary effort to read intelligently trains one in literary patience and self-discipline, and enhances the pleasure which all true literature bestows.

\* In three editions of Peele's works the last line ends as I give it, with a comma. There ought apparently to be another line to complete the sense. Moreover, nearly all the descrip-

tions in "Polyhymnia" conclude, each with a couplet, and it seems to me that Peele wrote a couplet also, for the end of this passage. He might have finished the description, somewhat, perhaps, after this fashion:

"Six courses spent, and spears in shivers split,  
But Victory wing'd on neither helmet lit."





### In Memoriam

**The Late Honourable Lionel H. Clarke, Lieutenant-Governor,  
Province of Ontario.**

(Inspired by sentiments of J.F.C.)

Hushed the sounds of earthly greatness,  
Quenched the glamor of a name;  
Still the heart so true and loyal,  
Gone the spark of life's pure flame.  
The toiler's task too soon has ended,  
The knightly armor laid aside,  
A stricken Province mourns her leader,  
Tribune prudent trusted guide.

O veil the depths of loved ones' grief,  
The double sorrow death has cast,  
That anguished hearts may find a solace  
In treasured memories of the past.  
In spheres beyond, we sense the meeting  
Of valiant son and noble sire;  
"They are not dead"—unseen their spirits  
Linger 'round the hearthstone fire.

Still live your lives—ye wards of hope,  
(Tho' Asrael's wing must hide their smile,  
As in the days forever ended—  
"They are not dead"—just gone awhile,  
And Christ will help you bear the burden,  
Will help you walk where he has led,  
Till dawns the hour of endless glory,  
When all will meet—"They are not dead."

SARAH L. GRANT.

## The Two Adams—Contrast of Conduct in Temptation

REV. K. J. McRAE.

**I** PLACED before the readers of the Lilies the Contrast of Conduct, in Temptation, of the Two Eves, in the September number, because the birthday of the second Eve, the Blessed Virgin Mary, occurred in that month, and I have thought it appropriate that I should place before them the Contrast of Conduct in Temptation of the Two Adams, in the December number, for a similar reason.

The Sacred text gives us no particulars as to the temptation and fall of the first Adam. It merely mentions that when Eve had eaten of the forbidden fruit she "gave to her husband, who did eat," (Gen. iii., 6). We are, therefore, left to conjecture to try to arrive at or near the truth. As far as the sacred text shows "Satan did not tempt Adam. A direct assault would likely have failed on account of the greater strength, knowledge, and responsibility of Adam. A human instrument was more efficient for evil than the prince of darkness himself. It was enough to have planted the germ of evil in the heart of Eve; its own malefic energy did the rest. The woman approached her husband, and induced him to violate the solemn compact, and revolt against God by participating in the act which involved the rejection of supernatural life and the choice of the natural alone. Adam may possibly have allowed himself to be entrapped into believing the words of the tempter, or he may have been gained by persuasion, or it may be that, out of fatal affection, he resolved to bear the burden of sin equally with his spouse. Whatever his motive, the sin was deliberate, it was inexcusable; he had full power to resist; and he accepted the full consequences. Adam's sin was the Original Sin, and not Eve's, for he and not she was

the source and head of the human race. He chose for his race the state of pure nature without God, but they fell below it. All the natural faculties were injured in the wrench that tore out the all-pervading supernatural life. How much harm may be done by one human agent of Satan! (Bellord's Meditations on Christian Dogma. Vol. I., page 205).

When Adam and Eve had both eaten of the forbidden fruit "the eyes of them both were opened" (Gen. iii., 7), as Satan had promised and Adam and Eve had desired, but it was different from what they had expected. Their eyes were opened in disillusion. They found themselves deceived, fooled, robbed of their most precious possession. Peace, tranquility, enjoyment were gone; anxiety and bitter remorse had succeeded. They had not taken their place in the sinless sphere of lower creatures; that sphere was adequate for the animal world, but not for rational beings that had once been supernatural. Their natural faculties, sufficient for life in the lower sphere, had they never been raised above it, were insufficient under the blighting influence of sin. There was little satisfaction in their new independence, for they now felt how necessary to their life was the dominion of God. First, they were conscious of shame; their fearlessness and confidence were gone; they felt unfit to be seen by God or by one another. There was turmoil in their souls, an insurgence of the inferior and the animal against the higher and rational element. They had fallen under the degrading dominion of sense which had been their slave; for their mastery had been ensured by their subjection to God. So it always is. Sin promises much, but it is never really profitable. Its boasted revelations amount to disillusion, disappointment, failure, and shame.

"A second new feeling was a dread of God and a desire to escape from His presence. When He appeared Adam and Eve fled to the depths of the thicket. The unchangeable God was still their Father and loved them, but they could not feel themselves to be His children. Previously on terms of familiarity with the Infinite and delighting in His revelations, now they were ill at ease before Him. Their sense of guilt changed



Him in their eyes to a Judge and Master, a God of wrath and terrors, far removed above them. This sense was transmitted to their progeny, and dominated them till God the Son came in the flesh and restored the old relations of man towards his Maker. This is the usual effect of sin. It turns men against religion, virtue, and truth. It does not so much alienate God as alienate the sinner from Him. His beauty becomes a terror, His holiness an irritation, His goodness hateful. This is the eternal separation in the next world. The society of the devils is less uncongenial and less tormenting to the sinner than the society of the blessed and the sight of the divine glory" (Bellord, pages 206-7). In this respect the confirmed sinner is somewhat like a child in the "pouts." Whilst in that state, to show it kindness in the usual way is torture to it. The only way that real kindness can be shown to it is by letting it severely alone until its paroxysm of rage is over.

The deterioration of Adam is clearly shown by the answer he made to God, "The woman whom Thou gavest to me to be my companion, gave me of the tree, and I did eat" (Gen. iii., 12). God did not give him Eve to be merely his "companion," but to be a "helper" (Gen. ii., 20) in the carrying out of his sublime destiny. To accept from her the forbidden fruit was to accept the very contrary of such help.

Let us now see the conduct of the second Adam, Jesus Christ, in temptation. The Gospel tells us that "Jesus was led by the spirit into the desert, to be tempted by the devil. And when He had fasted forty days and forty nights, He was afterwards hungry" (Mat. iv., 1-2). "The first epoch of human history had commenced with a personal struggle between the father of the race and the spirit of evil; a like struggle had to take place at the opening of the second epoch. Satan girded himself to overthrow the divine plan, and hoped to succeed against the second Adam as against the first . . . Christ's forty day's fast was according to the will of His Father, and it corresponded to the command of abstinence from the forbidden fruit, imposed as the test of our first parents. Christ's observance counterbalanced the disobedience of Adam. The

first sin in Eden prepared the way for further acts of pride, rebellion, doubt, disbelief, and then for complete demoralization and ruin; the first victory over temptation opened the way to further victories and the final rout of the tempter. The habit of self-restraint is the fundamental element of all resistance to temptation and all virtue. Practised with this object, the abstinence prescribed by the Church becomes an instrument of moral training, a preparation for all temptations and an atonement for sin. But we should cultivate the spirit of the law while observing its letter" (Bellord, pages 288-9).

Having prepared Himself by His long fast, as if He were a mere man, Our Lord submitted to the humiliation of being tempted by the arch-enemy. "And the tempter coming, said to Him: If Thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread. Who answered and said: It is written, Not in bread alone doth man live, but in every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God. Then the devil took Him up into the holy city, and set Him upon the pinnacle of the temple. And said to Him: If Thou be the Son of God, cast Thyself down, for it is written: That he hath given his angels charge over thee, and in their hands shall bear thee up, lest perhaps thou dash thy foot against a stone. Jesus said to him. It is written again: Thou shalt not tempt the Lord Thy God. Again the devil took Him up into a high mountain, and showed Him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, and said to Him: All these I will give Thee, if falling down, Thou wilt adore me. Then Jesus said to him: Begone Satan; for it is written: The Lord thy God shalt thou adore, and Him only shalt thou serve. Then the devil left Him, and behold, angels came and ministered unto Him" (Matt. iv., 3-12).

Here we have three temptations, corresponding to the triple concupiscence, and to the different forms of sin committed by Adam and Eve. Satan proposed first indulgence in a forbidden food (forbidden as to the manner of obtaining and the one commanding); then two acts, one of which involved pride and the manifestation of our Lord in a mode not ordered by God; and the other ambition for worldly power and possessions, and

finally the direct service of Satan instead of God. Summarily, it amounted to proposing natural instead of supernatural methods of action. Our Lord endured this, though it was repugnant to His sanctity, and by enduring it, He overcame. His victory is ours. By this He reversed the inherited habit of yielding to sin derived from our first parent according to nature. He broke the series of Satan's victories, and communicates to us, if we care to have it, something of His own facility in resisting temptation. We should learn from all this that no one is exempt from being tempted, that sin has always a plausible appearance of according with reason and nature, and that when we sacrifice nature for the supernatural, God's angels will minister to us, even as to our natural requirements (Bellord, page 289).

Briefly recapitulating the above, the first Adam, by his disobedience, brought sin and death, as well as every evil and misery, into the world; whereas the second Adam, Jesus Christ, by his obedience even unto death, conquered sin and death, and brought every kind of blessing into the world—notably the joys accompanying the Christmas season, as well as that accompanying His birth in our hearts, in Holy Communion, throughout the rest of the year.





## Winter Winds

(BY FRDERICK B. FENTON.)

Weird and low,  
Solemn, slow  
Are wailing, winter winds that blow;  
In chasm, cleft,  
In cave and rift,  
Resounding through the sleet and snow.

Contending, fierce,  
Heart-rending, pierce  
The bitter winter winds that blow;  
So curt, uncouth,  
So harsh of mouth,  
Breath cold as death o'er pall-like snow.

Boisterous, grand,  
O'er the crisp land  
The winds of winter volleying, blow;  
How they rumble, shake,  
Grumble and quake,  
As we sit and list by our hearth-fire's glow.

Plaintive, sweet,  
How they entreat  
The late last Winter winds that blow;  
For they tell and sing  
Of the coming spring  
Of its birth of hope with the fading snow.

## St. Joseph, Protector of Christians

BY MOST REV. FATHER A. M. LEPICHER.

**ONE** of the greatest benefits that Almighty God has vouchsafed His Church during these latter times is without doubt the extraordinary and widespread increase of the devotion to the holy Patriarch, St. Joseph. Catholics the world over may find in this wholesome devotion a most efficacious means for obtaining graces and ensuring their eternal salvation.

Remarkable are the words of St. Teresa in this respect: "Would that I could persuade all men to foster devotion to this glorious Saint, because of the singular proof that I have of the many favours he obtains for us from God. I have never known a person to have been truly devoted to St. Joseph and to have rendered him special honour without seeing him advance rapidly in virtue; because the holy Patriarch assists with special care those who recommend themselves to him. Should the reader not believe my words, I only ask him for the love of God to make a trial and he will experience for himself what a grace it is to recommend oneself to this glorious Patriarch; but persons of prayer in particular should be especially devoted to him." \*

We know that our principal duty in this life is prayer, for by prayer we may obtain whatever graces we stand in need of. Now, who is better able to teach us how to pray as we ought, that is constantly, humbly, and confidently, than St. Joseph? Who better than he can point out to us the royal road of Christian perfection consisting in an entire conformity of our wills to that of Almighty God? Who better than the holy Patriarch is able to obtain for us from Jesus the graces and the spirit of fervour so necessary for the preservation of the spiritual life in the soul?

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\* Life, Baglioni, 1723, t. I., c. 6, p. 22.

By a special disposition of Providence, St. Joseph was given the unheard of privilege of being an eye witness of the virtues practised by the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary for well nigh thirty years. He was thus able, by their schooling, to ascend to the highest spheres of contemplation. His entire life was one uninterrupted hymn of love, praise and thankfulness towards the Lord, his God and his All. To Him he had made a perfect holocaust of his sentiments, affections and desires in order that he might live in perfect conformity with the sentiments, affections and desires of God Himself.

Let those persons who have special recourse to St. Joseph, who are consecrated to the service of God in either the sacerdotal or the religious state, and whose principal duty is to invoke the Lord, call on His name and proclaim His praises. It should be their particular care to ever keep the sacred flame of fervour in God's service kindled in their hearts. Let them take the holy Patriarch for their special patron and model, and ask of God with holy importunity for the grace of perseverance in the fulfilment of the duties imposed upon them by their religious profession or priestly ordination.

To keep alive the spirit of fervour in our souls, we should carefully avoid not only mortal, but likewise venial sin. It is true, venial sin does not destroy or diminish grace in us; nevertheless, it has the baneful effect of slackening the fervour of charity and preventing it from fully displaying its influence on our lives. As a consequence, the duties pertaining to divine service are done in a perfunctory manner, fruitlessly and without enthusiasm. Now, whoever wishes to avoid this perilous state of torpor and to entertain instead in his heart a holy horror of venial sin, should have recourse with confidence to St. Joseph, who throughout the course of life, was immune from even the least fault and imperfection, and as a result, well merited to carry the God made Man in his holy arms and to care for Him with all the affection of a loving father.

But there is one sin in particular, which lessens, or more exactly, takes away entirely the fervour of charity; that is the sin of impurity. Alas! how many souls are made slaves



to this fatal evil! What slaughter Satan causes by means of the depraved pleasures from so contagious an evil is to foster a special devotion to the glorious Patriarch St. Joseph. As he was appointed guardian of Jesus, innocence itself, and of Mary, the Queen of Virgins, so he will preserve his devout clients from all impurity and obtain for them the grace to serve God with clean hearts and chaste bodies.

If the protection of St. Joseph is so powerful during life in assisting us to serve God faithfully and to avoid every stain of sin, the more so will it be at the hour of our death, that is, in that tremendous moment upon which depends an eternity of either happiness or misery.

As the holy Patriarch had the enviable privilege of being assisted at the hour of death by Jesus, his putative Son, and Mary, his immaculate Spouse, it is but just that he should have been appointed by God to be the patron of the dying. Through him, therefore, we may obtain the inestimable grace of a sincere and true contrition for sin. He will help us to withstand the assaults of the evil one and to persevere to the end in the love of God. Happy they who are consoled and sustained on their death-bed by the loving care of the holy Patriarch! This assistance is for them a pledge of final triumph over the enemy of their souls; and so devotion to St. Joseph, in as much as it ensures to us his assistance at the hour of death, is justly reckoned among the signs of predestination.

But in order to be certain of obtaining his assistance at the hour of death, it is necessary to ask for it often during life. It is also necessary to model one's life after his, as far as is possible, imitating especially his fervour in divine service and his complete abandonment to the disposition of the divine Will.

#### **The Picture of the Death of St. Joseph.**

There once lived in a certain populous city a rich gentleman named Victorinus N., who had passed the greater part of his life amid the pleasures of this world, caring nothing of either religion or God. His son Ferdinand having married a certain

person, against his father's will, was by him banished from home. As a result, the unfortunate youth, reduced almost to beggary, had no other recourse than to devote himself to the art of painting, in order to procure for himself and his family the means of sustenance.

Years passed and Victorinus, now an old man, was seized with a serious illness, which by degrees grew mortal, and soon brought him to the verge of death. Though baptized and educated in the Catholic Faith, he would not allow the subject of religion to be mentioned in his presence, although his pious wife and the venerable priest who had been summoned to his bedside did all they could to induce him to think of his soul's welfare. But all their efforts were in vain.

One day there came to the house a young woman modestly dressed, who brought with her a picture which she desired to sell. She explained how her husband, who had painted the picture, had been obliged to abandon his profession because of disordered nerves which rendered him incapable of applying himself to work. She had, therefore, come to offer this, his last work, to Mr. Victorinus, who she knew was rich and generous, in the hope of receiving a little money wherewith to help her destitute family.

The picture was a representation of St. Joseph on his death-bed, assisted by Jesus and the Blessed Virgin. The portrait was so striking and pleased the sick man so much, that he did not hesitate to purchase it. He moreover desired to have the picture hung on the wall of his room directly opposite his bed, so that he might continually enjoy the sight of that beautiful scene.

It now happened that, by constantly looking at the picture, the heart of Victorinus was by degrees softened and he began to repent of his past sins. One day he said to his wife: "I have a presentiment that my end is approaching; if I could only die as St. Joseph did, assisted by Jesus and Mary!" To which his wife, hardly able to repress her tears, replied: "O Victorinus, receive the holy sacraments, and death, which I pray God may still be far distant, will not be hard for you; nay, it

will be made easy and sweet through the intercession of the Saint whom you see in that picture." "Do you really believe so, Ann?" the sick man asked, anxiously; "I can hardly believe that St. Joseph should wish to have anything to do with a person of ill-will like myself. You know how harshly I have treated my son; I have even torn to pieces his letters without opening them. Oh, if I could only see him now!" "Your son Ferdinand was here in this very city fifteen days ago," answered his wife; "that picture which you see is his and the money which you gave for it has saved him and his family from dying of starvation." "What! My son in this city!" exclaimed Victorinus. "Send for him at once and tell him that his father's heart is burning with the desire to be reconciled with him. But let him not come before to-morrow, because I wish to first reconcile myself with God."

The sick man received the last Sacraments on that very day with sincere devotion. The following morning, the desired reconciliation between father and son took place. Words fail to express how touching that meeting was. Victorinus was trembling with emotion when Ferdinand and his two little children, who had been born since the separation, entered the room of the dying man. "My son!" exclaimed Victorinus, "do you know that with your talent you have brought about my reconciliation with God, with your family, and with yourself?" "Do not speak thus," interrupted Ferdinand, "for, after God, we owe all our joy on this occasion to St. Joseph. To his protection I recommended my little family and my dear parents. And it is precisely he who has preserved us from death and he now gives us the consolation of this embrace." A few days later, Victorinus, surrounded by his family, passed peacefully from this life to the other, sweetly murmuring with his last breath the holy names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph.





## Alexander's Feast

**D**RYDEN'S ode entitled "Alexander's Feast or The Power of Music," was written at the request of a London Musical Association which maintained the custom of celebrating by some public performance, on the 22nd of November, the feast of Saint Cecilia, who is the Patroness of Music and supposed inventress of the organ. It is said to have cost the author a fortnight's labour, but from a letter extant which had been written to his son, one is led to believe that he was working upon it six months before its publication. Be that as it may, the poem is a masterpiece of poetic art, and has come down to our own time undimmed in splendour and still bearing an unsullied reputation among the critics.

How remarkable it is that in an age of prose, of reason and of criticism, such as Dryden's was, an age in which the lyric muse was dormant, the leading mind of the time should have produced an ode which, according to most critics, stands at the head of English lyric poetry. More remarkable still is it to see in the product of a poet's later life, such youthful ardour and impetuosity as is found in Alexander's Feast."

The poem is not a pure lyric, but rather approaches to narrative. It is a rapid series of animated pictures, in each of which the poet exemplifies the power of Music to call forth at will the various passions of the human soul. The stanzas are irregular in length, and each is followed by a chorus which repeats the last lines of the foregoing stanza, and emphasizes that emotion which the Music has inspired.

The opening lines transport us to the presence of the great Alexander as, fresh from the conquest of Persia, he sits feasting, with the beautiful Athenian Thais beside him on his throne, and his warriors about him crowned with roses and myrtles. Apart, amid a Grecian choir, stands inspired Timotheus. With a master's hand he strikes his lyre and the song begins.

Now, to the ears of the listening Monarch, the ful-voiced

chorus rises in swelling harmonies. As it pictures for him successively the glory of his birth, the joys of Bacchus, the sad fate of Darnis and the sweets of love, his heart is swayed to pride, or sensual delight or gentle pity or amorous tenderness. At last, the play of passion culminates in fierce revenge. The Conqueror, roused to action, seizes a flaming torch, and led by Thais, rushes forth to fire Persepolis, "A second Troy."

The conclusion of the poem is a comparison between Timotheus and the divine Cecilia, between whom Dryden would "divide the crown." This comparison Johnson calls vicious. "The Music of Timotheus," he says, "which raised a mortal to the skies, had only a metaphorical power; that of Cecilia, which drew an angel down, had a real effect. Therefore the crown could not reasonably be divided. It did not occur to Johnson that in the mind of Dryden one effect might have been as metaphorical as the other.

With regard to the versification of the poem, it is very varied, as is true of all poetry of that time, and it wonderfully exemplifies in this respect the capabilities of our language. Dryden, however, differs from his contemporaries in this, that every metrical change serves a special purpose, and the music of the verse is in harmony with the scene which he describes. There is exquisite and varied art in the arrangement of pause and cadence, the rhythm is noble and free, and if there be found some faulty rhymes, they do not mar the beauty of the composition.

A more striking beauty, however, lies in the language which is lofty and vigorous, yet clear, simple and harmonious. If it lacks intense passion, it possesses nervous force; if imagination and high poetic inspiration are wanting, one finds noble and striking ideas expressed in easy, melodious verse. Indeed the beauties of this ode are such that our admiration grows on each fresh perusal of it and we realize that Dryden holds his place among the poets by no false title.

M.M.W.



### A Yuletide Reminiscence

My little daughter, whose seven bright years  
Sat lightly on her golden head,  
Came tripping down one Christmas night  
When all our pets should be in bed.  
The blue eyes shine with mystic light  
A world of queries wreathes her lips,  
The cutest pucker streaks her brow  
As to my arms she gaily trips.  
Is Santa Claus so awful late?  
I asked,—the little truant smiled,  
'Twas no such trivial thought which racked  
Her baby soul—My precious child!  
“Oh! Mother on that Christmas night—  
(The really one of Jesus’ birth)  
Did angels sing the first sweet hymn  
That welcomed Him to earth?  
Were shepherd boys the first to hear  
Right through the clouds above  
The hymn, you said was Jesus’ gift  
Of Peace, Good Will and Love?  
“Yes, girlie mine, the Angels choir  
First struck the glorious chord,



And lowly shepherd boys were called,  
To welcome Christ their Lord.”  
A look of protest dawned across  
The baby face so bright!  
“Oh, Mama dear, I think, don’t you,  
That isn’t just quite right.  
That winter night while Jesus slept  
To warm Him don’t you see  
The Blessed Virgin held Him close  
Just like you do to me.  
I’m sure she sang a lullaby—  
The angels heard the strain,  
And flying thro’ the midnight air,  
They sang it o’er again.

Envoi.

Long years have passed, yet mem’ries dear  
Recall that scene to-night—  
The cherub face smiles back at me across  
The embers ruddy light.  
The grief-veined present fades away,  
The lone years backward roll—  
I clasp once more the spirit babe  
Close to my answering soul.

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1921—1922



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## Alumnae Notes

May the Infant Jesus of Bethlehem bestow many blessings on St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association! To its members St. Joseph Lilies extend hearty greetings for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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The opening meeting of the season of St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association on Sunday afternoon took the form of an earnest talk by His Grace, Archbishop McNeil, on better accommodation for higher education. Miss M. L. Hart presided. Minutes of the preceding executive meeting were read by the secretary, Miss Ruth Agnew, M.A., showing the following sub-committees for the coming year:

Academic—Miss Ruth Agnew, M.A., Miss A. Korman, Miss D. Chalue.

Programme—Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, Mrs. Fred. O'Connor, Miss May Morrow.

Spiritual—Mrs. J. D. Warde, Miss P. McBride, Miss Rose Ferguson.

Cemetery—Mrs. J. E. Day, Mrs. J. J. M. Landy, Miss Mary McGrath.

Conveners were also appointed for the annual Fancy Sale. Mrs. P. F. McCarthy sang "Ave Maria" very delightfully, with Miss A. Connors, accompanist. Afternoon tea was also served and Mrs. P. W. O'Brien and Mrs. J. J. M. Landy poured tea. The meeting closed with Benediction in the Chapel at 5 p.m. Rev. Dr. Cyril Kehoe, O.C.C., officiated.

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St. Joseph's Alumnae regret exceedingly the resignation of Miss Mary Brophy, who has been such a capable secretary for the past two years.

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Miss Marcella Phillips has quite recovered from her serious illness and has returned to New York to follow her nursing profession.

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Mrs. A. J. McDonagh was one of the patronesses at the dance in Columbus Hall given by the Royal College of Dental Surgeons.



The President and Secretary of the societies affiliated with the Local Council of Women, and the presidents of sister organizations were the guests of honour at a tea at the Sherbourne Club. Mrs. R. C. Smythe, President of the Local Council of Women, received the guests, while Miss M. L. Hart, poured tea at the pretty table done with yellow chrysanthemums.

A pleasant evening took place in September when a shower of toys descended upon the home of Mrs. Harry Phelan in Castle Frank Road, for the little children of the West, in whom St. Basil's Council of the Catholic Church Extension are so interested. In October Mrs. J. McDairmid loaned her pretty apartment for the same purpose when six hundred toys and forty-five dollars were received.

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A magnificent spectacle was the Carnival of Nations held in the Arena Gardens, which opened with a grand march with six hundred representatives of the various countries in the procession. Britannia in the lead was followed by a bevy of girls in picturesque native costumes. The booths of many nations, from the colourful splendour of India and Sunny Italy to the Stars and Stripes, the green of the Emerald Isle and the dazzling red, white and blue of Britain, presented a fairyland of colour. The Carnival was arranged by the parishes of the archdiocese in aid of St. Augustine's Seminary. Some of St. Joseph's Alumnae who worked strenuously for the cause were: Mrs. H. Sullivan, Mrs. M. Lellis, Mrs. J. J. M. Landy, Misses J. Lehane, F. Meehan, M. McGrath, May Orr, Helen Bunker, and N. Kennedy.

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Lauding the Catholic Church as the "Storehouse of all good works," and declaring that it is the strongest bulwark of the home and the one place where there is consistent use of the Bible, Dr. Kinsman, at one time Bishop of the Episcopal Church in the United States, lectured in Massey Hall on the "Church and Humanitarianism." He appeared under the auspices of the Holy Name Society and all through the great hall St. Joseph's Alumnae was well represented.

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At the first Executive meeting of the season plans were made for the annual Fancy Sale. A motion was also proposed and passed that the annual visit to the cemeteries be made

in October, when the weather would be more pleasant for taking out the Sisters of the Community.

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In consequence arrangements were made to take a number of the Sisters from St. Joseph's Convent, the House of Providence, St. Michael's Hospital, and St. Joseph's Hospital to visit the graves of their deceased members at St. Michael's and Mount Hope Cemeteries. Those who contributed to the success of the day were Miss M. L. Hart, Mrs. James Day, Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, Mrs. Fred. O'Connor, Mrs. A. J. Thompson, Mrs. J. J. M. Landy, Mrs. F. P. Brazil, Mrs. Tom McCorr, Mrs. T. J. O'Connor, and Miss Mary McGrath.

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St. Joseph's College Alumnae are glad to read that a subscription has already been started to the Joyce Kilmer Memorial Library which is to be erected at Campion College, Prairie de Chine, Wis., as a tribute to the memory of the young Catholic poet who lost his life in the war.

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To Miss Helen Kernahan, St. Joseph's Alumnae extend their congratulations on winning one of the first scholarships given by the Knights of Columbus.

To Dr. and Mrs. C. F. Riley, on the birth of another daughter.

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From Mrs. Edmund Kelly, Governor of Ontario for I.F.C.A., comes the following report of the Conference of the I.F.C.A. Governors, at Indianapolis, Ind., October 15, 16 and 17, 1921, for which St. Joseph's is very grateful:

"Annual meeting of the Executive Board and Governors of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae took place at Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 15, 16 and 17, 1921. Meetings were held in St. Mary's Academy, 429 East Vermont St., Miss Pauline Boisliniere, Vice-President, presiding in the unavoidable absence of the President, Mrs. John McEniry. Other officers present included: Miss Gertrude Tenk, Second Vice-President; Miss Florence Colford, Recording Secretary; Miss Marion McCandless, A.B., Treasurer; Trustees—Miss Margaret McHugh, Portsmouth, Virginia; Miss May F. Carroll, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Mrs. Denver Williams, Wilmington, Ohio; Governors—Miss Lena Brady, Indianapolis, Ind.; Miss Anna Blanche McGill, Louisville, Ky.; Miss Florence Close, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Eugene Fuzz, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Everet Hewitt, Portsmouth,

Virginia; Mrs. Edmund P. Kelly, Toronto, Ont.; also many visitors and Sisters of the Franciscan Order.

Meetings opened with prayer offered by a Sister of the Franciscan Order. Reports from various departments were read and passed—most interesting and instructive.

Mrs. James Sheeran, in her Braille report, urged Governors to interest Convents to include Braille in the curriculum. In three months with from one to three hours daily devoted to the study of Braille, the average student becomes proficient. If one member of every Alumnae would undertake this study, our Catholic blind would have a sufficient number competent to lend them aid. It is also suggested that one Sister in each Convent acquire a knowledge of Braille and instruct pupils in the same. There are two schools in New York where this is done and one in New Jersey.

Bureau of Civics, chairman, Miss Margaret O'Connell, West Texas. This department urges the appointment of a vigilance committee to watch and report upon all bills or legislation pending, which may effect the Catholic religion. The National Council of Catholic Women has published a text book on "Civics" which is highly recommended.

Bureau of Music—Chairman, Miss Mary McNanell, reports that the highest standards have been maintained and the best methods employed. Contests should be encouraged and worth while prizes donated in order to arouse enthusiasm. The hymn "O Virgin," by Cardinal O'Connell, has been chosen the "Federation Hymn."

Bureau of Placement of Professional and Business Women—Chairman, Mrs. Joseph Brooks, 2945 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md., urges each Alumnae to make a classified list of its members, giving name, address, convent or college attended, whether graduate or not, professional or business occupation. The card index system is recommended and three duplicates should be made, one to be kept by Alumnae chairman and remaining two to be sent to State or Province Governors. She in turn keeps one and forwards one to the International Chairman. In order to keep the catalogue list accurately a corrected list should be made every year.

Business Manager of the "Bulletin," Miss Mary E. Brennan, urges more subscriptions and advertisements for the "Bulletin." A practical method of spreading interest and disposing of copies has been suggested by each Alumnae procuring a number of copies and placing same on sale at meetings.



of Alumnae Associations. "The Bulletin" could be sold at 25 cents per copy when a yearly subscription of one dollar could not be obtained.

Miss Gertrude Tenk, A.B., Second Vice-President, Chairman of Social Service, divides her department into three sections: 1, Citizenship; 2, Child Welfare; 3, Girl Welfare.

Mrs. McGoldrick, A.B., Department of Literature, urges every Alumnae member to request the loan of one Catholic book from the Public Library once a month. It often happens that Catholic books are placed upon shelves of our libraries and never asked for. In a short time they disappear to be replaced by more popular literature. If Catholics would create a demand for Catholic books the supply would be made to meet the demands.

The report of the first Saturday Holy Communion, Chairman Mrs. Chas. A. Resor, urges State and Province chairmen to notify their pastors and request an announcement from the pulpit on the Sunday preceding first Saturday.

The Governor of District of Columbia, Washington, residing in Washington, has had blue cards with announcement ready to be filled in, mailed every month to thirty parish priests of Washington. The members of various Alumnae may not meet in person only very occasionally, but they may meet in a bond of common unity at God's Altar once a month, when the united prayers of our members will bring rich and abundant blessings upon our lives and undertakings.

Monday evening, October 17th, at 8 o'clock, a largely attended reception was given in the Claypole Hotel. Right Rev. Bishop Chatrant and several priests of Indianapolis were present. His Lordship delivered an able and appropriate address, welcomed the members of I.F.C.A. to Indianapolis and very aptly voiced the necessity of calling such a society into existence, with these words: "For many years convents and Catholic colleges have been turning out pupils and graduates. Where do they go? What becomes of them? Before the I.F.C.A. came into existence it was impossible to hazard an answer. In many cases our graduates joined already existing societies and immediately lost their identity. This we hope is now changed and statistics may be obtained when necessary, and our Catholic graduates will gain recognition as a noble compact body of worthy members of society, not only in America, but throughout the whole world."

Miss Brady, Governor of Indiana, presided and welcomed

the members to Indianapolis. Miss Boisliniere, Miss Tenk, Miss Colford, Miss Carroll, Miss McCandless, Miss McHugh, Mrs. Denver Williams, made short addresses. "To prove that we are an International Organization I shall now call upon Mrs. Edmund P. Kelly of Toronto, Governor of Ontario, to speak to us for Canada," were the chairman's words of introduction when calling upon Mrs. Kelly to speak. "In response I drew attention to the geographical divisions of Canada and briefly summed up the important events of Canadian history leading to the present existing conditions. This was followed by a short report of Provincial Chapter inaugural meeting held in Toronto, September 6th and 7th, 1921. Upon the expressed desire of the International President, Mrs. McEniry, a call was sent out as Governor to all eligible Catholic Convent or College Alumnae of Ontario inviting two delegates to a meeting in Newman Hall, Toronto, for the purpose of organizing the first Provincial Chapter of I.F.C.A. in Canada. Success crowned my efforts when eleven delegates representing five teaching communities, assembled and made my dreams a reality. The first provincial chapter hopes to realize the faith placed in it and become a force for good in Catholic educational and civic circles not only in Canada, but in the whole world. In conclusion I quoted a few lines from Browning:

I go to prove my soul;  
 I see my way as birds their trackless way;  
 I shall arrive; what time, what circuit first,  
 I ask not;—  
 In some time, His good time, I shall arrive;  
 He guides me and the bird in His good time."

Mrs. B. L. Monkman motored to Stratford to spend Thanksgiving with her sister, Miss Kennedy.

Mrs. James C. Keenan presided at the September meeting of the Catholic Women's League in the absence of Miss Grtrude Lawlor.

Miss Mary Power, B.A., addressed a meeting of the diocesan convention of London on Child Welfare.

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The Knights of Columbus commemorated very splendidly the six hundredth anniversary of the death of "Dante" by having the noted scholar, Dr. J. J. Walsh of New York, lecture on Sunday afternoon of November 6th, on the Life work of the great Florentine poet.

The following day—Thanksgiving—the Auditorium of St. Joseph's College was filled with the Sisters of the Community, members of the Alumnae and friends to hear Dr. Walsh's most interesting talk on "Health and Religion." Rev. H. Carr, B.A., voiced the appreciation of all present for the great treat.

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Under the auspices of the Associated Catholic Literary Societies, "Dante and His Divine Comedy" was presented by Rev. Arthur O'Leary, D.D. Miss M. L. Hart presided.

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A Mass of Requiem for the deceased members of the Alumnae was sung by the Spiritual Director, Rev. E. Murray, C.S.B.

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Prizes for the masquerade Hallowe'en celebration were allotted by Miss M. L. Hart and Miss M. O'Brien in Corpus Christi Parish. The entertainment was under the auspices of the Christian mothers.

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Sept. 7th, Miss Anita McAndrew of St. Catharines became the bride of Mr. Hugh Doheny of Toronto. The nuptial Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. Dean Morris.

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In St. James' Church, Colgan, took place the marriage of Miss Marie Barry to Dr. B. Sullivan, of Toronto. The nuptial Mass was sung by the pastor, Rev. Father Walsh.

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St. Joseph's College Alumnae tender cordial felicitations to these young couples.

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To Mrs. Leo Shannon (Mary Cassidy) St. Joseph's Alumnae tender deep and heartfelt sympathy in her sad bereavement—the tragic death of her husband at Niagara Falls.

Also to Mrs. Olson (Blanche Lavery) and Mrs. W. Grant (Yvonne Lavery) in the death of their sister, Mrs. B. J. Ger-naey.

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An audience that filled every seat in the new Princess Theatre, greeted the performance of "Abraham Lincoln." John Drinkwater's portrayal of a great man. The house has been bought out by the Business and Professional Women's Club. Those in the box from St. Joseph's College Alumnae were: Miss M. L. Hart, Miss P. McBride, Miss K. McCrohan,



Miss M. O'Brien, Miss Ruth Agnew, M.A., Mrs. Tom McCarron, Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, and daughter, Miss Helen Monkhouse. Miss Gertrude Lawler, M.A., also had a box party. Others noticed in the great throng were: Mrs. Edmund Kelly, Miss M. McGrath, Miss N. Kennedy and Miss J. Lehane.

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Mrs. James E. Day has her niece, Miss Ruth Sheehan, of St. Catharines, living with her while attending the University.

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Mrs. T. J. O'Connor has returned from Bermuda.

Mrs. Scott Griffin is visiting her sisters, the Countess de Lesseps, in France.

Mrs. S. Crowell spent some few days in New York around Thanksgiving Day.

Miss Morrow is the guest of her brother, Mr. George Morrow, of New York.

Mrs. D. W. Downey, of Brockville, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Fred. O'Connor.

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In acknowledging a copy of the September "Lilies," Col. J. B. Maclean, the largest magazine publisher in Canada, writes: "St. Joseph Lilies is the most interesting school paper I have ever seen."

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"The Women's Point of View" in the Sunday World, Toronto, reports: "How interesting a supposedly dry subject may be made by one who knows it sufficiently well to study it in all its angles and present it in an easy manner and with pleasant voice, was made evident to the surprisingly large number of women who took the course in Parliamentary Law recently given by Miss Ada K. Gannon, of Davenport, Iowa. The lecturer, who was brought to Toronto by Mrs. E. P. Kelly came as almost a total stranger, and left it as one who had gained hundreds of friends drawn to her by her brilliant attainments along the line of her special work, and because of the interesting manner of imparting the valuable knowledge she had to offer."

A reception was given Miss Gannon at St. Joseph's College. An address of welcome was read by Miss Eileen Egan, and an exquisite bouquet of roses and dahlias was presented to Miss Gannon.

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The first post-nuptial reception of Mrs. Harold J. Murphy in

her pretty new home in Moore Park—210 Rose Park Drive—was a bright affair. Mrs. Michael Healy and the bridesmaids, Misses Geraldine Gough and Mary Latchford, assisted, while Mrs. James Keenan and Mrs. A. J. McDonagh poured tea and coffee. The table was lovely, covered with an exquisite filet lace cloth, centred with a silver basket of roses and four silver vases at each corner.

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Miss Albertine Martin, of Shawinigan Falls, Que., and Miss Estelle McGuire, members of the Alumnae since their graduation, have entered the Community of St. Joseph's, and in religion are known as Sister St. Theresa and Sister Maura. St. Joseph's Alumnae wish them much happiness in their new life.

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Sincerest sympathy to Sister St. John and relatives on the death of Rev. Dean O'Malley, Litt.D.; to Mrs. J. D. Egan on the death of her sister; to Miss Mary Hoskin in her bereavement, the death of her brother, Dr. John Hoskin, K.C., LL.D.

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The good wishes of St. Joseph's College Alumnae follow Mrs. C. E. Johnston to her new home in Ottawa.

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As we go to press we learn that Mrs. F. McDiarmid is fated for St. Michael's Hospital. We know St. Joseph will protect her, and she will come home greatly renewed in health. Mrs. McDiarmid has always been an unceasing worker for the Catholic Church Extension.

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Members of the Alumnae are very sorry that Mrs. Frank Beer has been so ill, and wish her a speedy recovery.

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Miss Margaret Duggan went to Winnipeg in October to be the guest of her niece, Mrs. David Smith.

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The Alumnae gladly welcomes Rev. Mother Victoria from her long tour in the United States; also Mrs. James McCabe, who is returning from Vancouver to make her home in Toronto.

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November 16th, 1921.—In preparation of the Fancy Sale, the Alumnae held a miscellaneous shower in the large recep-

tion rooms of their Alma Mater, when a number of beautiful gifts were bought.

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A charming programme was afterwards given when Miss Gladys Moffat, an exceptionally promising pupil of Miss Marie Strong, gave two vocal selections. Others taking part were Mrs. John Ferguson, Mrs. Jas. Costello, and Miss Mary Connors, violinist, and Miss Annie Connors, pianist. Miss Winnifred Sexton accompanied the singers.

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Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. A. Edward Flynn on the coming to their home of a little baby daughter.

In the death recently of Mrs. K. Ferguson, St. Joseph's College Alumnae lost one of their oldest and most devoted members. To Rev. Sr. Chrysostom and relatives, the Alumnae offer kindest sympathy.

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Our deep sympathy is with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Way, in their bereavement, the death in September of their dear young daughter Eileen.

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We heard with regret of the serious illness of Mr. Robert Devine of Ottawa, husband of Mrs. Devine, Secretary of the International Confederation of the Catholic Women's Alumnae, and sincerely hope he will make speedy recovery.

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Friends of Mr. J. J. Murphy, a well-known superannuated member of the Lands and Forests Department at the Parliament Buildings, met to felicitate him on his 79th birthday, and presented him with a purse of gold. Ad Multos Annos.

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A new book from the pen of an esteemed Alumna bears the title "Cloudy Weather," a romance of the Fenians Invasion of Canada, 1866. A thrilling story of patriotism, valor and devotion, by E. Angela Henry, associate editor Catholic Union and Times, world traveller and syndicate foreign correspondent and travelogue lecturer, and author of "Ups and Downs" and Catholic Canadian Celebrities." Foreword by the Eminent Paulist, Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., and the able editor of the Catholic Union and Times, Rev. Luke F. Sharkey.

Artistically bound, alligator effect, iridescent bronze-green color. An acceptable Christmas gift.



Unusual interest marked the first meeting of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae held in Newman Hall, Toronto, on September 9th. The morning session opened with the singing of the National Anthem followed by an address of welcome from the Rector, Rev. John Burke, C.S.P. Father Burke also spoke on the civic activities which might take up the attention of the Alumnae. Mrs. Edmund P. Kelly, Governor for Ontario, gave a comprehensive history of the past seven years of the I.F.C.A. Miss Ada K. Gannon, of Davenport, Iowa, spoke on "A Stake in the Land," showing the great work which the schools are capable of accomplishing. Mrs. Robert A. Devine, of Ottawa, Trustee for Ontario, made a strong appeal for united action on behalf of the F.C.A.

A wire of congratulations and good wishes was read from Mrs. J. McEniry, of Moline, Ill. President of the I.F.C.A. of the United States. The adoption of by-laws and the perfection of the organization were other matters discoursed. It was also decided to ask the new Transportation Commission, which had just taken over the street railway, to give reduced fares to school children, and to seek a change in the assessment law in order to have Catholic Public Schools benefit by corporation taxes. Federation will meet biennially for elections, but a Provincial council meeting will be held annually. Mrs. Edmund P. Kelly was elected governor for Ontario, Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse Treasurer, Miss M. L. Hart By-Laws Committee.

The delegates were the guests of the Board of Education at Canada's Industrial Exhibition. Another delightful affair was the reception at Newman Hall in honour of the out-of-town delegates by Mrs. Edmund P. Kelly, when Miss Ada K. Gannon received with Mrs. Kelly.

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November 23-24.—St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association scored another success in the efforts put forth for their Fancy Sale, having realized \$456.00. Miss M. L. Hart, the untiring President of the successful affair, is to be congratulated on this wonderful result. Other conveners were: Mrs. James E. Day, whose refreshment booth was done in green and white with quantities of artificial chrysanthemums of the same colour. The candy booth under the direction of Mrs. Fred. O'Connor, was very dainty and pretty in pale pink and blue. The Fancy Goods, under the capable management of Misses K. McCrohan and M. Power, was most attractive in pale pink and mauve.

The general store with its every-day commodities, from a

bar of soap to delicious home-made jam, was the centre of attraction in two shades of pumpkin, yellow and black, with Miss Hart as the generous dispenses of goods. Others who helped most strenuously were: Miss L. Coffee, Mrs. Fulton, Miss Edna Mulqueen, Miss May Orr, Miss Emily McBride, Miss Ruth Agnew, M.A., Mrs. S. C. Crowell, Mrs. Tobin, Mrs. A. J. Thompson, Miss P. McBride, Mrs. McCarron, Mrs. J. D. Warde. Those holding the lucky tickets were: Heinz's goods, Mrs. F. Anglin, Ottawa; five lbs. candies, Miss Ruth Agnew, M.A.; embroidered pillow-cases, Miss L. O'Donnell, Bradford; five lbs. tea, Mrs. Tom McCarron; subscription to St. Joseph Lilies, Miss Elizabeth O'Driscoll, M.A.; sweater coat, Miss K. McCrohan; five M. chicken, Rev. Mother Victoria; statue of the Blessed Virgin, Rev. Mother Hyacinth.

The bridge and euchre which was played in the gymnasium, was under the convenership of Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse.

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To Mrs. M. Weir and the Misses Smith we extend sincere and prayerful condolence in their late bereavement, the death of their brother, Mr. John Smith.

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Very hearty felicitations, Alma Mater!

The Neil McNeil Scholarship, founded last September by the Catholic Women's League to commemorate the Silver Jubilee Anniversary of our beloved Archbishop, was won again this year by a pupil of St. Joseph's College-Academy, Miss Helen Kernahan. Congratulations, Miss Kernahan!

### A Book Reception.

On November 17th at the Catholic Women's Club, 566 Delaware Ave., Buffalo, N.Y., sixty-two Federated Catholic Women's Organizations gave a book reception in honour of Miss E. Angela Henry and to celebrate the appearance of Miss Henry's new book, "Cloudy Weather," a semi-historical story of the Fenian Invasion of Canada in 1866. Mrs. John E. Mulroy, President of the Catholic Women's Federation, was general chairman and addressed the meeting as follows:

To be privileged to speak for the Catholic Women of Buffalo on Miss Henry's work amongst our several organizations is indeed a very great honour and I have unbounded pleasure in doing so.

About fifteen years ago we were often told that there was no use trying to get the then existing organizations to take up

solid educational work, and those who were brave enough to do so had their efforts rewarded by very slim audiences. Over and over again we were told that our Catholic women were satisfied to attend card parties or pink teas.

Miss Henry, with a few others, realized that amongst us were many who were not satisfied with merely doing that, but were desirous of something in the way of educational and cultured efforts that would raise them to a higher plane along these lines and in the pursuit of these would bring the women of the several parishes into closer social relations.

With the approval of our good Bishop Colton, meetings were called and the Catholic women's Saturday Club was founded to do the kind of work before referred to.

Miss Henry was its first president and has been for some years one of its honorary presidents and also an honorary member. In this work she was able to secure the co-operation of such splendid women as Miss Elizabeth Cronyn, Miss Kate Slattery and Miss Matilda Karnes. What a wealth of happy memories those names recall to us who have been numbered amongst the membership since the beginning! Very fine work has been done and as you know, is still being done, and the Club has surely proven itself worthy of existence.

About this time, too, Father Maeckle, S.J., Miss Martha Murray, Miss Henry, and a few others, knowing there was need for a home where working girls whose salaries were small might be able to secure board and rooms at reasonable rates, united their efforts to make one possible.

Their efforts resulted in awakening the interest of a sufficient number in the proposed home. We all know that Miss Henry gave generously of her efforts and played a most important part in the organization of the Queen's Daughters which took up the work of making the proposed home a reality. The monument which testifies to the success of their efforts, is the Queen's Daughters' Home in Ellicott St., which at present accommodates twenty-two working girls.

A few years ago it seemed as if it would be more in the right direction to have the Catholic business Women combined as a unit for good work amongst themselves in the way of protection of their interests and of providing a home for those amongst them who because of being away from their own cities or for various other reasons, were obliged to board away from their homes.

Without those who are able to see visions of our future



needs, this world would be a very dark and selfish place. Miss Henry is numbered amongst those seers. Dr. Jas. J. Walsh, of New York, says, "I like to spell that word with three e's, as they are the real see-ers for humanity.

This power of hers led her to see that the future would bring problems in city, state and nation that would require earnest efforts for solution as the measures from which they were to arise would be directed against our interests as Catholics. For eight years she went amongst us trying to make us realize that only in united efforts as a diocese could these problems be solved. The result of these efforts on her part to make the Catholic women of Buffalo a unit culminated in the formation of the Federation of the Catholic Women's Organization of the Buffalo Diocese, under the direction of our beloved Bishop Turner, a little over a year ago.

As we know, some of the problems foreseen by Miss Henry are with us. Last year under the direction of the National Catholic Welfare Council, we were able to put down the Smith-Towner Bill for the present at least, and we know that much more good work of the same order is to be accomplished by our organization in the future.

Joyce Kilmer in one of his letters to his wife from the Front, referred to her high heart, and since reading this whenever it has been my privilege to watch Miss Henry when she is urging the women to greater efforts on behalf of one another or of our Church, it has seemed to me that it applies to her high courage in an eminent degree and it is possible for her to infuse some of the great heartedness into us to help towards our work for higher ideals in every field of endeavour.

Let us not stop, then, with empty honours, but show our appreciation of her efforts by doing all that is possible to give her book, "Cloudy Weather," a wide circulation.

LILLIAN McCARRON.



## Accessions to the Museum

Friends of the Museum have kindly donated the following since the last publication:

A collection of forty Indian Arrow Heads and four large stone axes obtained from the haunts of the Indians along the banks of the Mississippi bordering on the States of Iowa and Illinois. Gift of Reverend J. R. Quigley, Morrison, Ill.

Fifteen beautifully cut Flint Arrow Heads from the Ozark Mountains, Missouri. Gift of Mr. T. H. Fraser, Morrison, Ill.

Mr. J. J. O'Connor, Ottawa, has given to the Book Section the following:

A handsomely bound copy of *Tour of His Royal Highness, Prince of Wales, 1919*.

*An Official Programme of the Reception to General, the Lord Byng of Vimy, Governor-General of Canada, at Quebec, August 11th, 1921.*

*Art and War.*—A collection of reproductions of Canada War Memorials by Canadian and British Artists, with Introductory Essay by P. G. Konody.

*Belgium at War.*—An illustrated Album by Ernest Van Hamme.

*The Story of the Tenth Battalion*, by J. A. Holland.

*Story of the Thirteenth Battalion, the Royal Highlanders of Canada*, by Stuart Martin.

*Twenty-Eighth Battalion*, by G. E. Hewitt, and *Canada's Triumph—Amiens, Arras, Cambria*— by Fred. James.

Mr. J. J. Murphy, Toronto, donated a pair of Wooden Slippers inlaid with mother of pearl, which were worn by an Egyptian lady in her native land.

Silver Trowel used by the Right Rev. W. J. Kenny at the laying of the corner stone of the Immaculate Conception Church, Jacksonville, 1907.

Brass Crucifix in wooden case sent by Pte. Roberts from the Battle Field of Amiens, France.

A Souvenir Rosary of Lourdes taken from a ruined church in Tressaine, France, after the Germans had been driven out. Gift of the late Mr. Coady, Toronto.

Miss M. A. Devine, Toronto, brought from Florida a collection of "Coquina," a material naturally composed of tiny sea shells, earth and rock, which is used for building purposes. Also a fine specimen of Fossil Flora showing butterflies and shells.

The Head of a French Shell with a section removed, thus showing the inner mechanism. Gift of Mrs. J. L. Bradley, Toronto.





**ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE DEPARTMENT EDITORIAL  
STAFF.**

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Music Editor—Miss Carmel LaForest.

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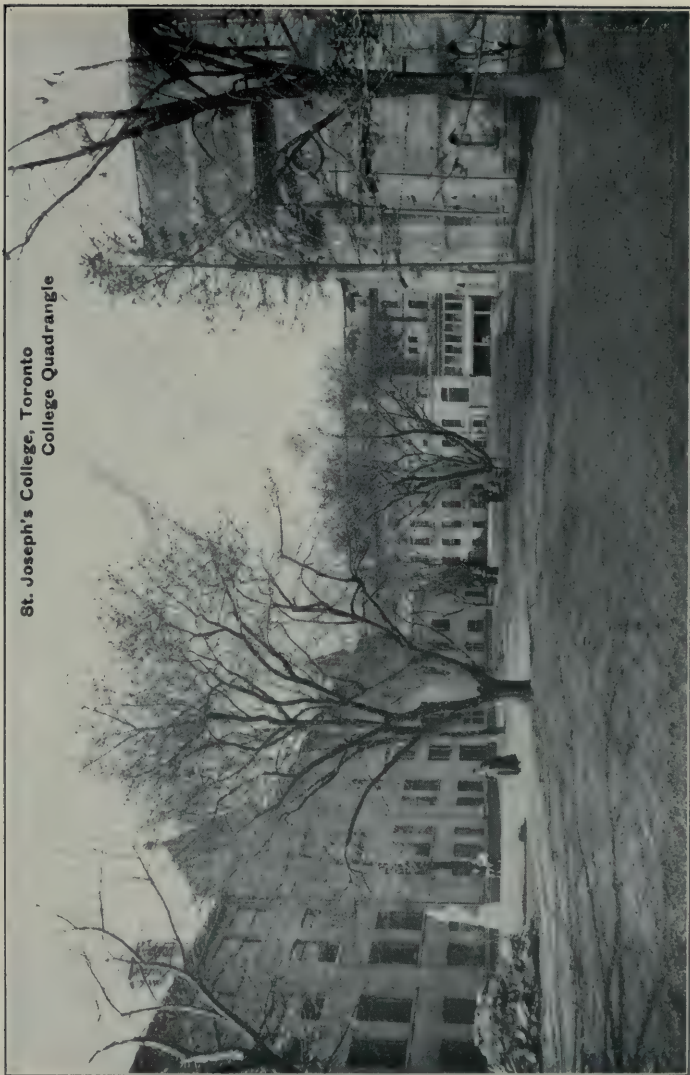
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## Editorial

The New Year is about to be ushered in. For the Class of 1922, the college and academic, the ringing of the bells will this year take on a more significant meaning, becoming the prelude to the last half of the final year of school. Study looms larger than ever on the horizon, and the various activities,—social, athletic and religious, will claim a great deal of time and attention on the part of the seniors as office-holders. But above all, they intend to be graduated as an honour to the College and school and to fulfil its traditions, that their absence may be regretted by teachers and lower classes alike.

While the senior gravely confronts the future the carefree freshman rather casts a glance behind and surveys the first term of her College or high school career. How different was everything at first, the studies, the faces, the new ideals! With amusement now she recalls her mingled fear and joy on the night of initiation, fear which proved to be groundless, joy on formally becoming one of St. Joseph's. We have been proud of our freshmen. Already they have proven themselves true daughters of their Alma Mater, and we are confident that they will graduate in '25, actuated by the ideals of the class of '22. May God, in the New Year, bless the work of all!

St. Joseph's College, Toronto  
College Quadrangle







## The Christmas Crib

Wherever a Catholic church is, from the little mission building in the wild, unsettled parts to the grand cathedral in the metropolis, at Christmas time there is a crib, representing the birth of our Divine Lord. Just as sure as we find the cross, reminding us of Christ's suffering and death, just so sure will we find the crib, recalling His humble advent on earth.

The world never forgot either of these great events. From the earliest times the Church yearly commemorates in her calendar the great mystery of Bethlehem, but it was the good Francis of Assisi who instituted the pretty custom of picturing the stable and quickening the devotion of the faithful by bringing them in spirit to the first scene of the Redemption.

For years it had been in the Saint's mind, and when in 1223 he was in Rome and mentioned his plans to Pope Honorius III., he received such encouragement for the project that he forthwith began the fulfilment of his design.

On the very eve of Christmas he reached the City of Greccio, coming from Rome, and sought that good friend of his, Giovanni da Vallita, who was blessed with something of this world's goods, to aid him in opening the devotion. In a single day his ideas were carried out, and at the midnight Mass, where he acted as deacon, he had the satisfaction of seeing his hopes realized.

We are told that when he sang "And they laid Him in a Manger" in the gospel, and kneeling at the newly constructed crib in veneration of the event, the Infant Jesus was seen by the faithful to nestle in the Saint's arms. The great painter Giotto has made memorable the event by a picture that still hangs in the Basilica of St. Francis, at Assisi.

From that time devotion to the Crib of the Saviour was established, and it spread throughout the world. Beginning with Christmas eve, and lasting until the octave of the Epip-

hany, every Catholic congregation recalls in this way the great mystery of the Christ's coming.

Naturally the Franciscans are especially zealous in carrying out the ideas of their founder, and their churches present the scene of Christ's birth in all vividness. The grandest of these Cribs is in the old Church of Ara Coeli, in Rome, where an historical figure of the Divine Infant is venerated. This statue of the Babe of Bethlehem is carved from wood, said to have come from the Holy Land centuries ago. At the close of the Christmas festivities, on Epiphany, it is carried in solemn procession by the Minister General of the Friars Minor, who closes the devotion by blessing the city with it from the upper steps of the long stairs that lead to the main entrance of the Church.



## College Notes

The cherished wish of dear old Christmas  
We send, kind friends, across the miles,  
And with our joyous greeting you will find  
The hope to fill your day with smiles.

\* \* \* \* \*

During the first days of the present school-term, under the very capable instructions of Miss Ada K. Gannon, Davenport, Iowa, we studied Civics and Parliamentary Law. To practically illustrate her lectures, Miss Gannon held mock conventions in which the pupils were appointed or elected to fill the positions of chairman, secretary, etc., etc., and propose the subject matter. In this simple and pleasant way we learned how to conduct meetings correctly along the lines of parliamentary procedure.

In an interesting discourse on Ireland Miss Gannon carried us back in vision many centuries when that fair isle was a peaceful kingdom and then down through the ages, to the Ireland of to-day. So perfectly were the scenes depicted that they could not help but create in our hearts feelings of pride for the heritage that is ours and sympathy for Erin in her suffering.

Miss Gannon proved herself a perfect teacher, and by her pleasing manner won the admiration of everyone. To crown all she obtained for us one of the things lying closest to the school-girl's heart—a holiday which we all greatly enjoyed. We were a happy crowd that day, and especially did we enjoy supper served picnic-fashion on the lawn that evening.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Rev. Dom. Eudine, O.S.B., of St. Michael's Abbey, Farmborough, England, gave us a course of instructions in Gregorian Chant which we considered an extraordinary favour and advantage. Every lesson whetted our desire for another, as we wished to acquire proficiency in this prayerful music of Holy Church.

Apart from his teaching, Rev. Dom. Eudine was especially interesting as a priest because he had been the Spiritual Director of the Empress Eugenie and of the Little Flower—Sister Theresa of Jesus and had assisted at the death-bed of both—the aged woman purified by long years of suffering and exile,



and the young girl who in innocence had attained the sanctity of Canonization.

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On September 14th Dante Alighieri's Sixth Centenary, the Rev. Dr. O'Leary gave an interesting lecture in the College Auditorium on the Life and Writings of this "Master-poet of the Catholic Faith," recalling briefly Dante's political career, his exile and suffering and showing that his Sacred Trilogy—Inferno, Purgatorio and Paradise—would never have been written if Dante had not met with adversity and had not spiritualized his sufferings.

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A half-holiday which we enjoyed was that given us to attend the Carnival of Nations held in the Arena Gardens for the benefit of St. Augustine's Seminary. It afforded us pleasure to contribute our "bit" to this worthy cause.

\* \* \* \* \*

The annual election of officers of the Blessed Virgin Sodality was held on Oct. 2nd. The results were as follows:

President—Miss Lucy Bauer.

Vice-President—Miss Teresa McDevitt.

Secretary—Miss Arsenia Moreau.

First Councillor—Miss Nora Foy.

Second Councillor—Miss Teresa St. Denis.

Third Councillor—Miss Helen Switzer.

Fourth Councillor—Miss Emma Gignac.

First Chorister—Miss Gertrude McGuire.

Second Chorister—Miss Louise O'Flaherty.

Sacristan—Miss Mary Travers.

The meeting closed with the recitation of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin and the singing of the Te Deum.

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Thanksgiving occurring on Monday, gave us three full days of freedom from school work, affording us ample time to go to our respective homes and celebrate the holiday with our friends.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Autumn Botany Expedition to the woods bordering Mimico Creek proved a delightful outing for the second form girls.

The lessons in plain sewing given every Saturday afternoon are both useful and enjoyable.

All Saints' Day a meeting of the Sacred Heart League was held. The following promoters were appointed for the year: Misses Annie O'Leary, Gertrude Doyle, Helen Robins, Clare Harrison, Kathleen McManus.

On the morning of the same day the pupils assisted at High Mass at St. Basil's church.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Literary Society of Form I. held their first meeting of the year on the 29th of September and elected the following officers:

President—Miss Eleanor Warde.

Vice-President—Miss Denise Phelan.

Secretary—Miss Cecilia Nolan.

Treasurer—Miss Patricia Navin.

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On the Feast of St. Margaret Mary, Oct. 17th, our revered Chaplain, Rev. Father McBrady, C.S.B., gave an inspiring instruction on Devotion to the Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord, after which the entire school assembled in the chapel and made a solemn act of consecration to the Sacred Heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

A debate by the St. Theresa's Literary Society, Form I., was one of the interesting events of the year. Resolved, that winter affords more opportunities for good sports than summer. The affirmative was upheld by the Misses Patricia Navin, Denise Phelan, and Edna Field, the negative by Misses Cecilia Nolan, Eleanor Warde, and Margaret Kormann. Decision was given in favour of the affirmative.

\* \* \* \* \*

When school re-opened in September we were grieved to learn that death had claimed one of the dearly loved little girls of the Junior School—Eileen Way, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Way, to whom we offer our deep sympathy.

She was a flower—fresh, fair, pure and frail;

A lily in life's morning; God is sweet,

He reached His hand, there was a mother's wail;

Her lily drooped: 'tis blooming at His feet.

\* \* \* \* \*

To our young class-mates Isabel and Margaret Gibson we offer heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement, the death of their mother, Mrs. W. J. Gibson.

## Pictures in the Firelight

The December twilight was fast deepening into night, and, through the falling snow, the stars appeared like tiny diamonds in the depths of soft velvet. The wind moaned through the pines, and by the glowing fire I shuddered and crept closer in the huge arm-chair. My book had dropped from my hands, and gazing into the flames, I seemed carried away to regions traversed by valiant knights, and proud ladies of Arthur's Camelot.

There by the roaring sea stood the magician Merlin, holding in his arms, the tiny form of Arthur, and afar, grey and shadowy against the sky, the barge which had brought the fairy child to his kingdom. Then, as if enveloped in mist, the picture disappeared, and Arthur, ideal knight of all time, stood before me, surrounded by his knights of the Round Table. Into the midst of the group, a woman came, sobbing bitterly, and kneeling at the feet of Arthur, she told a tale of sorrow and cruelty, and besought him to defend her. In a voice, strong and clear that rang through the long hall like the voice of conscience, the king urged his men to seek justice for the petitioner. A knight bold and fearless stepped forth and asked that he be given the holy task of righting this injustice, and Arthur bowed a quiet assent. Then the long hall, filled with knights in armour, faded from my sight.

In an instant a picture, more beautiful than was ever painted by human hand, appeared. The vision of the Holy Grail, sought after by knights as a last privilege before their death. In the flames I seemed to see a mountain, softly tinted by the fading sunset, and above it, as if held aloft by a hand, the vision of Galahad fell upon my sight. At the foot of the mountain I saw a wide river spanned by a bridge, and swiftly like a falling star, a horse and rider all in white armour, rode across and behind them, flames leaped and then the Heavens



seemed to open, and in the spot where the Holy Vision had appeared, Galahad in his flying horse, was lost to view.

I seemed to be standing on a hill, and in the valley below the towers and spires of Camelot flashed in the sunlight. In the courtyard of the Central Palace riders and their steeds were arranged in martial order, and at their head King Arthur rode. Then, like a whirlwind, they swept into the mountains, and in my dream, I followed them to the rocky lands of Lyonesse. There, in a battle array, Arthur arranged his few loyal knights and charged like lightening into the ranks of his enemy. In the battle Arthur was mortally wounded and was borne by loyal friends from the field. Turning his eyes upon the armies, he saw the traitor knight, who had brought disloyalty into the hearts of his men, and rising swiftly, he slew him with his sword, Excalibur.

The embers were fading, but in their smouldering depths I seemed to see again the dusky barge, with sails spread to the breeze and the voice of Arthur fell faintly on my ears.

“The old times are changing, giving place to new  
And God fulfils Himself in many ways.”

Then the picture faded and I started from my reverie. The fire had gone out and rising from my chair, I swept from the hearth the ashes which held my dreams.

CAMILLA WRIGHT, Form 



## What the Moonbeam Saw

**A** MOONBEAM straying away from its companions as they danced in the blue expanse of the heavens, came floating serenely earthward and landed upon the cold bosom of Mother Earth. Passing dark mountains, leafless trees, great barns filled with the year's harvest, finally it cast its silvery brightness over the crowded city.

It first reached a large tenement house and peeped through the narrow window of a small garret-room dimly lighted by a candle, stuck in the neck of a bottle, placed on a table, over which bent a youth, hollow cheeked and weary eyed, writing rapidly on large sheets of paper. Evidently what he wrote did not please him, for as often as he read over what he had written, he tore the parchment up and threw it down, until the floor was littered with his unsatisfactory manuscript, then weariedly dropping his head forward on his out-stretched arms he sobbed aloud. The little moonbeam felt sorry for him and fell on his bowed head and thin shaking shoulders, as if to caress him.

Presently he raised his head and stared at the moonbeam in a dull, despondent manner; gradually this expression of despair faded and one of wonderment and of hope shone in its place. Suddenly he started, a look of triumph, exultant triumph, gleaned in his face and grasping his pen once more, he began to write. He wrote and he wrote, while the moonbeam continued its patient watch. After a time he arose, read what he had written, once—twice—three times—; then standing in the centre of the floor, he raised his face towards Heaven and prayed as he had never prayed before, for his heart was overflowing with gratitude to Him Who is the Source of all inspiration. After this he sank into his chair, his head falling forward on his arms.

When he next raised his face his eyes were dim, and he

gazed at the moonbeam wonderingly, as if it were a holy thing. "Moonbeam," he said, "I think you were sent by that God whom I had forgotten." "You came to me in the last minute bringing hope—and then a great inspiration. You have made me believe that my life is more than a blank void. My Play shall be accepted. I shall become famous and rich! I know it! I know it! Oh, little moonbeam!" Again his head dropped forward on his arms, and he slept. "O," said the Moonbeam, and continued its journey.

A wind heavy and damp passed mournfully over a prison, making rifts in a cloud overshadowing it. Through the rifts the moonbeams peeped and shimmeringly glided over the walls into the courtyard, and with a sigh began its work of mercy—along and along, and down and down it went until it had looked through everyone of the heavily barred windows in that long expanse of prison-wall, bringing with it solace and the memory of loved one's caress, for every time it touched the crime-hardened visage of a criminal, he smiled and the moonbeam smiled back. As it was about to pass on, a tiny window of a cell at the extreme end of the wall caught its eye. This cell was similar to the others, but smaller and sturdier in bolts and bars, which showed it contained "a lifer." The moonbeam, though faint, was yet bright enough to observe the convict sitting on the edge of a cot, toying in his fingers, a small phial, marked in large, red letters, "Poison." The silvery moonbeam, wishing to get a better view, came closer, shedding more light on the bottle and showing up in all its hideousness the black skull and crossbones, and the realization of what the word "Poison" meant. The convict whose gaze had for the last few minutes been straying around the room, turned suddenly and looked at the bottle as it lay in his hands, lighted by the pale ray of the moonbeam. His eyes opened wide and he stared at it in horror, then suddenly realizing the awfulness of what he was about to do, cast the bottle to the floor, breaking it into a thousand pieces; then, rising from the cot, he stepped to the window. Gazing out into the night, his eyes followed the ray of the moonbeam—up—up



—up into the sky, until it seemed to reach the very throne of God.

The convict must have thought this, for his face softened and a tear stole down either cheek and, still looking up into the sky, he prayed within his heart for the first time in years.

After this a great calm spread over his face. "O God," he said, "I forgot all about Thee, but Thou didst not forget me."

A few minutes ago I thought I could escape this—this suffering for a thing I didn't do, by ending it all—but then—I would suffer far more for a thing I did do.

"All the years that I have been here waiting—I haven't even thought of Thee—yet Thou didst not forget me for an instant. I thank Thee! I hope some day to be able to repay Thee in part, for the great thing Thou hast done for me."

The last were simple words—yet spoken with an awe—a reverence—a great love—and a firm purpose to fulfil them.

"Oh!" said the moonbeam, then smiled and continued its journey.

But all through the long night and far into the dawn, the "criminal" stood gazing up into the sky from which the moonbeam had gone. In the morning officials came with papers to tell him that his innocence was proven and that he was a free man. He received the news with an awed expression on his face, and a heart filled with gratitude to God.

"I would be dead and my soul, O where! if it had not been for thy kindly ray, little Moonbeam," he said softly.

The moonbeam came next to a large house on the outskirts of the city, where dwelt a mother with her poor children, starving because she was unable to find a sum of money, the bequest of a relative; the will told her where it was hidden—yet told it so inexplicitly that the desperate mother was unable to find it, and now, as she went to the room mentioned in the will—to search again, the moonbeam accompanied her, and by its silvery light she noticed a loose brick in the wall. Removing it, there she discovered the sought-for money—sufficient to feed and clothe her family properly, provide them with

Christmas toys and all necessities to make them comfortable for the rest of their lives.

The moonbeam smiled again—"Oh!" it said and once more went on.

It next visited a farmhouse where a bitter feud was in progress and by lighting weirdly a crucifix which hung on the wall saved the lives of many men, reminding them of the Christ who had died to establish peace on earth. Thus the little moonbeam joined in friendship the hands of those who had been at variance for many long years.

It would take a very long time to tell and a great number of sheets of paper on which to write all the moonbeam saw that night, but here are the principal scenes and some of the many acts of kindness and mercy performed, before hiding itself in the sun-kissed skies of the morning.

DENISE PHELAN, Form I.



## A Botany Expedition

An annual event and one of keenest interest and pleasure is our Botany Expedition. September, the month when Old Mother Earth decks herself in carnival attire, is the time set for it, and after busily planning for weeks, a suitable day arrived, a day of brilliant, warm sunshine, and gathering in the gymnasium at one o'clock, we started on our quest.

Several cars were boarded and several transfers accomplished before we reached Sunnyside, where we found awaiting us the Civic Car that was to bear us to our destination—Mimico Creek—a ride of about twenty minutes. We landed safely, and there a lively picture met our eyes.

Off in the distance we could perceive a narrow stream running like a blue, winding ribbon through the emerald fields. Bordering the brooklet were massive oaks and maples with their large, unbrageous branches, over it all the warm September sun.

We ran down the sloping hills to the stream and felt the water. A few even went in "paddling." With our hats and coats off, we set out on a wild chase for specimens. There was a great deal of rivalry, friendly rivalry as it were, shown amongst us. Many times a half dozen of us would chase one of the butterflies which circled in the air about us, and frequently the poor, terrified insect would seek refuge in the "poisonous bottle" of one of the girls, who did not even notice it. One group of girls caught a cray-fish. But most of our time was spent in pursuit of flowers.

Whenever a peculiar leaf or weed was discovered, Sister would be in great demand, and after we had received all the important details, off we would go again for something else.

A few of the more "thoughtful ones," as we termed them, remembered that being out in the open made one rather hungry, had provided sandwiches and cake. After these had been devoured, we bundled our flowers together. And the setting



sun in the western sky warned us that the pleasant day's visit in woodland had come to a close. We arranged ourselves for our homeward journey.

We were certainly a queer looking crowd, I'll admit, as we climbed one after another into the car. All that was visible at first was an immense bunch of phlox, chicory, milkweed, etc., and then a head would be thrust to one side. Nevertheless funny as we looked, we were very happy. All agreed before parting that a study such as Botany is not a burden, but a pure delight. With Sister's consent we decided to re-visit Mimico woods in the springtime.

MARGARET KEENAN, Form II. A.



## A Trip from the West Indies

**I**T was a beautiful afternoon in June, the sun was setting behind the mountains, and a low tropical breeze, as it passed, moved the huge palm trees into graceful motion. My garden home at this time of the year is magnificent, as I gazed at the beautiful scene it presented, a hundred thoughts flashed across my mind,—this day I was to leave my native land, was I ever to return? Was I ever to play in that garden again or try to catch the pretty little goldfish in the fountain? Such thoughts saddened my mind, however I was not to dwell on them much longer. For I was soon called to make ready for my departure.

On June 6th we left Port of Spain, B.W.I., and were conveyed by a small launch to the Royal Mail Caraque. As we moved out of the bay “The Three Sisters,” three mountain peaks, were visible, and the palms along the shore seemed to bid farewell; but all too soon this landscape faded in the darkness of the night as we sailed away on our long voyage to Canada.

The first place at which we stopped was Granada, a quaint island, very small and mountainous. We did not stay there very long, as we had brought but little cargo for it. We left about 12 p.m. and by night we reached St. Vincent. As it was already dark, we did not see much of it, but the lights from the city reflecting on the water showed plainly the negroes in their little boats trying to board when the gangway was lowered.

As they rushed on deck, the officers in vain endeavoured to keep them back, they succeeded in reaching their objective and disposing of some of their wares among the passengers. When the bell rang for the decks to be cleared the confusion increased; everyone began to pack his goods and his neighbour’s, and the cry “thief” frequently rang out; then the gangway began to come up and the blacks all ran at

once trying to get safely into their boats, when one of their women who seemed afraid to go down, blocked the narrow passage. They soon found a way to get rid of her by throwing her bag or oranges into the sea.

We next reached the Barbadoes where our ship remained two days. After much trouble we managed to get a small boat to take us ashore; then we took a taxi to one of the hotels. On our way we passed through many groves of weeping willows which seemed to bow us welcome as they gracefully waved their slender branches. After spending a very pleasant day, and taking a dip in the ocean, we returned to our steamer. It had got up steam, but as kind fate had it it was delayed to take on some extra cargo.

As we sailed out of this bay we began fishing and caught many large ones between Barbadoes and St. Lucia, which is a large coaling station.

It was Sunday and we went ashore and found that St. Lucia, with its nice cool parks and gardens, was not so dusty as it looked from the boat. After a short walk we reached a very quaint but beautiful church and were greatly disappointed on finding we were late for Mass. However, we felt we had done our duty. After going about the town for a time we returned to the steamer.

To our joy that night the wandering moon rose in all its beauty. As we glided out of the bay the orchestra played and the passengers danced the moonlit hours away. The amusement might have continued until morning, but a storm arose and the angry waves dashed high upon the boat, causing all to retire to the cabin.

Our next landing place was Dominica, a small island. Here we saw hundreds of little negroes in their nut boats, screaming out at the top of their voices, "Sir, throw a penny; be a good sir." "Misses, Misses, here am I, throw me a penny; I'll dive to the bottom of the ocean for it." When the money was thrown the little blacks were seen making their way for the coins, heedless of sharks, and at the bottom of the clear water they could be seen fighting for the money. As the day



dawned we sailed into Antigua, a pretty little island. The great waves dashed against its steep heights and seemed as though they would wash over the town. In this place, though small and unimportant, we remained for some hours. While we were in harbour a woman known as Captain Jinks came on board and gave a concert which was too funny for words.

Between Antigua and Monserrat our voyage was quite rough, but as we reached the bay of Monserrat it became quite calm, and guided by the starlit sky, we reached the harbour about 9.30 p.m. We did not stay long here, as we had but little cargo. Just before we left we enjoyed a display of fireworks which lit up the town.

After a few days of lovely weather during which we enjoyed fishing, we sailed into the harbour of St. Kitts. Here the sailors, firemen, stewards, deckhands and the cooks took part in a boat race in which the firemen were winners.

About 4 o'clock in the evening we sailed out for Bermuda. During four days we could see only water and sky, so we had to do something to while away the time. Some took part in races, other deckhand tennis, again music and dancing, etc., etc. On the morning of the fifth day we reached Bermuda, and going ashore with other passengers, visited the wonderful crystal cave.

Leaving the harbour of Bermuda at 6.30 p.m., all were happy, knowing the next port would be St. John, N.B. We experienced some disagreeable weather between Bermuda and St. John. Every minute it seemed a large wave would dash over the deck and the wind was piercing cold, consequently we remained in our state-rooms. In the midst of the storm we met the sister boat of the *Caraquet* and guns were fired. The sister boat signalled "All well, safe voyage," and we signalled back, "Good luck, pleasant voyage." After this the sea became calm and we were undisturbed except by the rising here and there of some porpoises, and the little flying fish skimming over the waves.

On the fifth morning we headed for the Bay of Fundy. Many passengers were busy getting their baggage ready, St.

John being their destination. But it was not ours; we had two days yet to travel by train. We left St. John at 6.30 p.m. and at daybreak reached Montreal, where we spent a day and a night. Everything there seemed very strange, the scenery being so different from that of the South. We left the City of Montreal at 9.30 a.m. and to my joy reached Toronto at 7.30 p.m., and I am now enjoying Boarding School life in St. Joseph's College, St. Alban street, Toronto.

ANITA DE MONTRICHARD, Form II.



## The Next Generation

BY MARGARET THOMPSON.

*II found*

I often sit at a window,  
Or lie awake in bed,  
And think of the next generation  
When this generation's dead.

Will they be pious and thoughtful,  
Or wicked, conceited and bad,  
Or will they be bright and merry,  
Or mostly stupid and sad?

Things that are new in our day  
Will be old to these new folk,  
And things that are quaint at present  
Will be to them a joke.

But I don't get much time to ponder  
On such mysterious things,  
For there's usually a baby crying,  
Or a call when the telephone rings.

## Autobiography of a Waterdrop

**W**ITH many other crystal drops like myself I lived in a lake which was partly encircled by a forest. Day after day children played on the green banks and occasionally when all was quiet a timid deer came down to drink at the edge of the lake.

One evening as I lay peacefully watching the sun sink slowly beyond far-off misty hills and the stars appearing one by one, I felt myself being lifted into the air. At first I was carried so swiftly that I could hardly get my breath, but gradually I moved slower and slower, all this time wondering what would become of me. As the air became cooler I found myself with many other little waterdrops forming a cloud.

It was much colder up there than in the lake. I watched the stars, as they were not so far away, and took long night excursions across the sky. Once a little moonbeam sprite stole a ride on my cloud-chariot. It sat very close to me, so close I could almost touch it. It looked about for awhile with small, bright eyes, and sang:

“A little lame mortal  
Has been praying for snow  
Down on the earth,  
In the deep vale below.  
He wants the snow  
To cover the earth,  
To make it white for Christmas-tide  
And the little Jesus’ birth.”

As it finished a swan flew by, and with a little leap it landed on the bird’s back and sailed far away into the evening sky.

All night I thought of the little sprite’s song and wished I could become a tiny snowflake to make the little lame boy happy. Towards morning I felt very cold and stiff. One little waterdrop said, “Why you have become a beautiful white snowflake.” I looked around suddenly, and to my surprise



beheld my companions transformed into millions of sparkling snowflakes and so happy that they went skipping through the air. I didn't join them for awhile, as I was afraid, but soon the flakes had nearly all gone, so I timidly followed. Down I went through the air slowly, slowly, overtaking some of my sister-flakes on the way. It was almost midnight when I came to my journey's end. Wondering where I was, I lay still for a time, when across the wide expanse of frozen snow came the crisp, clear chimes of a bell. I then understood. It was Christmas Eve and far off the bells were chiming. Midnight Mass was being offered in honour of the birth of the Christ Child.

When morning broke, what a beautiful sight met my gaze! The trees were all hung with snow and hoar frost, glittering like diamonds in the morning sun. The hills were a rosy hue and the snow piled up looking like white mountains. I lay beside a road which led towards a small town. Many groups of merry sleigh-riders went by glowing with Christmas cheer and I shone and sparkled for them all. Later in the day across the snow, from a lowly cottage came a tiny figure. It was the little lame boy with his new Christmas sled. My wish was granted. I was contributing to the Christmas joy of a poor boy who had prayed.

Many long days and nights I lay under the stars, till one morning the air grew very warm. I had a strange, crampy feeling, and looking around for my companions, found they had changed into drops of water. We rippled slowly over small, white pebbles until we came to a large stream, where we splashed and bubbled over the large boulders. It was getting towards sunset when our torturous journey ended and we found ourselves at rest. I thought I would sleep, but first I must see my surroundings. On looking around I was greatly surprised and pleased to see again my beautiful dark forest with a timid deer grazing at its edge. Off towards the west the sun sank over the misty hills and the brilliant stars came out one by one and looked brightly down upon me as if to bid me welcome back to my home in the quiet lakelet.

CECILIA HEIS, Form I.

## A Song to the Manitoulin Island



Land of the northern clime,  
O lovely Manitou,  
Your eight lone daughters pine  
For your clear skies of blue.

Under the autumn skies  
Oft have we thought of you,  
And in each mind there lies  
A picture of hazy hue.

Under the winter's spell  
Of frost and wind and snow,  
Your mighty waters tell  
A tale to the shores below.

Land of forest and stream,  
O lovely Manitou,  
Of you eight daughters dream,  
When shall their dreams come true?

CECILIA HEIS.

## Arabella

ON Christmas Eve, 1920, we arose early for much work had to be done. As a rule that day was reserved for the inevitable last-minute touches, but this year a long illness had compelled my father to go South as soon as possible for in his weakened condition the rigours of our Northern winter would be too trying for him.

Mother, of course, must accompany him, consequently the usual Christmas work had been more or less neglected for the more imperative duty of preparing for our parents' trip South.

When they had gone my sisters Mary and Caroline and myself were in charge of the household.

The day started promisingly and by ten o'clock the upper rooms had been reduced to order. I had just begun work downstairs when the doorbell rang. On my answering it I was handed a telegram which read thus, "Will be in Toronto this afternoon. Arabella." "Good news!" I exclaimed.

"What is it?" asked Caroline. "Just look," I said.

"Arabella!" she exclaimed. "How nice!"

"Yes," I agreed, "she will be such good company for Christmas."

"Now it won't be so lonesome," added my sister, and walked away singing.

Arabella was our cousin and one of the most cheerful girls I've ever known. Nothing ever seemed to discourage her and she had the happy art of communicating her cheerfulness to others. If we could persuade her to stay with us several weeks it would be better still, but in the meantime everything must be made spick and span for her reception. Half an hour later, however, Mary dashed in, "Oh, Marion," she wailed, "Arabella is coming."

"Why, Mary," I said, "what is wrong?—that is about the best thing that could possibly happen."



"You change your mind with every wind," said Mary, sarcastically.

"Since when have you begun to be so fond of her?" For my part I think that woman is imposing on good nature to ask us to"—"it seems to me that" I interrupted.

But Mary was gone, leaving me to wonder what was wrong. She had always been fond of Arabella, and to the best of my knowledge so had I, yet here she was telling me that I changed with every wind. Perhaps she was out of humor, though, and would presently come to her senses.

Caroline evidently knew of Mary's mysterious change of opinion, for during dinner the subject of the prospective visit was avoided.

That afternoon, as another ring of the doorbell heralded Arabella's arrival, Caroline and I looked at each other with smiling anticipation, and going to the door I opened it, ready to receive Arabella with hearty greetings.

"I am so glad"—I began and stopped, for there stood a tall, thin figure, very erect indeed. "Why, Arabella"—was the cold ending to my greeting.

It was another Arabella who stood there, a cousin of ours also, but the very opposite of our expected cousin.

This Arabella was a maiden lady of uncertain years, and still more uncertain temper, who could make the thermometer fall to freezing point on a July day and who thought it her duty to keep especial guardianship over us.

"Did you not get my telegram?" she said.

"Yes—no—that is I don't know—I suppose we did," I answered, feeling as if the world had suddenly turned topsy turvy. Regaining my presence of my mind, I said, "Come in, Cousin Arabella." She came, looking about critically and finally seating herself on the stiffest chair available.

Caroline came in a moment later, and the change on her face was laughable, when she saw who our visitor was.

"Where is Mary?" asked our cousin.

"I will call her, Arabella," and did so. In response to the

call Mary asked, "Is Arabella here? I have the kennel all ready for her."

A bomb explosion would have had about the same effect as Mary's question and statement.

For a moment dead silence reigned long enough for Mary to come and see Cousin Arabella rise from the chair.

"This is a deliberate insult," said that lady, with slow and awful emphasis. "I come here and am received coldly. Then I overhear 'the kennel is ready.' Am I a dog? This whole programme was very likely planned ahead of time, in fact I am sure of it."

"But Arabella, please let us explain. Something seems to be wrong; I am not sure what," cried Caroline.

"I shall write and tell your father how his children have treated me," was the answer, and the next moment we three were left alone to stare at one another.

Finally I turned to my youngest sister.

"Mary, whatever made you say that?"

"How should I know it was Cousin Arabella," she protested, aggrievedly.

"Mrs. Merton 'phoned over this morning asking me to take care of Arabella, her dog, as she was going away to her sister's for Christmas."

We sat and laughed until for the third time that eventful day the doorbell rang, and there was Arabella, our other cousin. "I thought I should surprise you," she beamed.

"We're past being surprised at anything," I said, and of course she was told the whole story.

Arabella, the dog, arrived later, and must have been surprised at the hilarity which greeted its entrance.

Our disagreeable cousin is still offended, but some day she may forgive or forget, and come to visit us again.

CATHERINE DOUGHAN.

## Souls in Purgatory

“O, by the pains that racked Thy breast,  
From life’s first dawn to life’s decline,  
Grant—grant them, Lord, eternal rest—  
Let light forever on them shine.

The suffering souls in Purgatory! Who are they? Why, they are the chosen heirs of Heaven, and their names are now written there amongst its glorious princes. God loves them most tenderly and enriches them with the most precious gifts and ornaments of His grace, but His justice obliges Him to detain them in this distant banishment till their debts are discharged to the last farthing. Yet in His tender mercy, He recommends them to the charitable succours, which we as their fellow-members in Christ have in our power to afford them. And He will reward our charity to His friends and children in their extreme necessity. All works of mercy draw down His richest blessings and will be well repaid. If we consider who they are and what they suffer, we shall want no further motives to excite us to devotion in their behalf. All of them are our fellow-members in Christ. We are united to them by the bonds of sincere charity and by the Communion of Saints. Everyone of them is that neighbour that we must love as ourselves. As the members of the same band work together to help one another and when one suffers, the others suffer, and when one is honoured the others rejoice; so much more should we try to help the souls in Purgatory whose dignity at the same time recommends them to our veneration.

Why do we pray for the souls in Purgatory? If other motives have less weight with us we certainly cannot be insensible to that of our own interest. How happy will it be in eternity in the company of those souls whose enjoyment of bliss we helped to hasten! What an honour to have been able to serve such glorious saints! and then, too, they will earnestly repay us by helping us in overcoming dangers of this world.



They will obtain for us divine graces and God Himself will shower His most precious favours upon us because of our charity. Has He not said, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

Perhaps the souls of some dear friends may be suffering on our account; perhaps for their love for us; perhaps for the sins of which we were the occasion. In these cases not only of charity, but of justice, call upon us to endeavour to procure for them all the relief in our power. By having shown this mercy to the suffering souls in Purgatory, we shall be entitled to be treated with mercy at our departure, and to share in the general good works of the church offered for all the faithful departed.

From the time of the Apostles the Church has not ceased to pray and to offer up the Holy Sacrifice for her deceased children. Even among pagan and savage nations sacrifices were offered and prayers said for the dead, because they thought that in this way they might help them. If these unlettered people did so much for their dead, surely it is incumbent upon us who have the gift of faith to join the Church in constantly praying. "Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace!" Amen.

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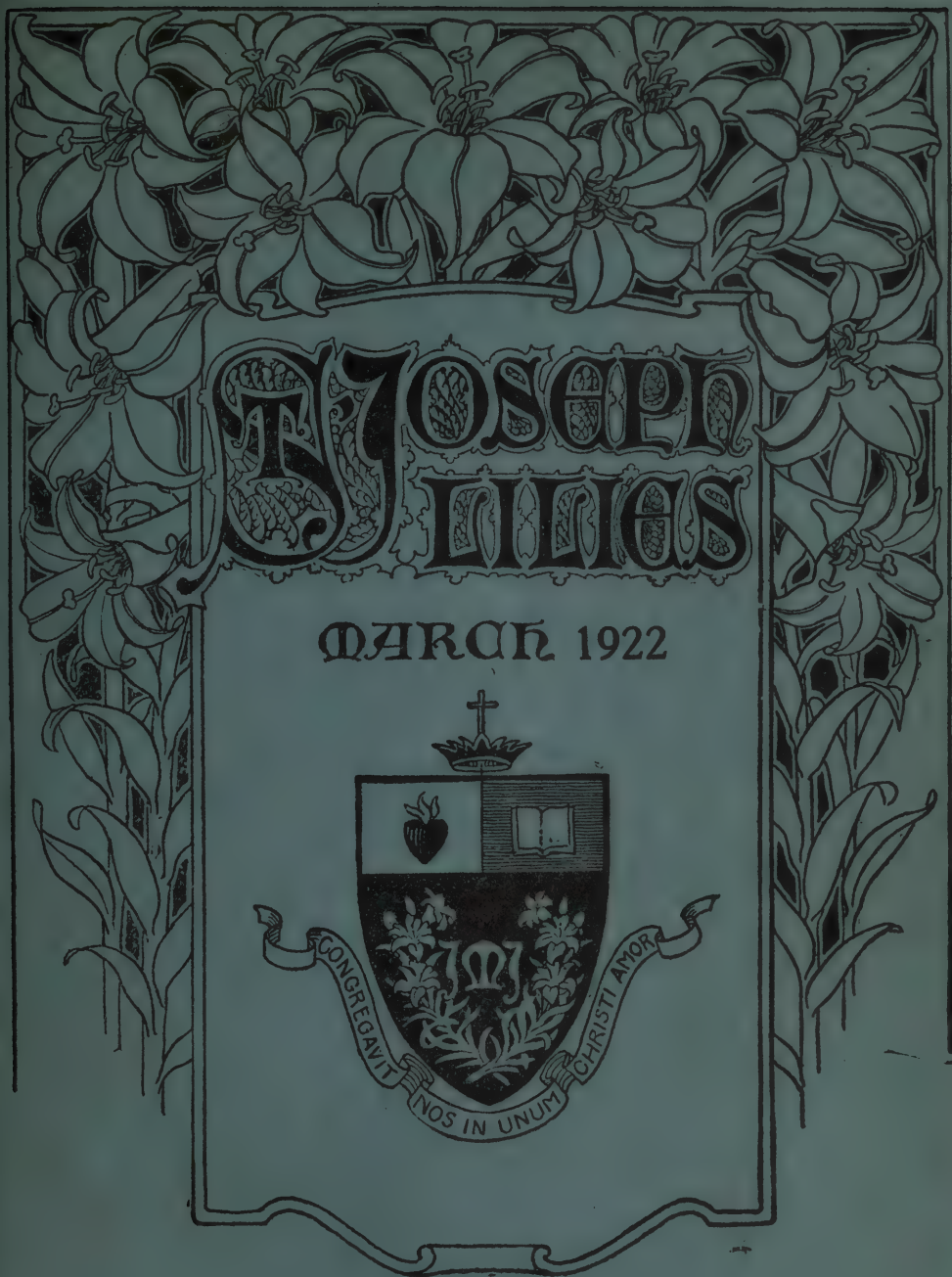
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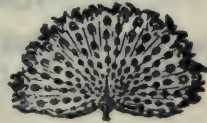
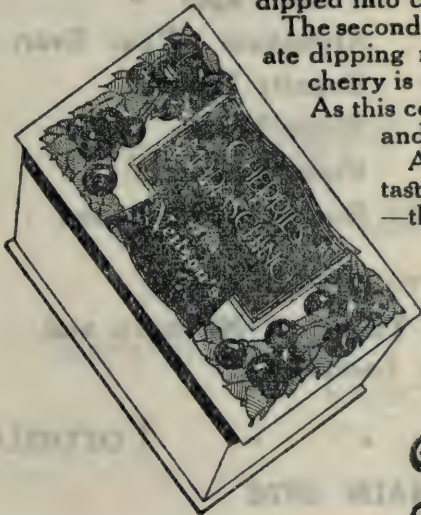
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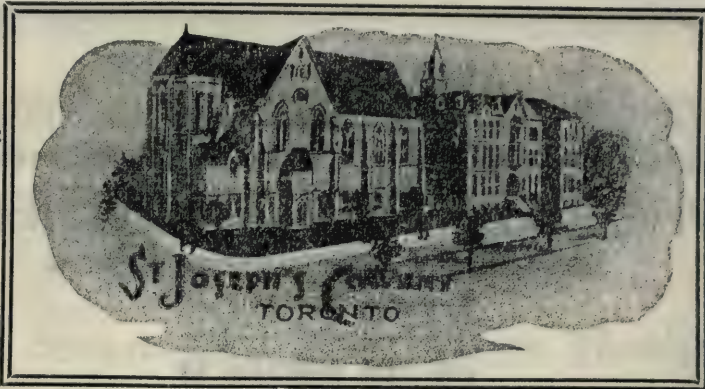
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# CONTENTS

---

The Exaltation of St. Joseph .....	Frontispiece
Journey of St. Joseph to Jerusalem at the Paschal Feast	
—The Most Rev. A. M. Lepicier .....	6
God Save All Here—Selected .....	8
Kant Under the Light of History—Rev. M. J. Ryan,	
D.D., Ph.D. ....	9
The Little Flower Therese of Lisieux (Portrait).....	24
Sister Therese of Lisieux .....	25
Roses of Love (Poem)—K.N.D. ....	33
True Greatness (An Impression of Foch)—Rev. Father	
Matthias, C.P., West Hoboken, N.J. ....	35
Ancient Stronghold of Faith and Fighting—Margaret	
Mee-Power .....	40
Consecration (Poem)—J. Corson Miller .....	45
Dangers to Faith and Morals—Rt. Rev. H. G. Graham,	
Auxiliary Bishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh....	46
Sir Bertram Windle (Portrait) .....	53
Sir Bertram Windle (Tribute)—Alumna .....	52
Modern Tendencies in Irish Literature—Elizabeth O'Dris-	
coll, M.A. ....	58
Silent Characteristics of Genius—Rev. C. O'Sullivan.....	66
Spring and His Ways—Frederick B. Fenton .....	74
The Incarnation—Rev. K. J. McRae .....	75
Officers of the Alumnae .....	80

---

Alumnae Notes—Lillian McCarron .....	81
Accessions to the Museum .....	93
Community Notes .....	94
College Editorial Staff .....	96
Speak No Ill—Verita .....	96
Editorial .....	97
College Notes .....	98
Pope Benedict XV.—Blanche Larochelle, '25 .....	103
Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade—Ida J. T. Wickett, Form IV. ....	105
Jesus and St. John (Poem)—Lucille Bennett, Form IV...	108
Sketches from "The Antiquary"—Blanche Larochelle, '25	109
An Old House—Ruth Ridley, Form III. ....	117
A Hunt—Eleanor Ward, Form I. ....	119
The Easter Lily—Evelyn Young, Form 1.....	121
An Incident in My Life—Angela Prew (Age 12 years)..	122
India—Catherine Daughan, Form IV. ....	123







THE EXALTATION OF ST. JOSEPH

# Saint Joseph Lilies

*Pro Deo et Alma Matre.*

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VOL. X.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1922

No. 4

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## Journey of Joseph to Jerusalem at the Paschal Feast

BY MOST REV. FATHER A. M. LEPICIER.

"And when He was twelve years old, they (were) going up to Jerusalem, according to the custom of the feast." (Luke 2, 42).

**T**HE law of Moses prescribed that every adult person of the male sex should present himself in Jerusalem before the Lord three times every year, that is, at the solemnity of the Azymes or Pasch, at the celebration of the Weeks, and at the Feast of the Tabernacles. (Deut. xvl., 16). But as many of the Jews had their dwelling in distant regions and could not easily undertake so frequent a journey to Jerusalem, a lawful custom had reduced that law which in course of time had become too onerous to be literally observed. As a matter of fact it was generally deemed sufficient for those living in distant parts, to report to the Holy City once only during the year, and the Pasch was the time chosen for that visit.

This indeed was the case with the Holy Family, as Nazareth was more than one hundred miles distant from Jerusalem. Hence it sufficed for St. Joseph to betake himself there once only every year, and this he did not fail to do, being, as he was, so careful an observer of the lawful customs of his nation. Furthermore, although women were not bound by this law, yet his holy Spouse Mary was wont to accompany him on this journey as the Sacred Text shows. Children also were



not bound by this law until they had reached the age of reason, which time was to be determined by their parents.

Now, as long as Archelaus, that cruel and arrogant monarch, continued reigning over Judea, the life of the Saviour was in perpetual danger and therefore Mary and Joseph did not think it fit to bring the Divine Child with them on their journey to Jerusalem. But now that the impious king was dead and Jesus had reached the age of twelve years, He accompanied His parents to Jerusalem, there to adore the Lord with them, and give His countrymen the example of fervent prayer.

We cannot here too much admire the conduct of the members of the Holy Family, who, to better please and serve God, exposed themselves to the inconveniences of such a long and weary journey. Alas! how many Christians are slow in fulfilling the comparatively light precepts of Holy Church, such as the keeping of feast-days or the receiving, at least once during the year, the Sacrament of the Blessed Sacrament!

It may be asked what was the virtue which prompted the Holy Family, and especially St. Joseph, to observe so faithfully the prescriptions of Moses regarding this annual journey to Jerusalem. To this we answer that it was the virtue of religion which consists in the readiness of our will to perform all things pertaining to divine service and worship. Now this eminent virtue does not only embrace internal acts, such as prayer, adoration and the like; it includes external acts as well, such as the offering of sacrifice, prostrations, the paying of tithes and so forth. By means of such external acts the soul is brought to love, praise and serve God internally.

St. Joseph, animated as he was by a firm and sincere spirit of religion, was not content to adore God from the depths of his heart only; he would also fulfil with strict fidelity those external acts of public worship prescribed by the law of Moses.

Another virtue which moved St. Joseph to journey every year to Jerusalem, there to adore the Lord in the temple, was the virtue of piety, which has for its object the honour and respect due to parents and country. Together with this was

the virtue of observance, which commands honour and respect in regard to persons placed in high stations. Thus while undertaking this journey every year, St. Joseph gave expression to sentiments of honour and respect towards his country, of which Jerusalem was the principal city; he likewise showed forth his affection towards his kinsmen who resided in that city, as well as his reverence and veneration for the priests of the temple and the civil magistrates.

Behold how many acts of virtue St. Joseph exercised on this annual journey to Jerusalem. And for this reason the saint Patriarch, in whose breast burned the undivided love of God, religion, country and parents, is well worthy of being set up as a model of a true Christian citizen, whose motto is fidelity to God, to his religion, to his parents and to his fatherland.

As regards the acts of religion practised by St. Joseph, of which we have now spoken, we should note carefully the spirit of devotion that moved him to perform the same. That spirit of inward devotion carried him, as it were, beyond himself, urging him to accomplish faithfully all that pertains to divine service and worship. To him, therefore, may be applied the words of Paralipomenon, "And all the multitude offered victims and praises, with a devout mind." (II. Chap. xxix. 31).

The saintly Patriarch ever kept aglow this spirit of devotion, not only by frequently reflecting upon the heavenly mysteries of which he was the privileged witness, but also by having ever present before his eyes his own lowliness; this twofold element,—consideration of God's greatness and reflection upon one's own baseness—being the source from which the spirit of devotion is ordinarily nurtured.

This inward devotion of St. Joseph, on the one hand, filled his heart with an habitual sentiment of gladness. But as, on the other hand, he realized that he was still upon this earth which for him was a place of exile and trial, he could not but experience a certain feeling of sadness, which, however, was soon dissipated in his heart by the hope of enjoying before long the company and vision of his dear Lord in Paradise.

### God Save All Here

There is a prayer that's breathed alone  
In dear old Erin's land;  
'Tis uttered on the threshold-stone  
With smiles and clasping hand;  
And oft perchance 'tis murmured low,  
With sigh and falling tear,  
The grandest greeting man may know,  
The prayer, "God save all here!"

In other lands they know not well  
How priceless is the lore  
That hedges with a sacred spell  
Old Ireland's cabin door;  
To those it is no empty sound,  
Who think with many a tear  
Of long-loved memories wreathing round  
The prayer, "God save all here!"

Live on, O Prayer, in Ireland still,  
Live on forevermore,  
The echoes of her home to fill  
When uttered at her door,  
And guarding by its holy spell  
The soul and conscience clear,  
Be graven on each heart as well,  
The prayer, "God save all here!"



## Kant Under the Light of History

REV. M. J. RYAN, D.D., PH.D.

(In The American Catholic Historical Review).

### PART II.

#### *What Is Meant by Transcendental Idealism?*

Some part of Kant's obscurity is due to the use of Aristotelic or Scholastic terms, such as Category, and Transcendental, in a new and improper sense; and one of the terms by reason of which superficial readers threw dust in their own eyes is "Transcendental Idealism," which is supposed to have some association with Transcendence and with Idealism, and to mean something wonderfully elevated, spiritual and mystical. The very first German reviewer who noticed the *Critique of the Pure Reason* made this mistake, which has often been repeated since, though Kant at once denounced it. In the *Prolegomena to Every Future System of Metaphysic*,<sup>(21)</sup> which was published in the following year, he said: "My critic says: 'This work is a system of Transcendent or, as he translates it, higher idealism.' Not higher, certainly. My place is the fruitful bathos (low ground) of experience; and the word Transcendental, the meaning of which has not been grasped by my critic, does not signify (with Kant) something passing beyond all experience. . . . Idealism proper always has a mystical tendency . . . (through Kant's philosophy) the whole mystical idealism of Plato falls to the ground. . . The dictum of all genuine idealists from the Eleatic School to Berkeley is contained in this

---

(21) Appendix (and foot notes to the Appendix) to *Prolegomena to Every Future System of Metaphysic which can claim to rank as a Science*. "Unfortunately," says Falckenberg, "Kant some times used the word *Transcendental* as equivalent to *Transcendent*." But perhaps this was a slip of the pen; many worse slips have been found by editors of the *Critique*.

formula: 'All cognition through the senses and experience is sheer illusion; only in the ideas of pure understanding and reason is there truth.' The principle governing and determining mine throughout is on the other hand: Only in experience is there truth; all cognition of things merely from pure reason or understanding is nothing but illusion." He explains that with him Transcendental means almost the opposite of Transcendent; it only means "something that does indeed a-priori precede experience, but is intended simply to make experience (or experimental cognition) possible." The term, then, with him means much the same as the Wolffian School after Descartes and Leibniz meant by "Innate" (Ideas), or A-priori, or fundamental or deductive.

Sidgwick suggests aptly that Kant's system should not be called Idealism of any kind, but Ideaism, because the word Idealism has such associations that it must mislead.

Perhaps the old name of Conceptualism might be used for it with some specific adjective such as Kantian, or Critical.

Hamilton (22) says that, as some even of Kant's German disciples have not known whence or how he got the term Transcendental, and how he came to use it in such a peculiar sense, it is worth while to explain its genealogy.

In the Scholastic philosophy the name of Transcendental was given to our simplest, most elementary and most extensive conceptions such as Being, Something, One, Good, because they transcend the highest genera or predicaments (categories) and are predicable concerning the subjects of every predicament or category. In the Cartesian and Leibnizian and Wolffian philosophies these Transcendental concepts were said to be innate, native to the mind, not in any way derived from experience. Therefore Kant twisted the term out of its proper meaning to signify what is (in his opinion) prior to all experience. In a similar way he twisted the term Category so as to violate the distinction which Aristotle and the Scholastics after him had made between the predicaments (widest genera) or Categories

---

(22) Hamilton's Lectures on Logic, Lect. xi., xxxvi.

and the Transcendental concepts. The term Transcendent Kant applies in a condemnatory sense, to any reasoning which attempts to know things (such as the nature of the soul or the attributes of God) which cannot be the objects of experience. For his purpose was to sweep away all metaphysical science, except the study of our own intellect, and especially to get rid of all the theology, natural as well as revealed. It is very significant that the title of "Transcendental Idealism" should have been kept up by his followers, in spite of his own admission that it was misleading, and his proposal of the name, Critical Idealism or formal Idealism as more appropriate.

#### *The Genesis of the Speculative System.*

It is very easy to censure particular points in the Kantian philosophy, especially in the *Critique of Pure Reason*. But to throw your mind dramatically within the coils of the system, and sympathetically to follow his train of thought so as to understand how he fell into such paralogisms and fallacies, is no such easy task. As in the story "Through the Looking-Glass," the difficulty is for Alice to get through the glass into the world behind it. Once that feat is accomplished the rest is comparatively practicable.

The strain of thought which had come down from Descartes and Leibniz furnished a soil in which the Kantian ideas might spring up. There was a general assumption that the senses apprehend immediately not things but their own affections, "Sensual Ideas," as the Wolffians said (*Species sensibiles*, in Scholastic terminology), and that the intellect perceives immediately its own ideas or concepts, the most important of which were said to be "innate," growing from within, not derived from or through experience. Moreover, the Leibniz-Wolffian system in which Kant's mind was steeped from youth, affirmed that Space, and not only Space, but the Extension and Shape and movement of bodies were unreal, being only ideas due to a confused and indistinct apprehension (bodies being composed of unexpected forces—"points of force"—called Monads).



From this doctrine that both Space and Motion are purely subjective, it was very easy to go on to a theory that Time and Succession are likewise subjective, and hence that all change or movement is unreal. The Leibnizian philosophy likewise accounted for intellectual intuitions and the self-evidence of Geometrical and metaphysical axioms by saying that these propositions are innate and part of the mind itself. The Kantian system is racy of this soil.

It is remarkable that the theory of Innate Ideas in the seventeenth century, in opposition to Locke, led to a striking anticipation of one of the most important of Kant's positions. Richard Burthogge, M.D. (1694), in an essay upon *Reason and the Nature of Spirits*, against Locke, says: "Things to us men are nothing but what they stand in our analogy, that is, in plain terms, they are nothing to us but as they are known by us . . . and they are not in our faculties either in their own realities or by way of a true resemblance and representation, but only in respect of certain appearances . . . that do no more exist without our faculties in the things themselves, than the images that are seen in water, or behind a glass, do exist in those places where they seem to be . . . appearances or sentiments which, things by the various impressions that they make upon us, do either occasion only, or cause, or—which is most probable—concur with our faculties in causing . . . And there is the same reason for the understanding (as for the senses) that it should have a like share in framing the primitive notions under which it takes in and receives objects. In sum, the immediate objects of cogitation, as it is exercised by men, are *entia cognitionis*, all phenomena."

Upon this state of mind, while Kant believed in innate ideas and propositions, Hume's sceptical questioning of the principle of Causation (23) fell like an explosive shell and dissipated what he considers sleep or dream. Kant with his usual acuteness and his usual lack of profundity at once saw, eye to eye with Hume, that this principle—that every change or event must

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(23) See introduction to Kant's *Prolegomena* to every future System.

have a cause—is a proposition combining two diverse concepts, the predicate not being contained in a definition or analysis of the subject; in other words that it is a proposition of the character which British logicians aptly call Ampliative and Kant calls Synthetic.

Moreover, he saw that many of our most important moral, mathematical and metaphysical axioms are of the same character.

W. G. Ward, one of the acutest and soundest metaphysicians of the last century, in his controversy against Empiricists and Phenomenists in the *Dublin Review* <sup>(24)</sup> about 1870, was led to examine the question about Analytic and Synthetic-a-priori principles. As Catholic philosophers differ from Kant in their use of those names, Ward in order to avoid verbal disputes and equivocations and misunderstandings, prefers the terms which Hamilton also had used, Explicative and Ampliative propositions. But on the question of fact apart from names, he, like F. Kleutgen, S.J., considers Kant to be in substance right in holding that there are self-evident principles which are ampliative (or Synthetical) propositions. Ward even considers that Kant's use of the words Analytic and Synthetic was more correct and proper than the meaning which Catholic philosophers give to those terms, though for the sake of agreement he avoided the use of those names altogether. Thus Ward considered that Kant's question, How are synthetic-a-priori judgments possible (that is, how can ampliative propositions be self-evident and self-evidently necessary) was a very important question, which needed to be discussed. Of course Ward did not accept Kant's solution of the problem. For Ward held to the old view of the Scholastics and Aristotle and common sense, that the truth of such axioms is evident with objective evidence in the light of reason. Whereas Kant explains the evidence of their necessity as a phenomenal necessity or subjective appearance due to the

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(24) See the *Dublin Review*, July, 1869, on Philosophical Axioms, page 159, and Oct., 1871, on Mill's Denial of Necessary Truth, and July, 1871, on the Rule and Motive of Certitude. Ward's *Essays on the Philosophy of Theism* were collected and published by his son, but are now out of print.

“synthetic unity of apperception” or self-consciousness (this self also being only a phenomenon of a self) and boldly denies that the laws of thought are in conformity with the laws of being.

Kant tells (25) us that he differs from all former philosophers in that he saw (that is, imagined he saw) that not the intellect alone has intuitions, but that the senses also intuit a-priori, having innate sensuous ideas of their own, space being innate as a form of perception in the outer sensibility, and Time in the inner sense (he calls self-consciousness an inner sense). Thus formally developing the Leibnizian view that Space and Motion are only subjective, he added the notion that Time and Succession and all change are equally so, and equally untrue to reality.

From this he went on to the view that the intellectual concepts, Cause and Effect, are purely subjective and do not apply to things as they are in themselves, partly from consistency and consecutiveness, and partly because he thought with Hume that the principle of Causation was contrary to the freedom of the will, which he wished to safeguard. Some of my readers will remember how J. S. Mill, too, confesses that he had thought the principle of Causation contrary to the liberty of the will and had been depressed for a time by the belief in Necessity, and how he got rid of his depression by denying that any actions or even material changes are necessitated, and substituting the notions of the Antecedent and Consequent for those of Cause and Effect. In both men, the intention was good, though the reasoning in both cases was fallacious. In the same spirit, Bergson denies that the future is determined by the present. The “Self” which in Kant is “Conscious” and which is necessitated in its volitions, is, of course, not the real Self, but a phenomenon.

Kant also, assuming change to be unreal, saw that such conceptions as Substance and Accident must in consistency be placed upon the same subjective level

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(25) A footnote in Appendix to Prolegomena.



on which he placed Cause and Effect; and then to complete his system, he treated the Concepts of Being and Not Being, and Unity and Plurality, in the same manner (26). He could not have gone so far astray if he had not been so systematic and ingenious. On his own principles he had no right to talk of "things-in-themselves," in the plural number, rather than the Thing, in the singular. His language shows probably that he was still unconsciously under the influence of the Leibnizian doctrine of Monads.

The initial and original paralogism belongs to Leibniz. To argue that because our imaginative idea of Space has not a strictly corresponding reality, therefore, it has no foundation (*fundamentum in re*) at all, and that Extension (27), Shape, and movement from place to place are illusions, is absurd logic. (Similarly, to assert that because Time, comprising Past and Future with the Present, is ideal, therefore Succession and all change are unreal, is as bad logic as it would be to call Duration unreal. We really might as well say that corporeal things do not endure as they are not extended and shaped and movable, or that the thing (e.g., the tree) which exists now is not that which existed a moment ago and also is not that which will exist in the moment to come).

Kant, it is true, often criticizes Leibniz and ridiculed some of his theories. But then, as is remarked by Sarah Coleridge in her Notes to her father's *Biographia Literaria*, "It is a general fact that a philosopher argues more against that teacher of philosophy from whom he has derived the main body of his opinions, and whose system contains great part of that which his own consists of, than he does with the whole world besides. Could all that belongs to Leibniz be abstracted from Kant, and all that belongs to Kant be abstracted from Fichte and Schelling, I should imagine that the metaphysical system of each would straightway fall into a shapeless, baseless wreck."

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(26) Prolegomena-39, on the System of the Categories.

(27) Prolegomena 13, Remark 111.

*The Dreams of a Critical Conceptualist.*

The *Critique of Pure Reason* is contrary to the natural judgment, or "common sense" of mankind; it is inconsistent with Kant's later Treatises, or they are a departure from it; and it abounds in such self-contradictions as it might seem impossible that a serious thinker could perpetrate. The shimmering ambiguity of its terms, e.g., Phenomenon, is such that Kant passes unconsciously from the position that things appear to us in a certain way to the position that things produce Appearances in us. He begins with the distinction between things as they are in themselves and things as they appear to us, the distinction relating to one and the same reality under two points of view; and he shifts to a distinction between two different realities, things-in-themselves, outside of and independent of our consciousness, and phenomena, or appearances, within our consciousness. Thus phenomena for Kant substantiate themselves and become a third set of things between the subjective processes of the individual mind and things-in-themselves or the world of reality. He tries to impart to his appearances an objective reality, while at the same time asserting their character as appearances only; and in proportion as this substantiation of phenomena takes place, things-in-themselves tend to fade away out of sight in the Kantian scheme of philosophy. The "Refutation of Idealism" in the second edition seems so inconsistent that Schopenhauer denounced it as a cowardly retreat, and Hamilton thought it not serious. May have thought that the man who wrote the *Pure Reason* could not really have set as much value as he professed on the practical postulates of the existence of God and a future life. It was altogether self-contradictory to say that Cause and Effect are only subjective forms of thought, and then that things-in-themselves cause Appearances in our sensibility.

*The Tycho Brahe of the Mind.*

Kant wished to destroy all metaphysical knowledge, especially theology and psychology, and at the same time retain ethical, social, and physical as well as mathematical science. But in

truth for him nature and human society are only phantasmagoria, or (to apply an expression of his own) a set of soap-bubbles. Though he asserted that things-in-themselves, behind the vision or unsubstantial pageant which we call the world, touch the springs which set the pictures in our minds in motion, yet these "Representations" or "presentations" do not represent, but must systematically and essentially misrepresent. Kant set himself up for the Copernicus of philosophy, but in fact he was the reverse of a Copernicus; he was only the Tycho Brahe; for he made the human mind the center on which the universe depends, and he substituted false system for true principles. According to him, the human understanding prescribes its own laws to Nature, and is the source of the universal order of Nature: "I cannot have the slightest notion of such a connection of things-in-themselves as of their existing as substances, working as causes, or being able to stand in reciprocal relation with one another as parts of a real whole . . . We have nothing to do with the nature of things in themselves, but only with Nature as the object of our experience" (28) (i.e., a set of appearances within our mind).

He differs from former Innatists, for he expressly rejects the view that the laws of thought might run parallel to the laws of being, and that the concepts of the human understanding might correspond to the natures of things and be true to them. He mocks at the conclusion as well as the consequences of the argument which came down from Descartes that the human reason is veracious because it has a veracious Creator. "Crusius alone," he (29) says (betraying here his ignorance of history) "thought of a compromise, namely that a spirit who cannot err nor deceive may have implanted those laws in our minds originally. But . . . we can never know for certain what the Spirit of truth or the Father of lies may have instilled into us." And he hints with a sneer that not a few of Crusius' principles came from the Father of lies (and of course in using such religious language Kant does not at all believe in what

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(28) Prolegomena 028 and 38.

(29) Prolegomena, 36, footnote.



that language signified). Huxley is echoing Kant as well as Descartes when he says in his essay on Descartes: "It is conceivable that some powerful and malicious being may find his pleasure in deluding us and making us believe the thing which is not, every moment of our lives."

According to Kant, then all the movements and changes without us and within us—those of ocean and clouds and stars, and all the succession of thoughts and feelings within our own mind—are unreal and only appearances, since Time and Succession as well as Place and Size and Motion are only a subjective form. "If either I or any other being could see myself without this condition of sensibility, then those very determinations which we now represent to ourselves as changes would give us a kind of knowledge in which the representation of Time would have no place, and therefore the representation of change would have no place." (30)

Our bodies with their members and the organs of the senses are only phenomena. There may be no real distinction between soul and body. "It might be possible that that something which forms the foundation of external phenomena . . . might be at the same time the subject of thinking. The substance which with reference to our external sense possess extension might very well by itself possess thoughts which can be represented consciously by its own internal sense." Both may be one and the same thing making itself appear under different and opposite phenomena to its several perceptive faculties.

We are absolutely walled off from reality both within and without by what Kant miscalls Representations or Presentations. We are not like Plato's men in the cave with their backs turned to the opening and the light, who see on the wall of their prison the shadows of the men and beasts that pass by. For these Kantian shadows that come like things and so depart, do not really resemble anything except one another. They are not even caricatures of "things-in-themselves," for a caricature has some likeness. We do not even see things *tanquam per*

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(30) Critique of the Pure Reason, Transcendental Aesthetic, 2nd edition, of Ttime, p. 29-30, Max Muller.

*speculum in aenigmate*, for there is no comparison or analogy or relation between the moving pictures which the blind art, as he calls it, of our mental constitution has made and the things or thing behind the pictorial screen. This theory is more groundless and absurd than the pre-established Harmony of Leibniz which Kant ridiculed. For this is pre-established Discord.

The absolutely formless "given matter" from which the phenomenal objects are formed by the mind was the wildest of dreams.

Kant warned readers against an Illusion which he professed to have discovered in Transcendental Dialectics. But the greatest of all Transcendental Illusions was his own system. Thus men of science when studying nature or the human body, are making experiments upon Appearances within their own minds. Our mind is imprisoned in a network of representations or "presentations" which always misrepresent; and man when observing changes and searching for their causes and relations, and the adaptation of means to end in nature, is but a puppet in a game of "send the fool farther," in a land of dreams.

For what Kant calls knowledge is not knowledge. If there is to be knowledge, there must first *be* something to be known. Also, it is implied in the very conception of knowledge, that knowing does not alter or modify the thing known. To know anything is to know it as it is, not as otherwise than it is. We may not know all about it; but so far as our knowledge goes, the knowledge must conform to the object. This is what Kant expressly denies; he asserts that the object must correspond to our mode of thinking or perceiving. The object is always a subjective formation. But then such thinking has no right to be called knowledge, and the object is not a thing but a thought. It is difficult to believe that, when Kant calls such schemes of universal misconception "knowledge," the equivocation was not a conscious and deliberate camouflage. The difference between Kant's "knowledge," and belief seems to be that belief may be true, but knowledge must be false. In other words, the term "knowledge" should be omitted from our dictionary and dropped out of our language.

It is even worse and more self-contradictory logic, if worse there can be, to say that Existence and Possibility, and Reality and Negation are only subjective forms of thought, and that the principle of contradiction (31) should not be expressed in the old form, (It is impossible for a thing in the same respect both to be and not to be), but thus: "No subject can have a predicate which contradicts it,"—and then after all this to tell us there exist things-in-themselves altogether independently of our thought.

This part of his system, isolated and developed by Fichte, (32) leads to the expression of this latter philosopher: "I know absolutely of no being, not even of my own. There *is* no being. Images (bilder) there are; they are all that is; and they know themselves after the manner of images—images which hover and float past, without there being anything past which they float; which are connected through images or images; images wherein there is nothing imaged, which have neither meaning nor purpose. I myself am one of these images, or rather I am not even one of them, but only a confused reflection of them all. All reality changes into a wonderful dream, without a life to be dreamed of, without a spirit to dream. Thought . . . is the dream of that dream."

### *Camouflage or Equivocation.*

It is bewildering and annoying to find Kant and his disciples mixing up popular language, the language of Common Sense, such as Representation and Experience and Knowledge, with reasonings which are intended to destroy the beliefs of Common Sense. They usually evade this censure by saying that they use popular language, and speak of the world, and our bodies and our senses and our cognitions, as an astronomer or any instructed man talks of the sun rising and setting while he knows

(31) *Critique of the Pure Reason*, Trans. Analytic, Bk. II., II., Sect. I., p. 123-5, Max Muller. Hamilton shrewdly observes that this principle should have been called the Principle of Non-contradiction.

(32) Fichte, *Ueber die Bestimmung der Menschen*, Bk. II., conclusion. Of course this is not the conclusion of Fichte's philosophy any more than of Kant's, since Fichte finds reality in the will and practical reason.



that the earth turns on its own axis and also moves around the sun. Of course no one can object to a Kantian or an Idealist using popular language in ordinary conversation or popular lectures or speeches. But we may object to the employment in philosophical argument of language that implies assumptions contradictory to their express conclusions. What, as Sidgwick observes, would be thought of an astronomer who in scientific treatise began by apparently assuming that the sun goes around the earth, and carried the assumption through the very arguments by which he leads us to the conclusion that the earth turns on its axis and also moves around the sun? We should ask him to alter his language and to put his argument in a form that did not assume what is contradicted by his conclusions.

It is all like the Riddling of the Bards,

Confusion and Illusion and Relation,  
Elusion and Occasion and Evasion.

Except that the Bards were mocking and did not profess to be serious philosophers.

The analogy which Heine perceived between Kant and Robespierre is really interesting and illuminating. In both, says Heine, we find the same spirit of mistrust, only that one exercises it against men and calls it republican virtue, while the other applies it against ideas and calls it criticism. We see in both the same prosaic, sober integrity. In both there shows itself the type of the petty tradesman at its highest degree. Nature had intended them to weigh out tea and sugar; but destiny decreed that they should weigh out other things; for the one it placed upon the scales a king; for the other, the proofs for the existence of God. If the good people of Königsberg, who gave the philosopher a courteous salute as he strolled by at his appointed hour, and perhaps set their watches by him, had divined the full meaning of his subversive, world-crushing thought, they would have felt a more gruesome awe before that man, than before an executioner, who puts only men to death.

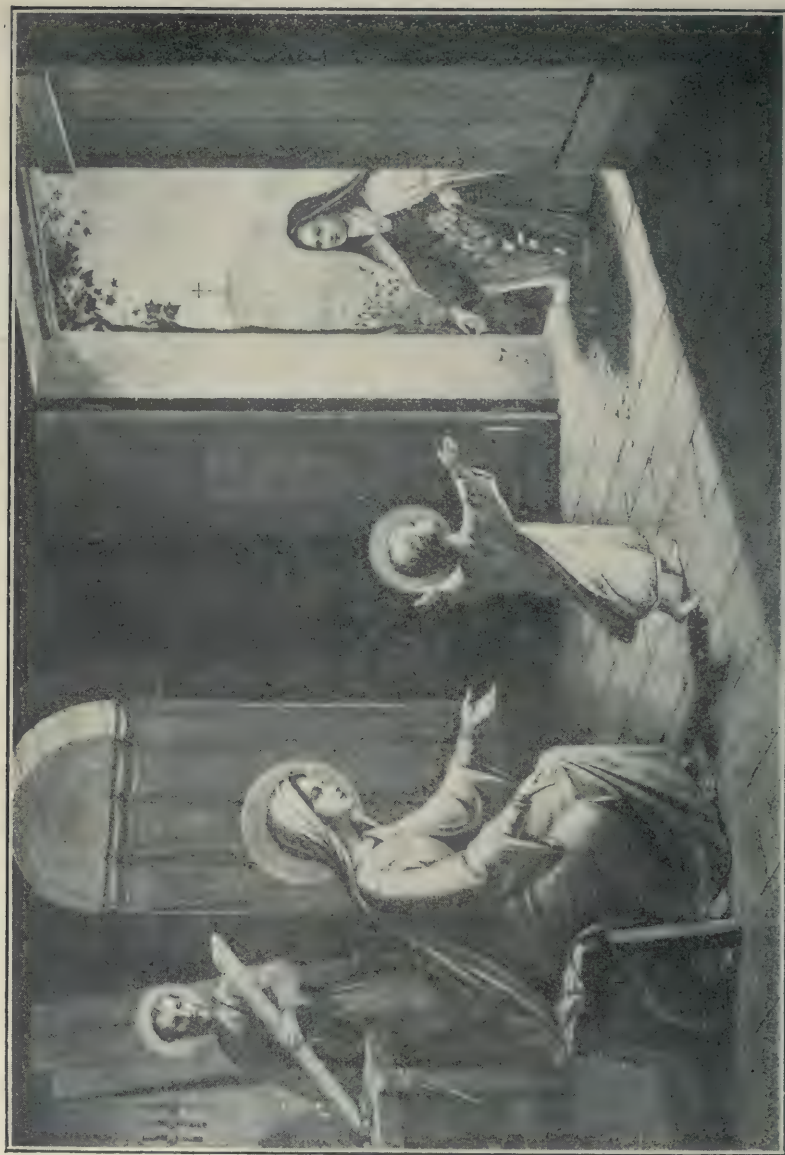
NOTE: With reference to the argument from Conscience and the sense of duty, in proof of a Lawgiver and Judge,—the argument omitted

by Kant though asserted by Butler,—it should be noted that this proof is used by Franzelin, Litatore, Kleutgen, Dmowski, W. G. Ward and the general run of modern Catholic philosophers. Ward writes: "All modern Catholic philosophers, I think, hold that, in intuiting the moral evil of any act, men spontaneously cognize the fact of its being prohibited by some Supreme Legislator . . . The knowledge of a Supreme Legislator is a very prompt and obvious inference from the self-evident truths of morality . . . Newman in his Grammar of Ascent (Ch. v., 81), expresses with unsurpassable clearness and force those experienced facts of human nature which bear in this direction . . . Among the very many imperishable services which Newman has rendered to the cause of Christianity and Catholicity, none exceeds the example he has given in always laying such stress on man's naturally implanted sense of right and wrong."









THE LITTLE FLOWER, THERESE, OF LISIEUX

## Sister Therese of Lisieux

**T**HOUSANDS of devoted clients of the little Carmelite Nun Therese of Lisieux thanked God in gladness of heart when it was announced in August last that the decree conferring the title "Venerable" upon Sister Therese of the Child Jesus was read in Rome.

It now remains to prove two undoubtable miracles before the decree can be considered by which the Little Flower may be declared among the members of the "Blessed" to whom public honour may be shown.

### Pope Benedict's Allocution.

"The echo of the words which proclaimed the heroism of the virtues of the Venerable Fournet have not yet died away when in the same room we have proclaimed that France aspired to a new name, to the enviable title of "Mother of Saints."

"To-day we distinguish the perfume of another flower opened on French soil, whose heroic virtues we must equally recognize, Therese of the Child Jesus, professed religious of the Carmel of Lisieux.

"We rejoice because of the honour which has come to Catholic France, and in the just satisfaction which the diocese feels when it admires the garden in which this charming flower was formed and grew to its complete development.

"To these causes of joy, suggested by the goodwill which we feel toward the nation of Clovis and of St. Louis, is added a particular complaisance inspired by the character of the virtue dominant in Sister Therese. For there is no one who is familiar with her holy life who does not unite his voice to the admiring chorus proclaiming this entire life characterized by the merits of spiritual infancy.

"Here, then, is the secret of sanctity, not alone for France, but for the faithful of the entire world. We have reason to

hope that the example of this new French heroine will increase the number of perfect Christians, not only among those of her own nation, but likewise among all the children of the Catholic Church."

### **Spiritual Infancy.**

"The decree of to-day which exalts a pious disciple of Carmel, arrives at a heroism of perfection practised through the virtues derived from spiritual childhood. Each view of this character shows how the faithful of all ages, sexes and conditions ought to enter generously into this way whereby Sister Therese attained the heroism of virtue.

"The harmony which reigns between the order of the senses and that of the spirit, permits us to observe the first characteristics of this virtue. We see an infant whose step is uncertain and who has not as yet the power of speech. If another of its own age pursues, if another stronger, menaces, or if the apparition of some beast affrights it—where does it seek refuge? In its mother's arms. Embraced by her and reposing on her breast, it loses all fear, and allowing itself to forget the sighs of which the little lungs do not seem further capable, it looks with courage on the object of its fright, even provoking it to combat, as if it said: I am henceforth confined in a sure defence! In the arms of my mother I abandon myself with full confidence not alone of being protected against the assaults of the enemy, but likewise of being the channel which best conduces to my development. In this manner spiritual infancy is formed by confidence in God and blind abandonment in His hands."

### **On Self-sufficiency.**

"This spiritual infancy excludes the proud esteem of one's self, the presumption of attaining by human means a supernatural end, and the fallacious theory of sufficing for one's self in the hour of peril and temptation. On the other hand it pre-supposes, a lively faith in the existence of God, a practical homage to His power and mercy, a confident recourse to the Providence which gives us the grace to overcome all evil and



to attain all good. Thus the qualities of this spiritual infancy are admirable, and it can be readily seen that our Lord Jesus Christ has indicated it as the condition necessary in order to acquire eternal life.

“One day the Saviour drew from the crowd a little child, and showing him to His disciples, pronounced these words: ‘Amen I say to you; unless you become as one of these little ones, you shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.’

“O eloquent lesson, which destroys the error and ambition of those who, considering the reward to come as an earthly kingdom, desire to occupy the first places or demand that they may be made greater in authority!

“It is important to mark the force of the Divine Language. It does not suffice that the Son of God affirms in positive accents that the Kingdom of Heaven is for children, but He teaches in an explicit manner that those who will not become so will be excluded therefrom.”

### Example for the Age.

The Holy Father then offers the little Religieuse of Carmel as an exemplar of the simplicity which is opposed to the artifices of the age and continues:

“Our epoch alas, is one inclined toward duplicity and fraudulent artifices. To the false dreams, the ambitions, the hypocrisies of the world, is opposed the sincerity of a little child.

“Sister Therese shortly before her death, had promised to spend her heaven on earth. We know well how she has kept her promise, for the graces due to her intercession are innumerable, especially during the sad days of the recent world conflict. We ourselves received numerous letters from soldiers and from French officers who attribute to Sister Therese their preservation from the imminent perils of death. These letters carry the sincere assurance of a change of life on the part of those who have been thus preserved, together with the sentiments of gratitude to the ‘Little Flower.’

“Where should the roses promised by Therese fall more abundantly than in the Carmel where she found the realization

of her burning desires? The Benediction of Heaven must surely fall in this sacred spot, a garden on earth, where the fairest flowers of sanctity expand!"

Referring to the influence on the Church of such saintly lives, the Holy Father says:

"During the course of centuries the force of Christian example of those who persevered in the exercise of heroic virtue is an incentive to the world. The Holy Church holds such examples before our eyes, that we may better comprehend the universality of the command of the Master. To-day she presents to us the heroic virtues of Sister Therese of the Child Jesus. Although this servant of God has not length of years in the Divine Service, she became in a short while full of merits. In the garden of spiritual infancy she found her mission in the secrets which God reveals to little ones."

The following tribute to the Venerable Therese of Lisieux is from the 'Lamp,' by P. S. Wilcox:

"The keynote to the Little Flower's life is at once so simple that all may hear it and follow her lead, so lofty that to catch it perfectly one would be far upon the path of sanctity. This is a characteristic passage from her life: "Far from resembling those lofty souls who from childhood practised all kinds of macerations, I made my mortification consist wholly in breaking my will, keeping back a word of retort, rendering little services to those around me without attracting attention." Later on she says: "There is but one thing to be done, cast the flowers of little sacrifices at the feet of Jesus, then abandon yourself to Him." It is easy to imagine how a soul of such nobility did not walk, but ran in the way of perfection, one who, "since the age of three had never refused the good God anything." It is the sanctity of doing ordinary things extraordinary well. I think it is Audrey de Vere who says that a saint is one who does things just like anybody else, but with altogether different motives. I do not believe that Little Therese was very different from the other religious in her cloister save in the purity of intention with which she acted. Some even who lived with her little suspected that the depths of her

holiness or the power which she was to have with God; that, in all humility she half realized it herself, we have little doubt. "In Heaven the good God will do all I desire," she naively said, "because I have never done my own will on earth." At another time she remarked, "Even now I know it—all my hopes will be fulfilled. Yes, our Lord will work wonders for me that will infinitely surpass my fondest desires." Her humility of heart was as deep as her trust was boundless. When a novice said to her one day, "Truly you are a saint!" she replied "Oh, no, I have never done the work of a saint, I am a very, very little soul whom the good God has laden with graces." She longed ardently to be a saint, but she says, "I have always realized when I have compared myself to the saints that there exists the same differences which we see in nature between a mountain whose summit is lost in the clouds and the obscure grains of sand trampled underfoot by the passer-by . . . but I will seek out a means of getting to Heaven by a little way—very short and very straight, a little way that is wholly new, I will try to find a 'lift' by which I may be raised unto God, for I am too small to climb the steep, rugged path to perfection." The soul of the poet-child saint expresses itself in themes so sublime that no one but a child could grasp them. "Know you what it is to be a child?" asks Francis Thompson, whose poet-soul after a fashion was brother to Little Therese's albeit an unfortunate brother. "It is to be something very different from the man of to-day. It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness and nothing into everything, for each child has a fairy God-mother in her own soul; it is to live in a nutshell and count yourself the King of infinite space; it is

"To see a world in a grain of sand,  
And a heaven in a wild flower;  
Hold infinitely in the palm of your hand  
And eternity in an hour.' " \*



. Ere the "Divine Eagle swooped down and carried off his little bird of prey," she was entirely consumed with love. Her intense physical and spiritual suffering but seemed to fan the flame which burned with ever increasing brightness within the furnace of her soul. Words failed to express the vehemence of her love. "Jesus, oh, I would so love Him! I love Him as He has never yet been loved!" Again she exclaims, "My vocation is Love. Yes, I have found my place in the heart of the Church, my Mother, I will be love . . . Deeds of renown are forbidden me. I cannot preach the gospel, shed my blood. What matter! My brothers (the priests) work in my place and I, the little child, pressing close to the Royal Throne, I love for those who fight. But how shall I show my love since love proves itself by deeds? Well the little child will strew flowers . . . that means to let no little sacrifice pass, no look, no action. I wish to profit by the very smallest actions and to do them for love. I wish to suffer for Love's sake, and for Love's sake to rejoice, thus I shall strew flowers, not one shall I find without scattering its petals before Thee . . . I will sing always even if my roses must be gathered from amidst thorns, and the longer and sharper the thorns the sweeter shall be my song." The music from the heart of this sweet songstress of Normandy has burst the walls of her monastery, has traversed France and now is echoed throughout the world in the little souls of those who, catching the refrain, sing this new canticle of love divine. Oh, how well St. Theresa knew the notes of her song! "I bear in mind that the least little act done through pure love is of more service to the Church than all other works put together . . . I understand that without love, works, even the most meritorious count for nothing." If our humanitarian hearts could but fathom this truth! How apt we are to count things by numbers. In all the societies, guilds, organizations, which exist, is there that pure love of which Little Sister Theresa speaks? Do we see Christ in the guise of every abandoned babe, in the crippled youth, in the outcast woman with child? Are we mindful as we minister to them that inasmuch as we do it to the very least of His little ones we do it unto

Him? or do we think of benefiting humanity, lessening human suffering and woe as an evil to be avoided in itself? These are subjects on which the philosophy of this Little Soul makes us thoughtful.

Her love for souls was as ardent as was her love of God; I shall desire the same thing in Heaven as upon earth, to love Jesus and to win Him love . . . I confess that if in Heaven I could not labour for His glory, I should prefer exile to Home." Was there ever a saint of God who was not consumed for the salvation of souls? She longed to become a "mother of souls" and begged her Divine Spouse to send her many children. Fired with apostolic zeal, she wished to give herself to the distant Carmel of Hanoi in China, and thus to further consummate her act of self-oblation by sacrificing country for His sake. "My lot would be that of Noah's dove and that one day he would open wide the windows of the ark and bid me fly to heathen lands, bearing the olive branch." A thirst for martyrdom she ardently prayed, "Jesus, I ask that for Thy sake I may die a martyr. Give me martyrdom of the soul or body or rather give me both the one and the other." As mistress of Novices she laboured for the perfection of the souls entrusted to her, and speaking of herself in reference to this task, she said, "I am the little brush that Jesus has chosen to paint His likeness in souls confided to my care."

In the minds of most of us there is always associated with the idea of sanctity either the tortures of the martyrs, the macerations of a Peter of Alcantara or the frightful austerities of a Cure d'Ars. We seem to think that these penances constitute sanctity whereas in reality they are but an aid and not even a necessary aid as the case of the Little Flower shows. "God wished . . . to make me understand that the greater austerities of the saints are not meant for me—nor for the souls that walk in the path of "Spiritual childhood," but that her interior spirit of mortification was very great we have ample proof. She never allowed herself the slightest relaxation. "We should go to the end of our strength before we complain," was one of her principles. "And if to-day Theresa transforms

so many hearts, and the good she does on earth is beyond reckoning, we may well believe she bought it all at the price with which Jesus brought back our souls—by suffering and the cross.” Her physical sufferings were intense, but they were far surpassed by her spiritual trials. She was plunged in the greatest darkness, her aridity was almost continual and her anguish of soul and temptations against faith reached such a pitch that the devil seemed to hold her “with a grip of iron,” a very wall seemed to arise between herself and Heaven. Yet her desire for suffering increased as her life slowly ebbed away. A few hours before her entrance into eternity she exclaimed, “Yes, all I have written about my thirst for suffering was really true! “I do not regret having surrendered myself to Love! She had sung before that hour :

To be like Thee is my desire,  
Thy voice finds echo in my soul;  
Suffering I crave! Thy words of fire  
Lift me above earth’s mire  
And sin’s control.

The new commandment which the little soul came to preach under the inspiration of the gentle Spirit of Love who “breathes where He wills,” is truly renewing the face of the earth. Her influence is as great upon the twentieth century as was that of many of the saints whose lives and examples had such a bearing upon the preceding centuries. Her life was a perfect one and may be universally imitated, for her following is composed of every type, drawn from all conditions of society; she is loved by the little child and the learned professor, by the girl toiling away in the factory and the society woman, religious as well as people in the world find in her a model. The zealous young missionary and the venerable red-robed Cardinal alike receive inspiration from her life, even the saintly Pontiff writes that her autobiography has been to him “a source of the most pure, sweet joy. Verily has she blossomed as a lily and she has shed abroad the lily’s pleasing perfume.” Where the petals



fall from her shower of roses the tepid become fervent and sinners become saints. In financial matters she is all powerful, producing miraculously bank notes to relieve a community in distress, to others she brings money from unexpected sources. She extinguishes a fire, obtains fair weather and raises a little pony stricken with death to the full vigour of life. A petal falls upon the soul of a cannibal chief and the light of the true faith is vouchsafed him; another penetrates the rationalistic mind of a Free Church minister and he enters the true fold, all manner of diseases seem to disappear under her gentle touch. It would seem that she who loved and was so loved while in the midst of the Church militant, is equally loved in the Triumphant Court of Heaven where the very God of Heaven hearkens to her least desire. Oh, that the halo of the "Blessed" may soon adorn the chaste brow of the Little Flower of Jesus!



### Roses of Love

(Offered to the "Little Flower").



Little white, spotless Flower,  
That bloomed in the yesteryear,  
If I send to you a message,  
Will you listen?—will you hear?

Three decades ago, Little Flower,  
You were making this old earth glad,  
With your love, and your faith, and your sweetness,  
For hearts that were all too sad.

And the white moon was loving your brightness,  
And the clear stars your purity,  
And all the more sweetly for you, dear,  
Sang the bird in the old oak tree.

But the dearest to you were the roses,  
With their hearts so warm and so red,  
And softly caressing you kissed them,  
They were so like His Heart, you said.

You loved well the pink and the yellow;  
And the roses that was pearly-white,  
All pure like the snow softly-falling,  
Or a soul that is bathed in light.

As dear was the half-closed rosebud  
With petals gold-kissed by the sun;  
You said its heart held God's riches,  
Like a Life that had just begun.

And you gathered them all in your arms, dear,  
And you said, when your life was done,  
When Mary had led you to Heaven  
To the throne of her glorious Son.

That then in the Gardens of Heaven  
You would pluck the flowers of light  
And send them all grace-filled and glowing  
To the souls that were lost in night.

Because of your love, and your sweetness,  
And the flowers you dropped on your way,  
To make all the hard paths fragrant,  
We send you our love to-day.

Little white, spotless Flower,  
That bloomed in the yesteryear,  
If I send to you a message—  
Will you listen?—will you hear?

K.N.D.

## True Greatness—An Impression of Foch

BY REV. FATHER MATTHIAS, C.P., WEST HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY.

**N**OW that Marshal Foch has left our shores, one may turn an interested gaze on this his latest conquest, the conquest of the American heart.

Here is one thing that should not pass unobserved—his modesty, or, to give it its correct title, his humility. Modesty may be associated with the natural virtue any man of vision may strive to possess. In his whole deportment during his stay, in what he said and in what he did not say, we see the greatness of his modesty, we cannot but see the humility of the man. He spoke but little; there was the formal message to the American nation, courteous words to express his appreciation at the stops in his journeyings, a brief tribute of his obligation to his masters of former years, when he addressed a Catholic student body. This last utterance was the nearest approach to anything like a personal reference. Always he spoke of "nations," his own and the American nation; of himself, not a word. And always his infrequent utterance was brief. Foch might have appropriated the words of the Spanish novelist in saying farewell to America:

"With the things I say,  
And those I silence so,  
From solitude I come  
And to solitude I go."

The bulk of the people whom he visited likely came to explain his reticence by the fact that he was a man of action merely, only a soldier, the greatest soldier of all time; that the marvellous quality of his military genius crowded out such lesser gifts as that of public speaking. Such was not the fact, however. The public surmise, if such was its account of his silence, was far from being correct. Captain Wright, the Eng-



lish officer, in his revelations of what transpired at the conference of the Supreme War Council during the critical days of the War, has this to say of Foch: "He shone in debate as much as he did in action. In his profound grasp of any question; in his capacity for dealing at once, and conclusively with any opposite point which he rejected; in the skill with which he exposed the fallacy of an unsound argument; in the flexible readiness with which he adapted his attitude to any contrary idea he felt unable to refute; in the facility and rapidity with which he evolved schemes to reach a common agreement; in the closely woven and orderly logic of his thought; in the rapid, almost exuberant flow of his speech; in the flashing power of illustrating his meaning; in his ruthless contempt for weaker dialecticians; in all these he resembled a great Chancery special (a term for the highest type of legal advocate)." The modest silence the man maintained was self-imposed. It is an eloquent witness to the genuine humility of the man. This great republic of ours loves a hero. Here surely was one in its midst. Here was one who had dimmed the age-long light of all other military heroes. A greater even than Napoleon was here, yet the demonstrations that were accorded to him were tempered by a nameless force that can best be described as reverence. Vociferous or frenzied acclaim rarely characterized the various receptions held in his honour. What would have transpired in these public meetings if Foch had used his rare gifts as a speaker? In spite of the drawbacks of using an interpreter, had he chosen to discourse on the happenings of the war, of its striking battles, and the dark days when all seemed lost, of the turn in the tide which swept them on to victory, his hearers would have been swept off their feet.

And so too would the speaker have been engulfed in a wave of worship, a wave rolling from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

His silence, again, was in no sense due to any uncertainty in his own mind of what the part was that he was called to take, and did successfully take, in the world war. His honest soul knew and once and for all acknowledged the true import

of what he had accomplished. Not fate, not chance, but the deliberate direction which he gave to the bravery of the Allied host accounted for the results of the war. He stated the truth plainly before coming to our shores, that posterity might glorify not the custodian of such powers as he possessed, but the Giver of them. "As for my own views, when in a great historic crisis, a clear, unclouded vision is given to a man, and when, as a result, that vision puts into action vast movements big with results in a tremendous war, I am convinced that such a vision—and I believe I had such a vision at the Marne and on the Yser—comes from a Providential power in whose hand man is but an instrument, and victory is brought about from on high by a superior, a Divine will."

He spoke but little and used the printed word less. Though here again it might be recalled that as an author Foch's two books on War rank him as one of the first writers on military subjects. He composed one brief article for the press, and as was proper, contributed it to the magazine of the Knights of Columbus. The December number contains a message, "Peace to Men of Good Will," a Christmas greeting, by Ferdinand Foch. In the course of his article, referring to the achievement of peace he goes on to say: "The time had come through the noble work of our soldiers that that work be brought to an early consummation by ending the war, and the war had to end, although it could have been prolonged. But every drop of human blood shed unwarrantably when peace can be achieved, is murder, and we must have to reckon some day with our Maker in Heaven.

"As soon as the conditions of peace were fulfilled, it was our duty to accept them, and on the 28th of June, 1919, having fulfilled on the part of the enemy all conditions imposed upon them, it was our duty to accept, in order to feel that our full duty had been performed and not overdone."

One might fairly think that these words were used to divert the attention of the public to what Foch himself back in November, 1918, did for the "achievement of peace." One thing is sure, these words are a calm exposition of the principle that

guided his conduct whenever the order for battle was given, or when he was called on to decide whether the Allied armies would accept or reject the proffered truce. A few more days of further fighting and the German army would have been surrounded. The story was current in Paris in the early days of November when success followed upon success, that Foch had said: "I have not yet fought my battle." But instead of that victorious battle which would have brought about the greatest military disaster in history to the enemy hosts, Foch chose to win another. He could have found a way to defer the negotiations for an armistice until the only remaining gap for the escape of a million and a half German soldiers had been closed. It would have been a matter of days, but it would have been long enough to have caused more bloodshed. He hesitated not a moment to choose the lesser victory and the lesser renown. And this is what might well strike every one—he has never made any reference to what he might have done and to what he actually did do. The *Journal of the American Legion* in its issue of October 28th, 192', tells us why the American soldier not alone admires the military genius that led him on to victory, but also why in the forthcoming tribute every member of the Legion will give him the homage of his love. The Legion's editorial comment is as follows: "Something of that humanity that Lincoln possessed a world full of nameless soldiers grew to feel in Ferdinand Foch. The world's largest armies moved this way and that at his bidding, yet, when the end was at hand, and pressure was brought on him to let the fighting run on a little longer than was absolutely necessary, he thought of homes in scattered villages the world around and sent out from the high Eiffel Tower in Paris his order to cease firing. There are chauffeurs mending tires and teachers banging desks and farmers sorting apples this day in this land who would be lying dead beside the Meuse had it not been for Foch.

"Foch will be welcomed here, not because he stopped the war when he did, but because he stopped it when he could."

The Legion's tribute has the wholesome ring of soldierly



frankness; it is true as far as it goes. The "humanity" of Foch has not been deadened by contact with fearful carnage in a very torrent of blood. Far from it; anyone who looked on his countenance in repose could see there the impress of an ineffaceable sadness, traced deep by the ordeal through which he has passed. From a higher plane than any humanitarian motive did Foch ever do his duty.

"Every drop of human blood shed unwarrantably is murder, and we must have to reckon some day with our Maker in heaven."

A life time characterized by simple fidelity to the teachings of faith enabled him to win what history may well call in no ironical sense "The Victory of the Unfought Battle." So disciplined was he that his conquest over self seemed too devoid of incident to be referred to. He has never spoken of it; never alluded to it. He did his duty and is silent. Posterity shall call him: "Great."



## An Ancient Stronghold of Faith and Fighting

BY MARGARET MEE-POWER.

**I**N England, amidst the ruins of so many stately monasteries and noble churches, the latter of glorious exterior, but interiorly bare of Sanctuary Lamp, altars, shrines and all that gave life to Catholic eyes, one seldom hears of the lesser places of ancient devotion and of no little historic interest.

Oldbury, once a small convent, now shows no trace of its former occupants, beyond an interesting old fifteenth century wall and some splendid yew trees, said to be seven hundred years old.

Twelve miles away was the important abbey established at Polesworth by Saint Editha to which Oldbury was attached as "Cell" or Chapelry. It was supposed that that originally only a few nuns resided at Oldbury. Being 600 feet above sea level it is probable that it served as a place of rest for those in poor health or in need of change.

Whether the Convent stood on the present site of the modern house is not known, but the foundation hewn out of solid granite leads one to believe that it is the original site.

Situated on the borders of Warwickshire with an uninterrupted view to the north forty miles across Leicestershire, one can on a clear day count almost all of the forty pre-Reformation churches shown on an old map as spreading out fan-shape from Oldbury. St. Lawrence was Patron Saint of this chapel, and a well, bearing his name, supplies the present house with water, and the Pilgrims' Walk can still be traced to the ruined Abbey of Merivale by the old thorn trees, which mark the way,—the thorn being chosen as a reminder of Our Lord's Crown of Thorns, as was the custom of those times.

Towards the end of the Conqueror's reign, 1066-1087, Robert Marmion, Lord of Tamworth Castle and Champion of the

Dukes of Normandy, drove the nuns from Polesworth and they retired to Oldbury, where according to the Antiquary, Dugdale, they lived for sixty years.

The history of the foundation of the Benedictine Nuns at Polesworth dates from A.D. 827, when Egbert, King of Wessex, having subdued all his opponents and suppressed the Heptarchy, established himself as the King of the English. King Egbert had a son, Arnulp, a leper, and hearing from an Irish bishop that Tryconnel, King of Connaught, had a daughter, Modwenna, at that date a nun, who had healed diseased persons, he on the advice of the Irish bishop, sent his son over to Ireland. On receiving the news that his son had been cured of his disease by the holy Modwenna, in gratitude for this miracle, besought her to come to England, promising to found a convent for her in that country. As her Religious House in Ireland suffered greatly from the constant warfare between petty kings of that land, she gladly accepted King Egbert's invitation, bringing over with her two nuns, Sister Lynne and Sister Osyth. Upon her arrival the King entrusted his only daughter, Editha, to them to be instructed in religion after the Rule of Saint Benedict.

At first they resided in the Forest of Arden in a dwelling called Trensale. An ancient house in Polesworth still bears that name.

Shortly afterwards the King founded for them a Convent on the banks of the Anker at Polesworth, which name signifies Pole—the depth or pool of water—and worth—the dwelling-place of habitation.

After a few years in Polesworth Saint Modwenna also called Modwen, Moewenna and Modwin, retired to lead a more austere life on the Island of Andressey, an insulated meadow, about fourteen miles distant from Polesworth, situated opposite the present Church of Burton-on-Trent. On this Island she was buried and her Feast is celebrated on June the 6th. St. Modwenna is usually represented as teaching a young princess (St. Editha) to read. The following epitaph was inscribed on her tomb and is quoted by Camden:



“Ortum Modwennae dat Hibernia Scotia finem  
Anglia dat tumulum dat Deus astra poli  
Prima dedit vitam sed mortem terra secunda  
Et terram terrae tertia terra dedit.  
Aufert Lanfortin quam terra Conalla profert  
Felix Burtonium virginis ossa tenet.”

“Ireland gave Modwen birth, England a grave  
As Scotland death, and God her soul shall save,  
The first land life, the second death did give,  
The third in earth, her earthly part receive,  
Lanfortin takes whom Connel’s country owns  
And happy Burton holds the Virgin’s bones.”

Meanwhile St. Editha was constituted the first Abbess of Polesworth. From British Martyrology we learn that another Royal lady consecrated her life to God in this Abbey. Her name, too, was Editha. She was also canonized and her Feast kept on Sept. 16th.

The Castle of Tamworth about fourteen miles distant from Oldbury, with other lands at Polesworth and elsewhere, was granted by the Conqueror to Robert de Fontenarge le Marmion, celebrated in Sir Walter Scott’s poems, and who was Royal Steward and Champion of the Conqueror.

It was this Robert Marmion who drove out the nuns from Polesworth, compelling them to take shelter in their cell of St. Lawrence at Oldbury, the nuns at Tamworth becoming incorporated with those at Polesworth.

Robert, the first of the Marmions in England, died A.D. 1109. Robert, the second lord, was living in the reign of Henry I., A.D. 1100-1135. He was succeeded by Robert the third lord, a wealthy man who gave many gifts to Religious Houses and who re-instated the Nuns at Polesworth, A.D. 1139.

By way of compensation for the injustices suffered by the Nuns, he gave them the Church and the whole town of Polesworth, all his property in the neighbouring manor of War-

ton, his Church at Quenton Co., Gloucester, the Mills of Kingsbury, Hurley and Freasley, which are near Polesworth and further built the Churches of Tamworth and Polesworth.

The legend concerning the restoration of Polesworth to the Benedictine Nuns relates that on the eve of a great banquet to Robert Marmion, as he lay on his bed, St. Editha appeared in the habit of a veiled nun with a crosier in her hand, and admonished him if he did not restore the Abbey of Polesworth to her successors, he would have an evil death and go to hell. And to the end that he might be more sensible of this admonition she struck him on the side with the point of her crosier, and so vanished. This blow caused him to cry out, being very much wounded, whereupon his household being roused and finding him grievously tormented with the pain of his wound, advised him to confess himself to a priest and to take a vow to restore the nuns to their former possessions. All of which being done, his pain ceased, wherefore in accomplishment of his vow accompanied by Sir Walter de Sommerville and some of his Knights, he forthwith rode to Oldbury and craving pardon of the nuns for the injury done them, brought them back to Polesworth, desiring that he and Sir Walter de Sommerville might become their patrons, and have burial for themselves and their heirs in the Abbey.

According to ancient documents Oldbury, sometimes Aldbury and Woldbury, was known to be a British Encampment as far back as the reign of Caesar Augustus, and therefore co-eval with the time of Christ.

In A.D. 50 it was captured by Publius Ostorius Scapula, a legate of the Emperor Servius, it being at that time a stronghold of Caractacus and afterwards used as a summer camp by Roman soldiers. The Roman earth-works still exist and enclose an area of seven acres; many interesting Roman coins and tiles have been dug up from time to time. A Roman bath 100 feet by 30 feet is still to be seen in the kitchen garden, and no doubt was used as a fish pond by the nuns.

According to tradition, Caractacus and his daughter, the Lady Claudia Rufenia, were taken prisoners to Rome, where

the latter became the wife of the Senator Pudens, a convert to Christianity, and it was in his house near the forum that St. Peter resided before his martyrdom. Claudia and Prudens are referred to in St. Paul's Epistle to Timothy:

"Eubulus, and Prudens and Linus and Claudia and all the Brethren salute thee 11. IV. XXI."

Since the dissolution of the Religious Houses in 1536, until Christmas, 1914, Mass had not been celebrated at Oldbury, when it was the privilege of the writer's family to have been instrumental in restoring the Ancient Faith and practices on the spot where Catholicity had once flourished under the rule and guidance of St. Editha—humbly endeavouring to give expression to the aim of His Holiness Benedict XV.—"To restore all things in Christ."





## Consecration



We wore, with proud humility,  
The rich simplicities of life;  
'Though we were chained, yet we could flee  
From smug stupidities of strife.  
We courted blame, and scoffed at praise,  
Knowing the jest of pride and power;  
We craved the crown of peace-lit days,  
Which is on earth high Heaven's dower.

For we had kissed each nail and thorn,  
The bleeding spear that saw Him die;  
We blessed the day that we were born  
With hearts to sing love's ancient cry.  
Shut out from joy that makes men blind  
To sorrow, pity, pain and loss,  
With gladdening zest our wills grew kind,  
For that we clutched a living cross.

And in a land that burned with thirst  
For gods of human mimicry,  
With might and main, from last to first,  
We cleaved to Christ's divinity.  
We were not many, we who stood  
Against the floodgates doubt made strong;  
But One was of our brotherhood;  
He raised our hands and blessed our song.

J. CORSON MILLER.

## Dangers to Faith and Morals

BY THE RT. REV. H. G. GRAHAM, D.D., AUXILIARY BISHOP OF ST.  
ANDREW'S AND EDINBURGH.

**I**N a previous article published in St. Joseph Lilies, March, 1921, I exposed the pernicious and withering effects of Mixed Marriages and find nothing more to add except to say that experience more and more confirms the truth of all that can be said against them.

Another and perhaps a more prolific source of danger to Faith and Morals in certain forms of female dress now affected by all classes of the community. There is no need to describe them; everyone sees them at all times and in all places, even in Church and at the very altar rails. I pass no judgment, let it be clearly understood, on the motives or intentions which lead people to adopt such dress; I have nothing to do with that at present, nor does it in the least affect what I am able to judge, and am obliged to judge, by Catholic standards of morality, especially as applied to modesty.

Now the Catholic attitude to these fashions has been settled for all of us by the voice of our Holy Father the Pope, who has more than once condemned them in the strongest terms. You will remember how he deplored them in his address to the Catholic women of Italy. The latest pronouncement of His Holiness on the subject is to be found in his Encyclical on the Seventh Century of the Order of St. Francis. Referring to the great moral subversion of the day, he says:

“In this connection, we cannot deplore enough the blindness of so many women of every age and rank who, seized with a mad desire to please, do not realize how greatly their insane fashions not only displease every decent person, but offend God as well. Not content with appearing publicly in such apparel, from which most of them once would have shrunk in horror as being too repugnant to Christian decency, they are not abashed to enter church in it and to attend Divine ser-

vices; yes, they bear with them to the very Eucharistic Table, where the Divine Author of purity is received, the trappings of shameful passions."

Following the Pope, not a few bishops have warned their flocks against the evil, and issued instructions to their clergy as to denying Holy Communion to those who approach the Altar indecently attired. Congresses and Societies of Catholic Women have raised their voices against the demoralizing habit, and appealed to their sisters in the Faith to put it down. So shamelessly offensive have the fashions become in some places, that the Catholic press has been forced to protest in the name of common decency, and even the secular press has lashed out against them in scathing terms. Further, sociologists and physicians have not hesitated to declare that in the indecency of the modern styles is to be found a prolific cause of vice and public disorder. In these circumstances, it becomes a duty to point out to our Catholic people the seriousness of this evil and to appeal to them very earnestly to guard against contamination.

## II.

I may briefly summarize the evils of these fashions by saying that:

- (1) They are an offence to modesty.
- (2) They bring harm to the wearers.
- (3) They bring harm to others. And why?

We shall never appreciate the evil in its true light unless we remember the primal and fundamental fact that Man is a fallen being. If there had been no Fall, and so no Original Sin, the evil I am dealing with would not arise. But we have only to remind ourselves that no sooner had our First Parents committed sin and fallen from Grace and Justice, than they became aware of their frailty, of their shame, and of their now rebellious passions—we have only to remember that and the immediate steps they took to hide their shame, and we re-



cognize at once as a necessary consequence that adequate clothing is required to preserve continence; to protect virtue to control evil passions, to remove temptation. People appear to forget this, and to think that they can dress and act as though there had been no Fall and they are still in the state of original purity and innocence. They will prate such fine theories as that "to the pure all things are pure," that there can be no harm in anything that God has made, and the like. But the teaching of the Catholic Church, which is our only safe guide in these matters, pierces through the fallacies underlying such high sentiments, and recognizes facts and takes account of human nature with its inherently evil tendencies and corrupt inclinations. It tells us that the original gift of Integrity, which man received from Almighty God at his creation along with Sanctifying Grace—the gift, namely, of the perfect subjection of the appetite to reason, and of the body to the soul—has been lost; that there is in consequence a perpetual rebellion of the lower nature against the higher, of the sensual appetites and passions against the control of reason; and that certain things become temptations, to fan these disorderly passions into a blaze. One of these things is Immodest Dress.

And so it has ever been to the interest of the enemies of purity and of virtue to encourage such dress, to break down the barrier of modesty and reserve set up by decent clothing. Decent clothing is a part of the structure of exterior modesty. Exterior modesty is a bulwark, a fortification, an outer defence of the holy virtue of Purity. Break down the outer defence and the interior lies open to assault. When that happens, the rest is easy. The interior citadel is taken, and all is over. The Devil has captured the heart; and from the heart, says our Lord, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, lasciviousness (St. Mark vii., 21-22).

From all this it is evident that women who are attired in a way opposed to Christian modesty, are (1- allying themselves with the enemy of purity and chastity; (2) are making dress, instead of an aid to virtue, responsible for vice; (3) are

making an appeal to the lowest instincts of human nature and catering to the animal passions of man; (4) are inviting the disrespect and insult to themselves which too often follow; (5) are thereby a frequent source of marriages of necessity, and, worse still, of Mixed Marriages—to sum up all in a word, they are degrading all womanhood with their shamelessness. The truth is that the criminal improprieties of dress of whatever kind are in the same category as obscene dances, sex films, unclean plays and indecent shows; they are but a part of the pagan propaganda to destroy the morals; not only of the present generation, but of the future as well.

I have said "Pagan propaganda." It has been alleged that Atheistic, Masonic, and Jewish agents are working and organizing at the centre to promote immodest fashions, so as to overthrow Catholic morals and the reign of Jesus Christ, which they hate. I do not know; there is nothing improbable in it; and certainly the means to the end are well chosen. But the question is: Are Catholic women, who value their souls and their Religion, satisfied to co-operate with this propaganda, whatever its origin?

### III.

The excuse is made that "it is the fashion." I answer, "if the fashion is contrary to the Gospel, it is forbidden. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is not to be reformed by the fashion, but the fashion by the Gospel." Some will say, "my rank in life requires it." I reply, "Though you were a Queen, your rank does not put you above the Gospel." (Gaume). "Everyone does it." But who is "every one?" Are you to borrow your ethics from the world, the flesh, and the Devil, or take those of the Catholic Church and evangelical precept? That the vast masses of women outside the Church should devote themselves to the cult of pagan fashions is not surprising. But are Catholic women to be no better? Have they not a nobler ideal, a higher standard? Are they to follow like slaves the styles of dress cut out by atheists, free-thinkers, and corrupt designers? What care these about Catholicity

or modesty? Remember, there is a sin of scandal under the Fifth Commandment, with a terrible woe attached to it by our Divine Lord (St. Matt., xvii., 6-7), and that those who produce suggestive or immodest costumes are co-operating in the sin with those who wear them.

If the prevailing licence in dress had appeared along with a great wave of religious fervour, when Society was returning en masse to piety and the practice of the Love of God, and people were abandoning their sins, and the face of the earth was being renewed by the penetrating Spirit of God—then, indeed, we could think that these fashions were adopted in all innocence and simplicity, and were but an evidence that the heart had ceased to think evil, and that human beings, for the time at least, were incapable either of giving or of taking scandal. But is this such a time? Quite the reverse. And have such fashions ever been known to prevail in the midst of fervour and piety? Is not the very opposite the case—that precisely at the period of religious renewal women have made a bonfire of their shameless attire? Can any one pretend to deny that there is a connection like that of cause and effect between the brazen impropriety of female dress, and the ghastly increase of sins against the Sixth Commandment and the widespread dishonour and crime that are polluting civilization? If you are prepared to say that Modesty is not being sinned against by the present fashions, then I am at a loss to understand how it ever can be sinned against at all.

#### IV.

Now the remedy for this evil is for the most part in the hands of Catholic women themselves. They only can stem the tide of these mad excesses. They can do much more than bishops or priests, to whom any reference to the subject is in the last degree repugnant. We appeal in the first instance to Catholic mothers to observe the exterior delicacy and prudence that become their state. If mothers set a bad example, their daughters will follow it; yet they are responsible for



these girls so long as they remain under the paternal roof. Surely it is for mothers to foster in them love and devotion to our Blessed Lady, the Mother most pure, by encouraging the beautiful virtue of exterior modesty, which will also protect their beloved children from many a snare and dishonour. Members of societies, such as the Catholic Women's League, of the various Sodalities for women, and of the Children of Mary, should make it a special point to shun in themselves, and to discountenance in others, any style of dressing that contravenes womanly propriety. Of great importance also it is that Catholic teachers in our schools and colleges should afford to their pupils a daily example of modesty and propriety in wearing apparel; for if the evil is approved in the class-room, it will be adopted later by those who have learned it there. The same applies to all, in whatever class or state of life, who have influence and authority over others.

So far as disciplinary regulations are concerned, let it be understood that priests are perfectly entitled at the administration of Holy Communion to pass over those who dare to approach the Altar dressed in a way disrespectful to the Blessed Sacrament and offensive to devout worshippers. No matter how ignorant or unconscious of any harm the wearers may appear to be, outwardly the thing is scandalous and unbecoming the holy place. Others, and especially Almighty God, have to be considered beside themselves. If they do not know it is wrong, they should be taught. Those assisting at, or receiving other Sacraments, such as Baptism, Confirmation, Penance, and Matrimony, are bound by the same regulations as to propriety.

The desire of Mother Church is, that her daughters offend not against the canons of Modesty in the House of God, in the school or elsewhere. And knowing their duty as herein pointed out to them, in this so delicate matter of Christian Modesty, they will faithfully perform it. Then truly will Catholic Women become a leaven to leaven the whole Society and a salt to preserve it from utter corruption.

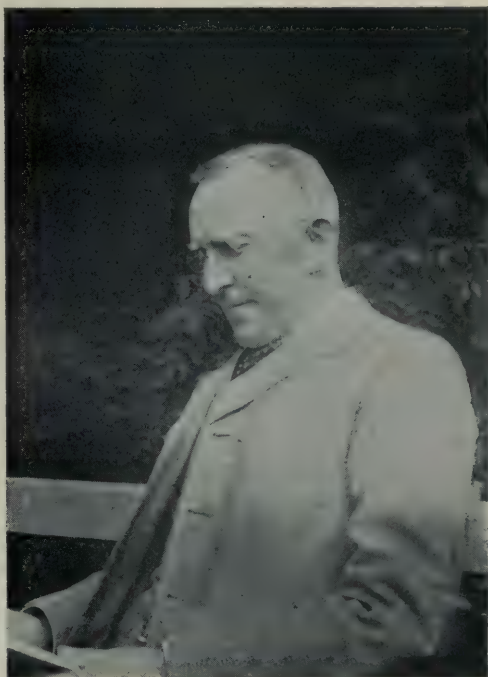
## Sir Bertram C. A. Windle

**I**T is at present the good fortune of St. Michael's College to have as a member of its staff, Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, M.A., M.D., Sc.D., Ph.D., LL.D., F.R.S., F.S.A., M.R.I.A., one of the greatest scholars who ever came out of the Land of Scholars, an outstanding figure even in the long line of luminaries of Cork, the Athens of Ireland.

It is impossible to describe, difficult even to realize, the scope and magnitude of Sir Bertram Windle's learning. His attainments in science, medicine, archaeology, history, philosophy and other subjects are nothing less than stupendous. The importance of his work in the field of antiquarian research cannot be overestimated. In this connection he has published at least two authoritative works: "Life in Early Britain," and "The Prehistoric Age."

Archaeology is by no means the only subject which has engaged his pen. His works on anatomy, in which he is an acknowledged authority, are indispensable to every good medical library; his philosophical studies are all-embracing; his recent writings constitute the last word in the history of scientific thought, particularly in its relations to religion. Those of his books which are most popular, because most interesting to the lay mind, are local histories like "Chester," "A School History of Warwickshire," "The Malvern Country," and such contributions to literature as "Shakespeare's Country," and "The Wessex of Thomas Hardy,"—works in which the author displays a happy faculty of combining profound erudition and romantic interest.

Literary activities alone have not occupied the attention of Sir Bertram Windle during his long and illustrious career. After graduating from the University of Dublin with highest honours in Natural Science, he proceeded to take his M.A., M.D., and B.Ch. The Degree of Doctor of Science was conferred on him by Dublin University, and that of Master of



SIR BERTRAM WINDLE





Science by Birmingham, and also by the Royal University of Ireland. In recognition of his eminence in the field of scientific achievement, he was made successively F.R.S., F.S.A., and M.R.I.A., and was knighted in 1912. He was received into the Catholic Church in 1883, and received the title of K.S.G., in 1909.

After leaving Dublin, he first went to Birmingham University, where he occupied the chair of Anatomy and Anthropology, and was made Dean of the Medical Faculty. As examiner in Anatomy he was associated with the Universities of Cambridge, Aberdeen, Glasgow, Durham, the Royal College of Physicians, London, and the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, in which college he was also demonstrator in that subject.

In 1904 Sir Bertram Windle became President of University College, Cork (one of the constituent colleges of the National University of Ireland) in which he had been occupying the Chair of Archaeology. He was also a member of the Senate and Vice-Chancellor of the National University. In addition to fulfilling the onerous duties incumbent on him in his academic capacity, he manifested his devotion as a public servant and his zeal in the cause of education by accepting at various times such arduous appointments as: member of the General Council of Medical Education, President of the Irish Technical Association, and Commissioner of Intermediate Education for Ireland.

In 1919, Sir Bertram retired from the Presidency of University College, Cork, and came to St. Michael's College as Professor of Anthropology. That subject at least was chosen as the most compendious title of the chair that he was to occupy. His sphere, however, to quote his own words at the beginning of his course, "really is intended to deal with a wider range of subjects than would be included even in the most extended text-book on that subject; in fact, it is intended to deal with the Prolegomena to Philosophy. It is an experiment, and, so far as we have been able to ascertain, one which has never been tried before. No man can know all know-

ledge, but the occupant of such a chair can at least attempt to act as a guide or sign-post, indicating the direction in which the scientific problems with which the philosophical student is concerned lie, and where he may look for information upon them, at the same time affording such assistance as his own study of any of these problems may have placed at his disposal. Such, at least, is my conception of the duties and opportunities of such a position, and it is along lines such as these that I hope to work in the future."

During the past two years, in addition to working with signal success along these lines in the department of Philosophy, Sir Bertram Windle has delivered several series of public lectures. In the early part of 1920 he gave a short course of lectures on the Relations of Science and Religion, in which he elucidated the most abstruse points of this complex subject. During the session 1921-22 Sir Bertram went on to deal with Mediaeval England from the Roman to the Tudor period. All these lectures have been received with enthusiasm. The attendance has been more than satisfactory—has been, in fact, quite remarkable, especially during the current year, when the audiences have severely taxed the capacity of the large Physics Theatre. It is an evidence of the popularity of these lectures that, though most of the audience are in their seats fully twenty minutes early, they are always eager to remain later than the appointed hour. On one occasion, when the lecturer apologetically announced that he was faced with the necessity of running over his time, a storm of applause expressed the delight of the listeners at this very unusual proceeding.

It is not hard to account for the keen interest which is displayed in these lectures. The subject—the history of the life, customs and architecture of mediaeval times—is of interest in itself, but in the hands of another lecturer it might easily become a dry recital of facts and descriptions, whereas Sir Bertram Windle is the true romanticist of Archaeology, reanimating the past and displaying it to his auditors glowing with colour and instinct with life. Bringing to his subject a bound-



less enthusiasm, a vast store of learning, a wealth of legendary lore, an extraordinary memory for the smallest details, and a keen sense of humour, he proceeds to infect his hearers with something of his passion for beauty and interest in antiquity. He astonishes them by the depth and scope of his knowledge and experience; by his familiarity, for instance, with obscure chronicles of "engaging gossips" of mediaeval times, or with heraldry, "the shorthand of the Middle Ages," or with the incredibly difficult art of bell ringing—to mention only a few revelations of Sir Bertram's many-sided genius. Further, he diverts the audience by curious or amusing legends of mediaeval characters and customs, and delights them with his own whimsical reflections on vanished days and ways. Added to all this, the charm of his engaging personality and the excellence of his address, and the reason of the popularity of his lectures is not far to seek.

It is to be hoped that this eminent scientist will continue to give the public the benefit of such unusual attainments, while imparting to his students of Toronto University his stores of philosophical and scientific knowledge.

AN ALUMNA.



### Lenten Days

O sad, dear days of Lent!  
How lengthen your gray hours;  
If so we may repent  
Before the time of flowers.  
Majestical, austere,  
The sanctuaries look stern:  
All silent! all severe!  
Save where the lone lamps burn.

—LIONEL JOHNSON.

## Modern Tendencies in Irish Literature

BY ELIZABETH O'DRISCOLL, M.A.

**I**RELAND has had a great deal to say in poetry of late years. She has had true and passionate and vital things to say and she has very often expressed them well. She has not reached the scholarliness and perfection of expression that can be found in much of the poetry now being made in England, but she brings the world a much rarer gift—true inspiration that comes from the deepest depths of a soul struggling into existence—the National being. Creative genius she has, and it is to her that we must look for anything great in English poetry and I think in drama, to-day; for English poetry in England, brilliant though it often is, lacks the white heat of vital ideas.

The Literature of Ireland seems, broadly speaking, to have moved along three main lines. There is, firstly, the legendary lore, which has furnished so much poetical matter to makers of song from the earliest times. It was James Clarence Mangan, who, in the last century, first went back for inspiration to the Gaelic tradition, to the stories of Irish Chieftains and their wars. He was really the originator of the new Celtic revival. Much of his work is adapted from Irish Legends and folk-lore. There are few who do not know his "Dark Rosaleen" (from the Gaelic of Costello of Bally Launis)—one of the finest lyrical patriotic poems in any language—and Kathleen Ny Houlahan (another of the numerous poetic names for Ireland). The Gaelic poetry of laughter and of love touches him but little. His pages are filled with the din of battle, the dirge of departed glory, the "caoine" for the dead. In a majestic and melancholy music he chants over Ireland desolate and derelict (for her sorrow appealed to him more than her joy), and he laments for the princes of Tirowen and Tireconnell, the O'Neill and the O'Donnell. He is sad for the betrayed and

murdered O'Sullivan Beare. He mourns in a magnificent ode for the hero of Galang:

"Oh mournful is my soul this night for Hugh Maguire."

The history of Ireland appealed to him not only as an Irishman, but as a poet, who fed upon dreams and infinite desires. And it is in these poems of Gaelic inspiration that we find the Mangan of true poetic genius.

This impulse descended to Sir Samuel Ferguson and he, in the *Lays of the Western Gael*, 1867, by his restoration of the sages of Ireland, opened a poetical storehouse, not only for Ireland, but for the rest of the literary world. Sigerson, Aubrey de Vere, Yeats (to mention only a few) have invented new representations of the old Celtic stories and the work of each of these poets stands apart.

Yeats has continued the task of leading Irish literature to strike its roots into the Gaelic past—especially into Irish Mythology. The *Wanderings of Oisín* is an epic effort along that line, whilst he has the same note in some of his dreams—in *Deirdre* and "On Bailie's Strand," in which Cuchulain slays his own son in fulfilment of a curse, as Oedipus did his father, and dies fighting the sea waves. The most characteristic thing about Yeats' treatment of the Gaelic themes is the element of spirituality he infuses into them. The only way to appreciate this is to read the poems. A quotation hardly does them justice, but I should like to quote at least a few lines from the "Wanderings of Oisín." Oisín is in quest of Tir-na-n'oge, the Land of the Young—and he comes across the Island of Sleep.

"Were we days long or hours long in riding when rolled in a  
grisly peace

An isle lay level before us, with dripping hazel and oak?  
And we stood on a sea's edge we saw not; for whiter than  
new-washed fleece

The foam underneath us and round us, a wandering and milky  
smoke."



They saw pale in the starlight and shadow a monstrous  
slumbering folk, lying in a wood so huge that

“He who had stars for His flocks  
Could fondle the leaves with his fingers, nor go from his dew-  
cumbered skies.”

He spoke to one of the sleepers whose eyes were “dull with  
the smoke of their dreams,” but for reply he shook the magic  
bell-branch, and Oisín was wrapt round in weariness and sank  
to earth, with the pearl-pale Níahm beside him, and a century  
there they lay seeing life moving round them only in dreams,  
“So lived I and lived not, so wrought I and wrought not with  
creatures of dreams  
In a long iron sleep as a fish in the water goes dumb as a  
stone.”

The refrain in the Hoisting of the Sidhe may be quoted as an  
example of his power of evoking the myths and making them  
live:

“The host is riding from Knoeknares  
And over the grave of Clooth-na-bare;  
Caolte tossing his burning hair,  
And Níamh calling: Away, come away;  
Empty your heart of its mortal dream.  
The winds awaken, the leaves whirl round,  
Our cheeks are pale, our hair is unbound,  
Our breasts are heaving, our eyes are agleam,  
Our arms are waving, our lips are apart;  
And if any gaze on our wishing band,  
We come between him and the deed of his hand,  
We come between him and the hope of his heart.  
The host is rushing 'twixt night and day,  
And where is there hope and deed as fair?  
Caolte tossing his burning hair  
And Níamh calling: Away, come away.”

Yeats gives us the full flower of Irish Mythology. But in  
connection with this aspect of the Celtic revival, we cannot

overlook the excellent work that has been done by scholars and translators of the old Irish language—foremost amongst whom are Dr. Douglas Hyde, Dr. Whitley Stokes, Standish Hayes O'Grady and the Dublin School of Irish Studies.

The second of the three main tendencies, or literary influences mentioned above is that of directly popular inspiration—poetry and drama in which the people of Ireland, the human, toiling Irish people are put before us. Mangan did this in the "Woman of Three Cows"; Yeats often did it in little poems like the "Lamentation of the Old Pensioner"; and Synge did it splendidly not only in such a poem as *Beg-Innish*, but also in his plays. Yeats met Synge in Paris—a fellow-Irishman, who was a struggling dramatist, and he told him there was plenty of dramatic material to be found amongst the people of Ireland. So he went and lived among the people of the Aran Islands. And it is the life that he saw there that he revealed in his plays. He could see that the peasants there lived very close to nature. The sea is their livelihood, and often their death; and they reflect its moods of ferocity and peacefulness. There is hardly any distinction between the natural and the supernatural—they are full of dreams. Their language is the language of highly coloured imagination and often too of dreams. Synge, amazed at the melodiousness of it sometimes makes their diction a little too purple and passionate, and extravagant. We may blame him in the "Playboy," but there is no blame in the "Riders to the Sea." Here is the mother when her sixth son has been brought home drowned. The five others were drowned too, and the bodies of some of them were not even found. The sea can do no more to her—so she is calm with the resignation of despair.

"They're all gone now, and there isn't anything more the sea can do to me—I'll have no call now to be up crying and praying when the wind is breaking in from the south and you can hear the surf is in the west, and the surf is in the east, making a great stir with the two noises and they hitting one on the other. I'll have no call now to be going down and

getting Holy Water in the dark nights after Samhain, and I won't care what way the sea is when the other women will be keening.

They're all together this time, and the end is come. May the Almighty God have mercy on Bartley's soul and on Michael's soul, on the souls of Sheamus and Patch and Stephen and Shawn; and may He have mercy on my soul, Nora, and on the soul of everyone is left living in this world.

Michael has a clean burial in the far north by the grace of the Almighty God, Bartley will have a fine coffin out of the white boards and a deep grave surely. What more can we want than that? No man at all can be living forever, and we must be satisfied!"

Lady Gregory derives her plays too, straight from the people. One of her best known comedies is an amusing scene which ends in a pillow-fight in a Workhouse Ward. The Gaol Gate is a little tragedy of deep pathos. An innocent youth has been imprisoned on a charge of murder. His mother and his wife have trudged for many days in the hope of seeing him. Finally they reach the Gaol Gate, to learn that he has been hanged.

In all the Abbey Plays—and these include plays by Lennox Robinson, Corkery and many others as well as Lady Gregory,—there is a purity and freshness of inspiration that comes directly from the lives of the poor.

The third tendency of modern Irish Literature is a lyrical one. Yeats shows this tendency when he is simple and natural and gives himself up to the mood of the moment. The Lake Isle of Innisfree is one of the loveliest things we have:

"I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey  
I hear it in the deep hearts' core."

And yet, it is hard to decide whether that really is the favourite when we think of "Out Worn Heart in a Time Out-worn," where he goes on to say:



"Your mother Eire is always young,  
Dew ever-falling and twilight grey."

and where he speaks of the "Mystical Brotherhood" of wood  
and tree and valley and hill and river and stream—

"And God stands winding His lonely horn  
And time and the world are ever in flight."

Yeats, too, shows the mystical spirit so often to be found  
in the lyric poetry. His verse moves safely among viewless  
things and hitherto unexpressed desires and the half-human  
regrets of disembodied souls. A critic of no less authority  
than Elton notices this and quotes some lines chanted by the  
Little People on the Bridal Cromlech of Grania and Dearmuir:

"Give to these children, new from the world  
Rest far from men.  
Is anything better, anything better?  
Tell us it, then!"

Lionel Johnson gave some good poetry of that kind in his  
lifetime. But A.E. (George Russell) is at present the best  
singer in the mystical strain. He holds the creed that a poet  
must be wisely passive; there must be entire suppression of will  
—thus only shall we hear the voice of Spirit.

"What of all the Will to do?  
It has vanished long ago,  
From a dream—shaft pierced it through  
From the unknown Archer's bow."

A.E. has an intensely religious feeling and his poetry is  
well worth a detailed study, but as the mystical side of the  
lyrical poetry is outside the scope of a short essay, such as  
this, we must leave it with no more than a passing mention.

Amongst our women poets we have Dora Sigerson Shorter  
(or rather, had her, for she died in 1918). In her early poems  
she was filled with a "divine discontent." "Alas to be a  
woman, and a Nomad's heart in me!"—but in her later poetry  
she became less subjective and occupied herself with ballads,

and folk-tales in verse. We are indebted to her for a pretty poem on Ireland:

“ ’Twas the dream of a God,  
And the mould of His Hand,  
That you shook ’neath His stroke,  
That you trembled and broke,  
To this beautiful land.”

Here He loosed from His hold  
A brown tumult of wings,  
Till the wind on the sea  
Bore the strange melody  
Of an island that sings.

Nora Hopper writes strange, delicate elusive poetry which belongs partly to the fairies and partly to ourselves. Her verse has a little wayward charm about it that is infinitely pleasing. Here is her song of the Fairy Fiddler as he goes fiddling, fiddling by weedy ways forlorn:

“No man alive has seen me,  
But women hear me play  
Sometimes at door or window,  
Fiddling the souls away—  
The child’s soul and the colleen’s—  
Out of the covering clay.”

Moirá O’Neill’s songs are a genuine growth of the Antrim Glens—they are tender and wistful, half hovering between tears and laughter. Over in England she sighs for “Corrymeela and the blue sky o’er it” and for “Corrymeela in the same soft rain.” The following extract is from a poem called “Looking Back”:

“Wathers O’Moyle, I hear ye calling  
Clearer for half the world between,  
Antrim hills and the wet rain fallin’  
While ye are nearer than snow tops keen;  
Dreams o’ the night and a night wind callin’  
What is the half o’ the world between?

This is real poetry, poetry that sings. So long as such things are being done there is no fear for the poetical work of Ireland. And in conclusion, I will quote the end of a strange little poem by Seumas O'Sullivan, written more than ten years ago, and not in any way fore-shadowing the awakening that was to come to the land. Such a mood of quiescence seems in strange contrast with the spirit of to-day:

"Twilight people, why will you still be crying,  
Crying and calling to me out of the trees?  
For under the quiet grass the wise are lying,  
And all the strong ones are gone over the seas,  
And I am old, and in my heart at your calling  
Only the old dead dreams a-fluttering go,  
as the wind, the forest wind, in its falling  
Sets the withered leaves fluttering to and fro."

Even such a cursory glance as this over the Irish Literature of late years, shows in a general way the influences that have been at work to make it what it is. There is, firstly, the return to the National past, to the oldest historical legends and Mythological cycles, heralded in clearest voice by Mangan, taken up by Ferguson and afterwards by Yeats, and helped out by the work of Gaelic Scholars and translators. Secondly, there is the desire to paint realistically the every-day lives of the people. This has been done in song and story, and, most successfully perhaps, by the dramatists of the Abbey Theatre. Thirdly, there is the lyric poetry, born of lonely-self-communing, or intense patriotic feeling, or joy and love and sorrow—the tears and laughter that poets have set their hearts on for thousands of years.

Only, underlying it all, is the ardent soul of Ireland—sad, because it has known sorrow—and proud, because it kept its unconquerable hope in the midst of that sorrow—and ever deeply conscious of its great spiritual heritage.





## Silent Characteristics of Genius

REV. C. O'SULLIVAN.

**A**S it cannot be expected that we would do anything even like half justice to our subject within the narrow limits of a single essay, we must needs confine ourselves to expatiating on some of the most salient characteristics of genius. Genius, according to the most competent authorities, is defined as distinguished mental superiority.

In the old romance of King Arthur, when a cowherd comes to the king to beg that he would make his son a knight, "It is a great thing thou askest," said Arthur, who inquired whether this entreaty proceeded from him or from his son. The old man's answer is remarkable: "Of my son, not of me; for I have thirteen sons, and all of them will perform the labour I put them to, but this child will not labour for me, but always he will be shooting and casting darts, and glad to see battles, and behold knights." The king commanded the cowherd to conduct to him all his sons. They were all shapen like the poor man, but Tor resembled none of them in external appearance, or even in countenance, for he was much more than any of them. And so Arthur knighted him. This simple anecdote comprises the history of genius. The cowherd's twelve sons resembled himself, but he among them who alone was adapted for knighthood, who was a perpetual source of trouble to his parents, was continually averse to the labours of the field, at the same time he was diligent enough in performing knightly functions, and he was incessantly dreaming of chivalry, even when amid the beasts of the plain. A man of genius is thus dropped among the people, and has first to encounter the difficulties of ordinary men deprived of that feeble ductility which adapts itself to the common destination. Lilly, the famous astrologer, proposed to his father that he would try his fortune in the English metropolis, where he expected his learning

and talents would be duly appreciated and required. The father, quite incapable of discovering the latest genius of his son in his studious disposition, very willingly consented to get rid of him. The son forthwith proceeded to London, and after encountering many difficulties there, acquired fame and emolument. Genius is prone to irritability, enthusiasm and self-laudation.

The occupations, the amusements and the ardor of the man of genius are in disaccordance with the artificial habits of life. In the vortexes of business, or in the world of pleasure, crowds of human beings are only treading in each other's footsteps. The pleasures and the sorrows of this active multitude are not his, while at the same time his own are not obvious to them. Therefore, the man of genius in society is often in a state of suffering. Sometimes amid his most agreeable associates he is known to be insolent, and occasionally querulous. He is stung by jealousy, or he writhes in aversion; his eyes kindle and his teeth chatter; his spirit is shaken by a fever which sometimes generates disease, and, as Mallebrance says, "It even causes a slight perturbation of his faculties." No man was more afflicted than Burns with that miserable pride, the infirmity of men of imagination, which exacts from its votaries a continual reverence and acknowledgement, and appreciation of its powers. Our poet with all his gratitude and veneration for "the noble Glencairn," was "wounded to the soul," as Ovid says, because His Lordship afforded so much attention to himself, the only blockhead at the table, and almost ignored his casual visitor.

When Rousseau once retired to a village he had to endure its conversation. For this purpose he was compelled to invent an expedient to rid himself of his uneasy sensations. "Alone," says Rousseau, "I have never known ennui, even when completely unoccupied, my imagination filling the void was sufficient to busy me. It is only the trivial conversation carried on in a room where every one is face to face that I could never endure." Consequently, whenever it was necessary for him to visit another, he adopted the expedient of making lace-

strings, carrying his working cushion with him, so as to keep the peace with the country gossips.

It is said about Racine that the pain inflicted on him by a severe criticism of one of his works outweighed all the applause he had received during his previous career. He appeared to have felt what he was often reproached with, that his Greeks, Jews and Turks were all inmates of Versailles. He had two critics, who like the Whilom Dennis with Pope and Addison, regularly dogged his pieces as they appeared.

The life of Tasso abounds with pictures of a complete exhaustion of this kind. His contradictory critics had perplexed him with the most intricate literary discussions, and probably occasioned his mental alienation. We find in one of his letters that he repents the composition of his great poem, for although his own taste approved of that marvellousness which still forms the nobler part of its creation, yet he confesses that his critics have decided that the history of his hero, Godfrey, required another kind of conduct.

The oversensitive Smallett has left this to posterity: "Had some of those who are pleased to call themselves my friends, been at any pains to deserve the character, and told me ingenuously what I had to expect in the capacity of an author, I should in all probability have spared myself the incredible labour and chagrin I have since undergone."

Hume's philosophical indifference could frequently suppress that irritability, which exercised so much sway over Pope and Smallett. But were the feelings of Hume more obtuse, or did his temper, gentle as it was constitutionally, bear with saintly patience the mortifications his literary life so long endured? An eye-witness thus described the irritated author manifesting in conversation his suppressed resentment: "His forcible mode of expression, the brilliant quick movements of his eyes, and the gestures of his body, these betrayed in him the pangs of contempt or aversion." Erasmus once resolved to abandon forever his favourite literary pursuits. "If this," he exclaimed, alluding to his adversaries, "if this be the fruit of all my youthful labours." The acquaintances of the poet Collins



probably complained of his wayward humors and irritability; but how could they sympathize with the secret mortification of the poet for having failed in his pastorals, imaging that they were composed on wrong principles, with a secret agony of soul, burning with his own hand his unsold but immortal odes.

Genius is prone to enthusiasm. A state of mind occurs in the most active operations of genius, which the term *reverie* inadequately indicates, metaphysical distinctions but ill describe it and popular language affords no expression for those faculties and feelings which escape the observation of the multitude who are not affected by the phenomena. Aware of this peculiar faculty so prevalent in the more vivid exercise of genius, Lord Kames appears to have been the first, who in his work on criticism attempted to name the ideal presence to distinguish it from the real presence of things; it has been called the representative faculty, the imaginative state, etc. Can we doubt of the existence of this faculty, where the visible and outward frame of the man of genius bears witness to its presence? When Fielding said, "I do not doubt but the most pathetic and affecting scenes have been written in tears," he probably drew that discovery from a feeling inverse to his own. Fielding would have been gratified to have confirmed the observation by facts which never reached him. According to La Harpe, Metastasio in writing the ninth scene of the second act of his *Olympiad*, found himself suddenly moved, and shedding a copious flood of tears. The imagined sorrows inspired real tears, and they afterwards proved contagious. Had our poet not perpetuated his surprise by an interesting sonnet, the circumstances, like many other similar ones, would have disappeared with the emotion. Alfieri, the most energetic poet of modern times, having composed without a pause, the whole of an act, noted on the margin, "Written under a paroxysm of enthusiasm, and while shedding a flood of tears." Gray, according to his biographer, could never compose voluntarily, his genius resembled the armed apparition in Shakespeare's master tragedy. When he wished to compose the *Installation*

Ode, for a considerable time he found himself incapable of commencing it. A friend calling on him, he suddenly flung open the door, and exclaimed in a hurried voice and tone:

"Hence, avaunt, this is holy ground."

The tremendous figure of the ancient Sybil seems to have been beheld in that land of the Muses, as we learn from the vigorous description of Paulus Iorius of the impetus and afflatus of one of the Italian improvisatori, some of whom we are informed have not degenerated from their ancestors in poetic inspiration and its concomitant excitement. "His eyes," he says, "fixed downward, kindle, as he gives utterance to his effusions, the moist drops flow down his cheeks, the veins of his forehead swell, and wonderfully his learned ears, as it were, abstracted and intent, moderate each impulse of his flowing numbers."

"Canenti defixi exardent oculi, sudores manant, frontis venae contumescunt, et quod mirum est eruditae aures tanquam alienae et intentae ommem impetum profluentium numerorum exactissima ratione moderantur."

Genius is prone to self-laudation. Disraeli says, "The love of praise is instinctive in the nature of men of genius. The praise which they receive is the fact on which the past rests, and the wheel on which the future rolls." The generous qualities and virtues of such a character are developed and brought out in strong relief by the applause which he receives. "To him whom the world admires, the happiness of the world must be dear," says Madame De Stael. Like the wild Indian, for the savage and the man of genius possess the genuine feelings of nature, he would to his own name, when amidst his circle they chant the paeans of their gods and their heroes. The honest savages laud the worthies among themselves, as well as those that are departed; and where one of their number hears his name mentioned in terms of eulogy, he gives utterance to a cry of pleasure and of pride. But pleasure and pride must cause no emotion to appear in the breast of genius, when amidst a polished circle; to bring himself down to their level, he must start at a compliment and turn away even from

one of his own votaries. However, in the opinion of some, this rule is not always applicable to men endowed with extraordinary ability. According to Schlegel, if you deprive them of that supreme opinion which they entertain of themselves, and of their pride of exultation, you crush within them the germs of their excellence. Many vast designs would have perished in their first conception, were it not that their authors breathed this vital air of self-delight, this energy begotten of vanity, which is so productive of grand undertakings.

Some of the most gifted men the world ever beheld have been the most daring of egotists. In reading the writings of Shakespeare, Milton, Byron and Wordsworth, one has a clear conception of the intense egotism that pervades them, and the lofty confidence with which they anticipate their immortality. It is often this very quality that forms the principal charm of their works. Their poetical heroes in the majority of cases, are only the personifications of their own feelings and passions. Who can doubt that such men have a full consciousness of the extraordinary merits of their own genius, when at a single sitting they dash off some glorious work with the facility, rapidity and happiness of inspiration?

The Greek and Roman poets did not hesitate to assert that they had reared to themselves, in their verses, "monuments more lasting than brass." "Orna me," was Cicero's constant cry, and he entreated Luceius to write for him a separate history of Cataline's conspiracy, and to publish it quickly, so that the consul who had crushed the traitor might, while he yet lived, taste the sweetness of that glory which, as Horace says, "is void of death." "I spoke with a divine power in the Senate," he writes one day to Atticus; "there never was anything like it."

Epicurus once wrote to a minister of state: "If you desire glory, nothing can bestow it on you more than the letters I write to you," and Seneca quotes the words to Lucilius, adding: "What Epicurus promised to his friend, that I also promise to you." When one of the two Guidos, Italian authors, eclipsed the other, Dante wrote:



“Thus has one Guido from the other snatched  
The lettered pride; and he, perhaps, is born  
Who shall drive either from his nest.”

No less conscious of their own abilities, and ready to impart that consciousness to the world, are men of genius in modern times. According to La Harpe, the self-praise of Buffon, at least equalled his genius, and the inscription beneath his statue in the Jardin des Plantes, which was raised to him in his lifetime, exceeds all panegyrics. It places him alone in nature as the first and last interpreter of her works.

Monsieur Buffon said of the great geniuses of modern times, that there were not more than five—Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz, Montesquien and himself. Shakespeare also is not oblivious of himself, and hesitates not to say in one of his sonnets:

“Nor marble, nor the gilded monuments  
Or princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme.”

To a large extent, likewise, it can be aptly said that the interest of his plays depends upon the egotism of his heroes and heroines. Who does not love the egotism of the melancholy Jacques that fills the forest of Ardennes with the gloom of his own soul, and in what but his proneness to selfish thoughtfulness lies the charm of Hamlet? The most fascinating passages in Othello are those in which the Moor speaks of his fiery love of battle, of his personal appearance and history, and, in an outburst of selfish sorrow bids farewell to the pride, pomp and circumstances of glorious war.

Milton, whose intense egotism has been considered as conspicuous as his genius, evidently believed his great epic poem to be destined to immortality when he said “it was a work the world would not willingly let die.” Everybody is familiar with the daring avowal of Kepler, which, however, is far from commendable: “I dare not insult mankind by confessing that I am he who has turned science to advantage. If I be pardoned I shall rejoice; if blamed, I shall endure it. The die is cast. I have written this book, and whether it be read by posterity or by contemporaries matters not. It may well wait for a

reader during one century when God Himself during 6,000 years waited for an observer like myself."

Nelson had such an overwhelming estimate of himself after the Battle of the Nile that he took an almost childish pleasure in being stared at and in being called "great and glorious," even when he himself was present. Napoleon was the incarnation of egotism and so self-conscious that he was visibly offended when, after his early victories, a vast assembly turned their eyes from him to something else that attracted their attention. It is indisputable that William Pinkney was one of the greatest forensic advocates that America has produced, and it is also indisputable that he was one of the proudest of mortals. William Wirt, speaking of his absoluteness of manner, says: "Socrates confessed that all the knowledge he had been able to acquire seemed only to convince him that he knew nothing. Yet Pinkney would make you believe that he knew everything."



## Spring and His Ways

BY FREDERICK B. FENTON.



Spring is a jolly fellow,  
Rapture and hope instils,  
Our cup of gladness fills  
With sunbeams, myriad, mellow,  
Bejewelling dewy lawn,  
Twinkling upon the thorn  
And gilding field and fallow.

Spring is a vagrant fellow,  
He taps our window panes  
With the gentle April rains  
And whines in pine and willow.  
He stoops to each frail flower  
Nodding in April bower,  
But to droop upon its pillow.

Spring is a wayward fellow,  
He smiles through riven cloud,  
Then seeks its frowning shroud  
To darken stream and billow.  
With gusts he sweeps the moors,  
Invades our corridors,  
And slams the doors at will, oh!



## The Incarnation

BY REV. K. J. McRAE.

**I**N my paper for the "Lilies" for March, 1921, I explained some "Important Truths Recalled to Mind by the Feast of the Annunciation," leaving the main and most important matter, the Incarnation, for a more favourable opportunity. But even with the most favourable opportunity it is a most difficult subject, for, as in the case of the Blessed Trinity, there are mysteries connected with it so profound that the brightest created intellect can never fathom them. With the aid, however, of Revelation, and the work of many bright intellects enlightened by divine grace, a great deal of useful information has been placed at the disposal of those who have the time and leisure to pore over the ponderous tomes containing it. I will try to place before busy readers some of this information.

### Remote Preparation.

If we examine carefully the account of the Creation given in the beginning of Genesis, we will find a gradual preparation of the universe, and our earth in particular, for the different forms of life, and when these were produced in turn, and man, the masterpiece of creation, was finally reached, the three Divine Persons, seemingly after consultation, said, "Let us make man to our image and likeness." (Gen. i., 26). Now if we examine man carefully we will find that he is, as the Greeks called him, a microcosm, an epitome of the universe; for he has, in his body, the slime of the earth, the chemical life or force of the rocks, the vegetative life of the vegetative kingdom, the sensitive life of the animal kingdom, and, in his soul, the spiritual life of the celestial kingdom.

But wonderful as man was in his merely natural state, he was not capable of fulfilling his high destiny by means of his natural powers alone. God, therefore, raised his natural pow-

ers above the mere natural plane to a supernatural one, by infusing divine grace into his soul, that is, sanctifying grace to be a permanent force or supernatural life in the soul, and actual grace to be a transient aid to the performance of acts meritorious of eternal life. The union of the soul with God by grace is a very close one, but there is a still closer one called the Hypostatic Union.

### **Hypostatic Union.**

In the Hypostatic Union the Divine nature of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity is so closely united to our human nature as to form but one Divine Person. "The soul is the first of the two sub-elements which compose the human element. The Divinity entered primarily into union with the soul, as being that which completes human nature, and in which the dominant faculties reside. The soul was the chief seat of Adam's sin, and of the taint of sin in his descendants, and of the consequences or punishment of sin. But God did not abhor even the body; it is the companion of the soul, the instrument of its action, a sufferer by the sin, and it is destined to enter into glory. Therefore the Word is said, not to be made a soul, or even man, but to have been made flesh. 'Because the children are partakers in flesh and blood, He also Himself in like manner hath been partaker of the same.' (Heb. xi., 14). We have here a reflection of the Trinity; with this difference, that in the Godhead there is Unity of Substance with Trinity of Persons, and in Christ there is Unity of Person with a trinity of substances, viz., the Divinity, the spiritual soul, the material body . . . the two natures are so wonderfully combined in Christ that He is God-Man and Man-God. Each nature remains complete; the Godhead remains the Godhead, perfect and unchanged; and yet we can say that, in Christ, God is Man and the Man is God. This hypostatic union is an example of that combination of unity and multiplicity which mark God's works" (Bellford, *Med. on Christian Dogma*, Vol. I., pages 230-1).

Scotus and other theologians maintain that, even if Adam

had not sinned, Christ would have come in the hypostatic union. "They consider that, even apart from sin, He is "the first-born of every creature . . . that in all things He may hold the primacy, (Col. i., 15, 18); and that He was predestined in the original plan to be one of mankind. This view accords more with those ideals of progressive development to perfection and of the regularity of law, which are suggested by all God's works. It shows us the complete cycle of evolution proceeding originally from God and returning finally to Him in the union of the highest term of creation with the divine nature. It shows us, too, that in God's original design the human race was fully equipped for all contingencies, and able to work out its destinies (through Jesus Christ) without any subsequent interference with the order of things" (Id., pages 234-5).

#### **The Atonement.**

But when Adam did sin "the supernatural career of mankind was terminated, and grievous offence was offered to God in lieu of service. There was then needed a source of restitution for man and atonement to God. Without this, the end of God's mighty works would be failure most miserable and the triumph of evil over good. If God simply cancelled and ignored the sin, it would still be a triumph of evil; for it would mean that the universe was not sufficiently equipped to work out its purposes; it would mean that the ordinary law was deficient and had to be supplemented by a quasi afterthought; it would be an extinction of energy without allowing it to work itself out, the intervention of an extrinsic force to remedy the inherent incurable defects in God's own work. The perfection of God's work demands that there should be in the human race itself the means of triumphing over evil, or justifying its own existence and the Providence of God. The goodness of God requires that, whatever happens, good should predominate over evil. God's dignity requires that His work should not end in a fiasco. Regular order requires that every force should be allowed to work itself out. Equity requires that the offender should suffer the consequences of his offence and should him-



self make atonement. The only appropriate form of restitution is one in which human energies should neutralize the evil done by man. . . .

“The atonement required is infinite, for it had to be adequate to the evil inflicted; and the restitution of man was to the possession of the infinite. Sin, though the consequence of a finite act, has a certainty infinity of effect, for it is the contradiction of all that is positive in God: ‘I am who I am’ (Ex. iii., 14). *In its tendency* it is destructive of God (hence the expression, ‘Sin, as far as in it lies, would destroy God’ ). An equal energy is required to counteract it, viz., one that *in tendency* shall be, as it were, creative of God, or, *actually* productive of God’s presence. No act of ours, however, has this supreme efficiency. An infinite vital action is required; and that can proceed only from an Infinite Person. The human race can never supply this . . .

“The Hypostatic Union combines the two necessary conditions; its action is at once human and infinite. As God alone, Jesus Christ could not make atonement; it would be a new violation and not a satisfaction of justice for one to sin and another to bear the burden. But, as man, the Divine Person is one of the offending race. He is not an isolated individual; for human society is not an agglomeration of atoms, but a corporate body with common life and action. As every particle on this earth affects every particle in the universe, so each man’s action, good or bad, affects the whole race. The acts of Jesus Christ are the actions of the Son of Humanity; we share in the effects of His, He shares in the effects of ours. The same law which causes us to suffer by the sins of Adam, of our fathers, of our countrymen, causes Jesus to suffer by our sins, and us to profit by His virtues. He, as being the first-born and the greatest portion of humanity, contributes proportionately more (i.e., infinitely more) to the sum of good, and suffers a greater share of the effects of sin. As He, then, is predestined eternally to be the Son of Man, the human race contains in itself a vast predominance of good over evil, and the means of atoning for its sins without any violent destruction of natural forces or

the intervention of extraneous ones. Thus the Atonement is not only a marvel of mercy, but of well-ordered harmony and regular law." (Id. pages 232-3). This is a rather long quotation, but to curtail it would mean a less adequate idea of the Atonement, and pretty soon, when we are commemorating the most sorrowful drama of Holy Week, we will need all the light on that subject that we can get.

But even when, therefore, God the Son determined to redeem us and raise us from our fallen state, He did not need to sacrifice His Life for that purpose. The least act He chose to offer for the purpose—His first tears, or at most, the first drops of His Precious Blood shed in the rite of Circumcision,—would have been amply sufficient, because, being the acts of a Divine Person, they were, therefore, of infinite value. But He, no doubt, to show us the immensity of His Love for us, offered His very life, shed His Precious Blood to the very last drop for our salvation. He did this evidently to force us, if not through gratitude, at least through shame, to give Him in return all the love and service of which we are capable. But alas! how many of us return to Him hatred and outrage! Many of us, alas! are ready to lavish our love upon unworthy persons, mere animals, or material things, excluding from our affection only one being, and that our most loving and most generous Saviour. Such people surely deserve the stinging rebuke, "The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib; but Israel hath not known Me, and My people hath not understood." (Isa. i., 3).

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### Sanctity of St. Joseph

Of all the sanctities in the Church, St. Joseph's is that which lies deepest down and is the hardest to see distinctly. We feel how immense it must have been. The honor of Jesus and the office of St. Joseph towards His Mother and Himself all point to an unusual effusion of graces upon him, while the lights which transpire, as it were, through chinks in the Gospel, indicate a most divine and at the same time a most deeply hidden life.

—FATHER FABER.

Officers of St. Joseph College  
Alumnae Association



1921—1922



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## Alumnae Notes

St. Joseph Lilies gratefully acknowledge with thanks subscriptions from Miss Helen Bunker, Miss L. Meehan, Miss D. McConvey, Mrs. W. H. McGuire, Mrs. Scott Griffin and Mrs. B. Devlin, Barrie; Miss Florence M. O'Leary, Miss Madeline Foster, Miss Agnes King, Miss Maud McGuire, Moose Jaw, Sask.; Convent of Holy Cross, St. Laurent, P.Q., The Dominican Sisters, Havana, Cuba.

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December 15.—A Christmas Sale under the auspices of the Catholic Women's League was held in the Pompeian Room of the King Edward Hotel. Fidelity blue and white decorated the various booths. Vanity Fair was in charge of Mrs. Frank McCarthy; Books, Miss Rose Ferguson; Post Office, Mrs. H. E. Moore; Sweets, Mrs. J. J. Cassidy. The Convener-in-Chief was Miss G. Lawler, M.A., and others assisting were Mrs. Scott Griffin, Mrs. J. C. Keenan, Mrs. W. H. McGuire, Mrs. Fred. O'Connor, Mrs. Tom McCarron and Miss Mary Brophy. The Oxford book of Canadian verse was won by Miss Ruth Agnew, M.A.

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St. Joseph's College Alumnae entertained a number of the University students from St. Joseph's College to afternoon tea. An improvised long table was arranged and those who enjoyed the party were: Misses Ruth Agnew, M.A., Elizabeth O'Driscoll, M.A., Averille Kavanagh, Dorothy Chalue, Alice McDonald, Dorothy Agnew, Lilian Latchford, Mary McCardle, Kathleen O'Leary, M. L. Hart, Helen Kernahan, May Morrow, Mrs. Fred. O'Connor, Mrs. W. H. McGuire, and Mrs. Thomas McCarron.

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A brilliant gathering of interesting women took place in the new ball-room of the King Edward Hotel when the University Women's Club gave a dinner for Miss Ada Comstock, M.A., Litt.D., which was honoured by the presence of the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Cockshutt. The guests, who numbered two hundred, were seated at small tables scattered about the room. All of which, with the table of honour on a raised platform, were decorated with bright yellow mums in small

crystal vases which made a vivid note of color against the soft white background. Before dinner, His Honour and Mrs. Cockshutt held an informal reception, when the guests were introduced by the President and Miss Gertrude Lawler, M.A.

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December 18.—The fourth bi-annual meeting of the Toronto sub-division of the Catholic Women's League was held, with Miss Gertrude Lawler, M.A., in the chair. The President spoke briefly, pointing out the fine activities of the organization during the past year. These were reported in detail by Miss Rose Ferguson and included a gift of \$1,000 to Louvain Library, the formation of an auxiliary to St. Michael's Hospital, the establishment of an official magazine—the "Canadian League," of which Miss M. L. Hart is editor—the presentation of flags to Boy Scouts, the entertainment of delegates to the National Convention held in Toronto, at the expense of nearly \$1,000, the establishment of a fund for scholarship, to be known as the Neil McNeil,—the winner of which was Miss Helen Kernahan, of St. Joseph's College—gifts to hospitals, care of a depot during the influenza epidemic and other social and patriotic services. The election returns showed little change. The popular President, Miss G. Lawler, M.A., was re-elected, also the Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Scott Griffin, Mrs. James C. Keenan; Recording Secretary, Miss Rose Ferguson; Sub-Conveners of Nomination Committee, Miss E. VanDusen.

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In welcoming Mrs. A. E. McCrudden, Toronto publicly acknowledge the debt of gratitude that Canadians owe the British mothers, whose self-sacrifice made Britain's war efforts possible. Mrs. McCrudden was chosen from a large number of British war mothers to represent British women who lost sons in the recent war at the burial of the unknown American soldier at Arlington Cemetery, Washington, D.C. At a shower of Christmas cheer in aid of the hospital soldiers at the home of Mrs. H. E. Moore, in Bloor Street East, Mrs. McCrudden was the honoured guest and was presented with a basket of white carnations—the emblem of the Catholic Women's League—tied with blue ribbon. The following day—Sunday—Miss Gertrude Lawler, M.A., accompanied Mrs. McCrudden and daughter to High Mass at St. Michael's Cathedral, where a special pew had been draped with the League colours in honour of the visitors.

Congratulations to Miss Kathleen Moore, whose marriage to Mr. Aubrey Maher took place in St. Basil's Church; to Mrs. James E. Day, on Mr. Day's appointment of K.C. in the New Year's list of honours; to Dr. Paul and Mrs. O'Sullivan on the birth of another son—Paul McLaren; to Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, on the appointment of her brother, Hon. Mr. W. C. Kennedy, as Minister of Railways in the new Government. To Mr. and Mrs. P. D. McGoeey, of Colgan, on the birth of a son—George Ambrose.

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Mrs. Cockshutt entertained a number of women engaged on active newspaper work at luncheon at the Government House. Mrs. Cockshutt, with Colonel Fraser in attendance, received in the large drawing-room. The luncheon table was beautifully done with doilies of English eyelet work with large centre-piece, and many vases containing chrysanthemums of various shades alternated with pierced silver pots containing slender sword ferns. Coffee was served in the morning room, and from Miss M. L. Hart we learn that His Honour came in to chat, and all enjoyed the hospitality of the charming hostess and the informality of the occasion.

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On the evening of January 13th a large and interested audience listened to Miss M. L. Hart lecture in St. Mary's Hall, Collingwood, under the auspices of the St. Mary's Literary Society. Mr. W. J. Henry presided in his customary bright way and after a number of musical selections introduced the speaker, Miss Hart, who spoke and chose for her subject, "Some Newspaper Assignments," and in a happy and highly entertaining address told of some of her experiences as representative of newspapers at different world-wide events. Her word pictures of what she had seen and her accounts of the interviews secured at times under more or less difficulty, held the undivided attention of her audience. Of the Quebec Tercentenary and the Eucharistic Conference in Montreal she gave vivid descriptions. Her trip to the West as a member of the Women's Press Club was also presented in an equally attractive style. At the conclusion, the thanks of the meeting were unanimously tendered Miss Hart.

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The Toronto Women's Press Club was honoured by a visit from Her Excellency Lady Byng of Vimy, at "Glenhurst," the home of Colonel F. M. and Mrs. Deacon. Her Excellency was



met by the receiving party at the entrance; Lady Byng then received the many guests in the drawing-room and afterwards had tea at a little round table in the dining-room. Lady Byng addressed the large assemblage on the subject of "Journalism." To her there was no field more fascinating than that of journalism, which kept one in touch with the swift current of public affairs. The very machinery necessary for the circulation of the products of the pen, from the running presses to the editor's desk had always interested her. With regard to book reviewing, she said, that she had been too honest to make a living, for she always read each book through from the beginning. Even the most technical books she had struggled through and had been rewarded when she was told by the author that she had grasped the book. The President paid tribute to Her Excellency and to her delightful books, "Barriers" and "Anne of the Marshland." Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, Miss Elizabeth O'Driscoll, M.A., and Mrs. Tom McCarron are greatly indebted to Miss M. L. Hart for the pleasure of the afternoon.

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At the Annual Meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul Aid Society, Mrs. J. J. M. Landy and Mrs. Thomas Long were elected to the Board of Directors.

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Miss Rose Ferguson, formerly of the Public Library staff has gone to Washington, D.C., where she will take a course at the Washington University in training for Social Service Work. Prior to her departure, Miss Ferguson was the guest at several luncheons, and the recipient of numerous presentations. Heaps of good wishes follow Miss Ferguson in her new venture.

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For the purpose of laying tiles in the vestibule of St. Michael's Cathedral, the ladies of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin were the hostesses of an afternoon tea. The guests were received by the president, and Mrs. A. J. McDonagh. An orchestra played a delightful musical programme. The tea table covered with a Cluny lace cloth, was decorated with pink roses and pink candles. Mrs. A. J. Gough and Mrs. Scott Griffin poured tea, and Mrs. James E. Day and Mrs. W. H. McGuire assisted.

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St. Joseph's College Alumnae gladly welcomes Rev. J. J. Buckley, C.S.P., to Toronto. Father Buckley is another resident Paulist Father at St. Peter's Rectory and his first ser-

mon from the text of the Sunday Gospel, January 15th, was very cleverly given and most attractive.

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The Women's Musical Club held its first afternoon Musicales of this year in the ball-room of the King Edward Hotel and was crowded to capacity. The programme was varied and very delightful with vocal, piano, violin and 'cello selections. Tea was afterwards served in the blue room. Some of those noticed were: Mrs. Manning Doherty, Mrs. Armand Heintzman, Mrs. H. E. Moore, Mrs. A. J. Gough and Miss Gertrude Lawler, M.A. The Misses Ridley looked after the distribution of the programme.

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A very large audience attended the presentation of "The Merchant of Venice" in Massey Hall by the talented members of the De La Salle Dramatic Society. The performance was followed with great interest throughout and there were many enthusiastic demonstrations of approval in recognition of the merit of the leading features of the presentation. Great credit and congratulations are due Rev. Brother Gabriel, the instructor. The young ladies of St. Joseph's College attended in large numbers and were chaperoned by Mrs. Fred. O'Connor and Miss May Morrow.

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January 20.—Miss M. L. Hart arranged another big treat for the members of St. Joseph's College Alumnae, the Catholic Ladies' Literary Society and the Arts Class of St. Joseph's College, when they gathered at the Grange Art Gallery for a talk on the paintings of French artists now on exhibition there. The Lecturer was Mrs. J. E. Elliott, who out of the fulness of her knowledge concerning her subject, gave delightful glimpses of the lives of some of the great painters, many of whom climbed to fame by the rough road of poverty, loneliness and toil. Leading her audience through the rooms where the pictures hung, Mrs. Elliott pointed out the best, explaining why, from the artistic standpoint, they were regarded as masterpieces. To some of the audience—more especially the students—the lecture was an introduction to such celebrities as Henner, Jacque, La Touche, Monticelli, Rousseau, Daubigny, Corot, Fantin-Latour and Diaz. Miss Hart moved a hearty vote of thanks to Mrs. Elliott. Mrs. Bertram L. Monkhouse and Mrs. A. J. Thompson chaperoned the College young ladies to the Grange. Mrs. Thomas McCarron poured

tea, and Mrs. Fred. O'Connor, Misses M. Morrow and K. McCrohan assisted very graciously with the serving of the refreshments.

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St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association mourns with the whole world the death of the late Pope, Benedict XV., who was a master helmsman of the Catholic Church during the evolution of the Great War of 1914. As an expression of the Alumnae's great sorrow, and in response to the request of the International Federated Catholic Alumnae, a Mass of Requiem was offered by Rev. E. Murray, C.S.B., at St. Joseph's Convent. A resolution of condolence was also passed by the Executive, the news of which was forwarded to the President of the I.F.C.A., which is having three hundred Masses offered as a tribute to the late Pontiff.

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Most sincere sympathy is extended to Mrs. John O'Neill in the great loss of her husband, who was a member of the Provincial Parliament for South East Toronto, and for many years an outstanding figure in the municipal life of this city. Mr. O'Neill's death called forth a city-wide expression of regret for his loss and veneration for his stirring worth; to Mrs. Loftus on the death of her late husband, Dr. James J. Loftus; to Misses M. N. and L. Hynes in their bereavement; to Mrs. E. J. O'Neill and Rev. R. McBrady, C.S.B., in losing their brother.

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Through the kindness of Sir William McKenzie, the hospitable doors of "Bonvenuto" were thrown open for a Bridge in the interests of the Catholic Sisters of Service recently inaugurated in Canada. Mrs. Scott Griffin and Mrs. Frank McCarthy were charming hostesses and looked after the comfort of the numerous players. Mrs. J. J. Cassidy had the honor of pouring tea from a table beautifully decorated with vases of purple hyacinths and rose-colored tulips. The young girls assisting were Misses Ridley, Evelyn Griffin, D. Phelan, Eleanor Warde and Mary Latchford, Mrs. H. E. Moore was convener of tickets. Rev. G. Daly, C.S.S.R., in addressing the party in regard to the new Order which will have its headquarters in Newman Hall on St. Joseph street, said: "Service is the great word of the day. Governments, libraries, institutions, even selfish commercial organizations have opened headquarters for service. Social conditions created by modern life are such that a hearty response is necessary to meet these



conditions with service. The idea of service is not new; it is the modern translation of Christian Charity." Father Daly explained that the new Order for the Church was not to give something that has not already been provided. But new times create new conditions and these must be met with new ways. So the Sisters of Service, representing the letters S.O.S., are being formed for work in Canada beyond the Great Lakes, which is still in the making. "The population representing the different races and nations of the world have come to be the Canadians of to-morrow. Standing with the vote in hand they will count in the balance of power." Father Daly, who lived in Regina, pictured some of the prairie conditions where education, religion and social possibilities were sadly overlooked in the plan of survey of the country. The idea is to send the Sisters of Service out, two by two, to teach and nurse among those too remote to be touched otherwise, to keep in the hearts of the people the glowing fire of faith.

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Through the generosity of Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, St. Basil's Council of the Catholic Church Extension added very substantially to their treasury as the result of the large Bridge given at Mrs. Cassidy's home in Spadina Road. So successful was the whole affair that Mrs. S. C. Crowell is deserving of much appreciation and congratulations. Mrs. Scott Griffin also helped this good work by giving her beautiful home in February. She also loaned her house to help the Church of the Holy Rosary.

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St. Mary's Council of the Catholic Church Extension reported at the January meeting of the Supreme Council, the collection of thirty-five copies of "St. Joseph Lilies" for distribution in the West. What a thrill of delight to know our magazine is a little missionary in this good work!

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The members of the Alumnae will all be very delighted to know that Mrs. J. McDiarmid has fully recovered from her severe illness and is recuperating in Montreal. Mrs. John McBride has also had a quick recovery from pneumonia. Miss Helen Kernahan's aunt, Mrs. O'Brien, of St. Catharines, is convalescing at Helen's home in Elm Ave., after her serious operation. Miss J. Lehane is also quite well again.

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A "Lecture on the life of Grieg and his sons," given by Miss Marie C. Strong and some of her artist pupils, made a

delightful program for an appreciative audience in the auditorium of St. Joseph's College. The entertainment was given under the auspices of St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association and in addition to members and friends, pupils and members of the teaching staff attended. Outstanding features of the work were the atmosphere of intellectual appreciation of the composer shown by Miss Strong in her address and in the vocal numbers by Rheta Norine Brodie, who sang the soprano numbers, and Miss Marie Nicolaeff, contralto, and the clear enunciation and pure vocalization of both singers. In her lecture, Miss Strong covered the entire life of the composer, giving her listeners a complete picture and adding much to their repertoire of knowledge. Miss Brodie sang four groups of songs, the "Autumn Storm" as a single number, the dramatic rendition of the latter affording opportunity for the display of versatility of gift when compared with "Spring Song" and "One Summer Night." In all her numbers, Miss Brodie showed herself the possessor of a soprano organ of real musical quality which she has perfectly under control. Miss Marie Nicolaeff gave a most sympathetic interpretation of two groups and "Solvejg's Song. All numbers were done justice to by the rich voice and artistic treatment of the singer and the number, "At a Young Woman's Bier," was remarkable for the atmosphere of the majesty of death which Miss Nicolaeff imparted to her audience. Two of Grieg's songs for children were sung with unusual sweetness and understanding by little Miss Gladys Moffat, for whom a promising future is predicted. The sympathetic accompaniments of Miss Cork were an effective asset to the success of the evening.

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California is ever increasing its magnetism for our Canadian people. Mrs. William Walsh has gone to spend the remainder of the winter at "The Maryland," Pasadena. The "Maryland" is a most wonderful hotel, and Pasadena, the city of multimillionaires, majestic hotels and beautiful churches, is most interesting. Marengo Avenue, arched with the famous pepper tree, is very attractive. Palatial homes, surrounded by spacious lawns, shrubbery and flowers, are very numerous. The Busch Gardens, so artistically laid out, is another attraction of Pasadena. Others enjoying the delightful climate are: Mrs. Jas. Melady, Mrs. Catherine Mulvihill and daughter, Mrs. M. Healy and Mrs. Harry Phelan. Mrs. J. D. Warde and Mrs. L. J. Cosgrave are enjoying the sea breezes of Atlantic City.

The very best wishes of St. Joseph's College Alumnae follow our most beloved Archbishop, Neil McNeil, in the recuperation of his health. During the sojourn of His Grace in Florida, we are praying for a rapid improvement, as his presence among his people means so much,—an inspiration to duty, contentment and optimism.

\* \* \* \* \*

January 15.—The second quarterly meeting of St. Joseph's College Alumnae for this season was held this Sunday afternoon. Miss M. L. Hart presided. Miss Ruth Agnew, M.A., read a summary of the work of the Alumnae, and Miss Marjorie Power, the Treasurer, showed a substantial balance on hand after Christmas Cheer to the extent of twenty dollars had been sent to the Catholic Charities, twenty dollars to the Carmelite Orphanage, ten dollars to St. Mary's Hospital, and ten dollars to St. Vincent's Orphanage, and twenty-five to the Russian Relief. An interesting event of the afternoon was the presentation of the Alumnae Scholarship for the highest standing in the matriculation class, to Miss Helen Kernahan, who very graciously accepted and responded in the following words: "Madam President, Reverend Father, Reverend Mother, Sisters and all my friends, on behalf of the Matriculation Class of 1921, I wish to thank St. Joseph's College Alumnae for the interest they take in their Alma Mater, and personally for this very substantial cheque, I thank you." Following this Miss Marshall Saunders delighted the audience with her clever story of her experience with the lives of birds. Miss Phylis Smith sang, with Miss Anna Connors as accompanist. Afternoon tea was served. The hostesses were Miss May Morrow and Mrs. Tom McCarron. The long mahogany library table, centred with a bowl of daffodils and doilies of pond lilies painted on bolton cloth, was most attractive, over which Mrs. E. J. O'Neill and Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse presided. Those assisting were Miss Mary Brophy and eight resident young ladies of the College. The meeting closed with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the Chapel by the Rev. Cyril Khoe, O.C.C.

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Mrs. S. C. Crowell had a house guest from Halifax for several weeks. Mrs. James C. Keenan also had a very charming visitor for the Christmas holidays, her sisterfi Mrs. M. J. Gillies, from Baltimore, M.D. Mrs. J. D. McKee, of Sarnia, visited Miss May Morrow.



The January number of the University of Toronto monthly contains a sketch and photo "cut" of Miss Gertrude Lawler, M.A., in which a high tribute is paid to her standing as a striking figure in the educational life of this city and province. "Miss Lawler was the first girl to win a Blake General Proficiency Scholarship at Jarvis Street Collegiate. Then followed a University Course whose brilliance remains unsurpassed. She was awarded a General Proficiency Scholarship in the Honour Courses of the first and second years, a gold medal in the third year, and in 1890 was the first woman to graduate with honors in all departments. Later she took her M.A. in Mathematics. Many unique honours have been conferred upon this distinguished graduate. She was the first lecturer, examiner and critic in English in the Faculty of Education of the University of Toronto. She was the first woman to be elected a member of the University Senate and now represents University College for the fourth term."

\* \* \* \* \*

The excellent work of the nurses of the St. Elizabeth Visiting Nurses' Association was outlined in reports presented at the 14th Annual Meeting held in St. Michael's Palace. Some 9,034 visits were made—604 being night calls. Officers for 1922 include two busy members of St. Joseph's Alumnae, Mrs. James E. Day, Corresponding Secretary, and Miss May Morrow, Recording Secretary.

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Heaps of congratulations to Miss Mary O'Brien for the splendid party she arranged for the benefit of St. James' new Parish. So great was the response to the popular hostess that St. Helen's new hall could not accommodate the crowd despite the most unfavourable weather. Six hundred dollars was the handsome sum realized.

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Mrs. James E. Day was the hostess of a very jolly house dance during the Christmas festivities for her son. Miss Ruth Sheahan received with her aunt. Mrs. Day also entertained at an evening Bridge, and among her guests was Mrs. H. J. Mackie, of Pembroke.

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At the home of Mrs. A. J. McDonagh was another jolly party. Mrs. McDonagh spared nothing to make it a delightful affair for the young folks.

To Mrs. T. F. McMahon the Alumnae wish much happiness in her beautiful new home at Bloor and Castle Frank.

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For some time efforts have been made in certain districts and through the press to antagonize a fair distribution of taxes, etc., to the support of the Catholic Public Schools. With a two-fold objective the Right Reverend Bishop Fallon, of London, came to Massey Hall to speak on "Constitutional Rights of the Separate Schools," and to support the new Community of Sisters of Service. To a most attentive audience for almost three hours, Bishop Fallon interested the packed house to his concluding sentence. "He covered at times in detail and again in outline, the course of the common school development since 1760. It was in that year, first denominational schools were established. Later in 1806 the first Common School Act of Upper Canada was passed, and that Act made the Bible the important text book in all schools. From that very fact, he argued, there were denominational schools in Canada. The Act of 1841 first gave this country Separate Schools, and the Catholic Separate Schools were made part of the Common School System of Upper Canada in 1863. This legislation was absorbed in the Act of Confederation, which was more than a law; it was a Treaty, a solemn covenant which conferred equal constitutional rights on the Protestant minority of Quebec and the Roman Catholic minority in Ontario."

Mrs. Philip Kiely occupied the chair and in introducing Bishop Fallon, noted that the widespread appeal of the ideal of the Catholic Women's League, "For God and Canada," was evidenced in the rapidity with which the League has advanced. It was under the auspices of the Sisters of Service that the address was delivered, and they would benefit by the proceeds. These excellent women were inspired by the same ideals as the pioneer women of Canada who had cared for the welfare of the people. The names of Marguerite Bourgeois and Jeanne Manse were inseparable from the early history of country. Marguerite was a simple extern at the Sisters' school. The complex problems of present day life in Canada gave rise to the necessity for an order of teachers, nurses and social workers as these. It was often stated that women were too sentimental for the political world. In practice it would be found they were conservative and constitutionalists. This made it very appropriate to associate their work with the address of the evening.

We are privileged to have as the speaker of the evening one of the most outstanding authorities on the subject of the Constitutional Rights of Separate Schools in Ontario, and it is with pleasure and pride that I introduce the Right Rev. Bishop Fallon."

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To the Rev. J. B. Ferguson, Warkworth, Ont., Rev. T. L. Ferguson, Arthur, Ont., and to Rev. Sister Chrysostom, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, the Alumnae tender sincere sympathy in their bereavement, the death of their venerable father.

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We noticed that St. Joseph's College Alumnae was well represented at the third Session of the Thirteenth Legislative Assembly of the Provincial House, which opened on February 15th. Some of those were: Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, Mrs. T. O'Connor, Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, Miss G. Lawler, M.A., and Mrs. E. P. Kiely.

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Miss Hilda Shea, a recent graduate of Providence, R.I., General Hospital, was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse. Miss Shea and her aunt, Miss R. Kennedy, will be in Rome for the International Conference of the Catholic Women's League to be held in May, 19th to 24th. How fortunate, and how lovely!

*Lillian McCarron*





## Accessions to the Museum

Since the last issue of the Lilies we have received the following, for which we are sincerely grateful:

A piece of Lace (one and a half yards long and fifteen inches wide) beautifully executed in Honiton and Point Lace Applique, made fifty years ago by Sister M. Petronilla, St. Joseph's, Toronto.

Lt.-Col. Alexander Fraser, LL.D., Litt.D., etc., etc., and Hon. Curator of the Museum, has sent in a very interesting collection consisting of:

An Old Belgian Reliquary—early 16th century metal work.

Dried Carab Beans—the “husks” referred to in the parable of the Prodigal Son.

A Model, also in metal, of the Chapel of St. Helena, brought from Jerusalem in 1894.

And a fisherman's Net with leaden weights attached.

Through courtesy of Lt.Col. Fraser, Mr. L. M. Fortier, Annapolis, N.S., has donated a very large specimen of the Indian type of Stone Axe.

A Paper Knife of Prehistoric Ivory found under the Glaciers by the Esquimaux. Gift of Sister M. St. Catherine, St. Joseph's, Toronto.

A neatly bound Pamphlet, illustrated and containing authentic information concerning the Niagara River and its Canadian Environs. Gift of Mr. W. T. Kernahan, Toronto.

A picture, illuminated and entitled “Pater Noster.” Lettering from the 5th century style. Illuminating, from the 5th to the 11th centuries. This artistic donation is from the pen and brush of Mr. Fitzsimmons, U.S.A., 1921.

A Crucifix, picked up on the road at Moxhe, Belgium. Donated by Mr. W. Ross, Toronto.

## Community Notes

On January 5th, Sister M. Macaria and Sister M. Genevieve celebrated the Silver Jubilee of their Religious Profession in the Community. On the morning of the Jubilee the usual Mass of thanksgiving was offered for them, at which many relatives and friends of the Jubilarians assisted and afterwards united with the Community in tendering cordial felicitations to the Sisters on the attainment of their twenty-fifth anniversary. *Ad multos annos.*

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### Religious Ceremony at St. Joseph's.

On the morning of January 5th, the magnificent chapel of St. Joseph's Convent, St. Alban street, was filled by a large congregation eager to witness the ever beautifully solemn and impressive ceremony of receiving the veil by aspirants to the religious life in the community of St. Joseph. Twelve young ladies were privileged to receive the habit of the congregation: Miss Ella Barry, Toronto, in religion Sister Mary Jeanne; Miss Hazel Charlebois, Penetanguishene, Ont., Sister Mary Amata; Miss Constance Clarkson, Toronto, Sister Mary Virginia; Miss Anna Duck, Toronto, Sister Mary Zita; Miss Antoinette Haffey, Welland, Ont., Sister Mary Etherburge; Miss Cecilia Keogh, Colgan, Ont., Sister Mary Marius; Miss Anne Killoran, Erinsville, Ont., Sister Mary Donata; Miss Norma McGraw, Toronto, Sister Mary Eustace; Miss Loretto Mulvogue, Toronto, Sister Mary Mildred; Miss Donaldda O'Shea, Apple Hill, Ont., Sister Mary Odilia; Miss Helen Twiner, Toronto, Sister Mary Cornelia; Miss Mary Walsh, East Kil-donan, Man., Sister Mary Natalie.

The Rt. Rev. Mgr. M. D. Whelan, V.G., officiated at the ceremony. The Rev. J. McCandlish, C.S.S.R., delivered a splendid discourse on the happiness of the religious who consecrate their lives to the service of God by taking the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. The Rev. Father warmly congratulated the young ladies who were being received, and also the eleven Novices who had made their First Vows at the early Community Mass. The Rev. D. O'Connor, of St. Helen's Parish, was the celebrant of the Mass. In the sanctuary were the Rev. J. F. Playter, C.S.B., Rev. J. B. Dollard,

Litt.D., Rev. M. Cline, Rev. T. Cruise, Rev. W. Fraser, Rev. R. P. Walsh, C.S.S.R., Rev. R. T. Burke, C.S.B., Rev. F. J. Morrissey, D.D., Rev. J. Haley, Rev. J. Scholly, C.S.S.R., Rev. S. McGrath, Rev. D. F. Meader, C.S.B., Rev. W. C. James, Rev. U. Bonomo, C.S.S.R., Rev. F. Flannigan, Rev. A., Lellis, Rev. H. G. Ellard, Rev. J. McDonagh.

At our Convent Chapel at Ladysmith, B.C., on December 31st, after a Retreat of ten days, Sisters St. Herbert and Angelica made their final Profession.

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With sorrow we record the death of Mr. George O'Connor, at his late residence, 111 Browning Ave., Toronto. To Mrs. O'Connor and the members of the bereaved family, we offer sincere sympathy.

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To Mr. F. J. Hughes, barrister, we are indebted for a scholarship donation to our students of highest standing in Second Year and Third Year Arts of the University, General Course. So generous an action on the part of this worthy gentleman is deeply appreciated by the Community. It will be an incentive to the young ladies in their classes who are ambitious of excellent attainment.

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Our hearty congratulations to the Hon. Justice Mulligan on his promotion to the highest honours of his profession. We learn that he has been appointed to the office made vacant by the decease of the late Judge Gunn of Carleton County.

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In the New Year's list of honours we were delighted to note Mr. James E. Day promoted to King's Counsel. Sincere felicitations.

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The Very Rev. Father Coughlin, Provincial Superior of the Redemptorists, gave us a descriptive and interesting talk on his fifteen-day ocean trip to Europe, and his visit to Naples, Pompeii and Rome.





**St. Joseph's College Department Editorial Staff****Editor-in-Chief**—Miss Dorothy Agnew.**Assistant Editors**—The Misses Helen Kramer, Mary Coughlin.**Local Editors**—Misses Catharine Doughan, Nora Foy, Cecilia Nolan, Louise O'Flaherty, and Lucille Bennett.**Exchange Editor**—Miss Kathleen McNally.**Art Editor**—Miss Cecile Heis**Music Editor**—Miss Carmel LaForest.**College Notes**—Misses Lucy Bauer and Gertrude McGuire.

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**Speak No Ill**

Nay, speak no ill; a kindly word  
     Can never leave a sting behind;  
 And O! to breathe each tale we've heard,  
     Is far beneath a noble mind.  
 Full oft a precious seed is sown  
     By choosing thus the kinder plan,  
 For if but little good be known,  
     Still let us speak the best we can.  
  
 Give me the heart that fain would hide,  
     Would fain another's fault efface;  
 How can it pleasure human pride  
     To prove another base?  
 No, let us reach a higher mood,  
     A nobler estimate of man,  
 Be earnest in the search for good,  
     And speak of all the best we can.  
  
 Then speak no ill, but patent be  
     To other's failings as our own,  
 If you're the first a fault to see,  
     Be not the first to make it known;  
 For life is but a passing day,  
     No lip can tell how brief the span.  
 Then, O! the little time we stay,  
     Let's speak of all the best we can.

—VERITA.

## Editorial

The exchange of magazines is an ever valuable asset to a school or college periodical, and a very interesting one also. Indeed, we all envy the exchange editor, who gets the magazine on its arrival, and is lost to the world for an hour or two in a sphere which, though strange, possesses features similar enough to his own to make a double appeal; and just as one feels a real acquaintanceship with the characters of some favourite novel, an exchange editor finally feels that he knows personally the writers or editors whose works and names so frequently appear throughout the year. We do not claim that the magazine itself benefits by this sentiment, but it establishes a bond of interest between students of the east and west, between those of Canada and the United States, in a word, it broadens our sympathies.

However, our chief purpose is to discuss Exchanges from a literary standpoint. In the majority of cases, as in our own, the exchange department is nothing more nor less than an acknowledgement of magazines along with a few lines devoted to praise of the best articles or stories. This may be accounted for by the fact that many of the magazines are those of academies and high schools, and the high school student, still intent on developing and improving his own literary powers, does not feel competent to criticize the work of others who may have advanced farther along the paths of literature. However, for the college or university journal, a flattering exchange department should be avoided.

The Boston College Stylus for October, 1921, has a very good article on this subject. We agree with it when it says that "every story, poem or essay in the contemporary college magazine is good—but," and also when it declares that "a writer will never improve his style or his output by being told that he is a good writer." So the Stylus Exchange department has adopted the policy of criticizing college maga-

zines in general and begins with a discussion of the college magazine short story.

It would be well for all contributors if they could follow up this series or any other such criticism of college magazine work. One of the purposes of a college periodical is to give would-be writers an incentive to produce. Yet their work should somehow or other get the criticism which it would if it were an obligatory class essay or story and this it can and does receive in a few exchange departments of college magazines,—a criticism, which coming as it does from perfect strangers, is all the more fair and just. We hope some day to be able to conduct just such an exchange department.



## College Notes

On the 23rd and 24th of November, the Alumnae held their Annual Bazaar in the College Auditorium. The prettily decorated booths were a fitting background for the dainty and useful articles on sale there. Although we were interested in other booths, there was a special attraction for us in the wheel of fortune and the candy booth.

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A delightful entertainment was that given in Massey Hall, November 25th, by the boys of the Christian Brothers' Schools. We enjoyed every item of the interesting programme, but we particularly admired the physical culture exhibition. Hearty congratulations are due the Brothers and their pupils on the successful manner in which they presented the entire programme.

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As an impressive closing for the Novena to St. Joseph, Patron of the Universal Church, a procession was held in his honour on the afternoon of December 7th, the Sisters and students all taking part. The procession, lead by one of the young ladies, carrying a banner of our dear Father, proceeded from the Chapel, wending its way through the main corridor and up the central stairs. On reaching the Commun-



ity Room, where brilliantly lighted shrines were arranged, all gathered for prayers and hymns. When this was over, the procession passed through the corridors of the college building, returning again to the Chapel, where Benediction was given.

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December 8th.—Feast of the Immaculate Conception. It was our great privilege to assist at Pontifical Mass celebrated by the Most Reverend Archbishop Neil McNeil, in the College Chapel. Assisting clergy were: Rev. Father McBrady, C.S.B., Rev. Father Oliver, C.S.B., Rev. Father Pageau, C.S.B.. The Mass of the Blessed Virgin (Cum Jubilo) was sung congregationally by the school.

In the evening the usual annual procession in honour of our Immaculate Mother was held, after which we assembled in the Chapel, where our esteemed Chaplain, Rev. Father McBrady, C.S.B., discoursed eloquently on the virtues and prerogatives of our most pure Mother, our Patroness and Advocate and exhorted us to model our lives on hers; to honour her and place ourselves under her special protection, feeling assured that she as Star of the Sea—the Stormy Sea of Life—will guide us safely to the Port of Eternal Bliss. Eighteen young ladies then made an Act of Consecration to Mary Immaculate and were received into her Sodality. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament brought to a close the celebration of our Lady's Day.

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On Friday morning, December 9th, the Forty Hours' Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament was solemnly opened in the College Chapel. Until the following Sunday evening, the Sisters and pupils kept prayerful vigil in presence of our Sacramental Lord enthroned upon his gorgeously decorated Gothic Altar.

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A golden flood of choicest grace was ours,  
And heaven surely never seemed so near,  
As when that earthly shrine of lights and flowers  
Held Jesus, Hidden God, our Spouse so dear.

"Sweet Sacrament," we whispered in His ear,  
The one true Home where restless yearnings cease—  
"Our sorrows, Lord, our hopes, our joy, our fear,  
We bring to Thee, Sweet Sacrament of Peace."

The children's voices rang in chorus sweet,  
 Each little head in adoration bowed,  
 We seemed to see them at His Sacred Feet,  
 And hear the words addressed the wond'ring crowd,

"Suffer the little ones to come to Me,  
 Forbid them not; they're dearest to My Heart.  
 Like unto these you must in all things be  
 If you would have in heaven eternal part."

O Forty Hours! O time of love and grace!  
 Thou mindst us of Eternity Sublime  
 When we shall see our Jesus face to face  
 And sing His praises sweet for endless time.

M. C.

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"Dante," a drama in three acts, written by Rev. F. J. X. O'Connor, S.J., was staged in the Auditorium by our university students, on December 13th, the Feast of St. Lucy, the Martyr Saint to whom Dante must have had special devotion, since he introduced her into each of the three parts of his Divine Comedy. This, then, was decided upon as an appropriate date upon which to honour the memory of the "Master-Poet of the Catholic Faith."

The exquisitely beautiful and soul-inspiring tableaux, attracting the onlookers' thoughts above and beyond the pale of things terrestrial, the pretty dancing scene, gracefully performed and the music by the orchestra between the scenes so varied the programme as to keep the large audience pleasantly interested throughout the entire programme.

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Dante .....	Miss L. Nealon
Beatrice .....	Miss C. Shannon
Virgil .....	Miss K. McNally
Can Grande .....	Miss H. Kernahan
Guido de Polinta .....	Miss K. Young
Giolto .....	Miss M. Duck
Rosso .....	Miss C. Moore
Lappo .....	Miss Enright
Corso Donato .....	Miss M. Coughlin
Vincinza .....	Miss D. Smith
Cassela .....	Miss I. McCormick

Brunetto .....	Miss Egan
Pier Giardino .....	Miss S. O'Donnell
Messenger .....	Miss McCarthy
Altovilti .....	Miss Monica McGinn
Altovilti .....	Miss May Benoit
Cino .....	Msis Kehoe
Dancers..	Miss J. Fraser, Miss E. Shannon, Miss McDonald, Miss D. Smith.

All agreed that St. Joseph's College University Students merited the highest praise for the clever and realistic manners in which they portrayed the characters of the drama in their respective roles.

The Staff and Students of the College cordially thank Rev. Brother Gabriel, Mr. Wm. Burke and the members of the Orchestra for so generously contributing the musical entertainment of the evening.

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A number of the young ladies, chaperoned by Mrs. Deegan, attended a play, "The Merchant of Venice," presented at Massey Hall by the boys of De La Salle School. It was an excellent performance and thoroughly enjoyed by all who witnessed it. Congratulations, boys!

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The Art Students of the College were accorded the privilege of viewing the master pieces of some of the world's greatest artists on exhibition at the Grange and of listening to a lecture on Art and Artists by Mrs. J. E. Elliott. Very sincere thanks to Miss M. L. Hart, who so thoughtfully arranged for the visit and to Mrs. Bertram L. Monkhouse and Mrs. T. McCarron, who chaperoned our young artists.

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Members of the Choral Class, chaperoned by ladies of the College Alumnae, attended Verdi's Opera, "Aida," presented in Oratorio form by the Toronto Operatic Chorus, under Maestro Carboni, Musical Director and Conductor, at Massey Hall, on January 21st.

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"An Evening With Greig," consisting of a review of the great Norwegian Artist's life, education and musical composition, was given by Miss Strong and three of her pupils, Misses Marie Nicolaeff, Rheta Norine Brady and little Gladys Moffatt. We heartily thank Miss Strong and her artist pupils for the delightful evening, which we so thoroughly enjoyed.



The Spiritual Retreat of four days, which we entered into on February 12th, was for us the most important undertaking of our scholastic year—days given exclusively to the affairs of the soul, to introspection and sweet communing with God, during which, under the guidance of our learned Retreat Master, Rev. Father McCann, C.S.S.R., we tried to acquire that education and light which, if faithfully followed, would fit us to graduate victoriously from the School of Life.

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On Saturday, February 18th, Miss Leonore Linhoff, a member of the Morelle Sextette, in compliment to one of the Sisters, gave us a delightful entertainment—singing in her magnificent and well-trained soprano voice, several of her splendid selections. Come again, Miss Linhoff.

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To Miss Kathleen Loftus, whose father, Dr. Loftus, died in December, and to Miss Doris McKittrick, whose father died in January, we offer our deep sympathy.

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February 25th.—Jas. L. Hughes, LL.D., the well known lecturer, author and educationist, gave us a splendid lecture on Chas. Dickens as an Educator. Dr. Hughes has an almost worshipful admiration for Charles Dickens with whom he was personally acquainted. To him he justly attributes the great reforms made in late years in the English Public School System, the Poor Laws and the benefits accorded the labouring classes.

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To our Venerated Chaplain, Rev. Father McBrady, C.S.B., we offer heart-felt sympathy in his late bereavement, the death of his brother, Mr. James McBrady, of Oshawa, Ontario; also to Rev. Sister Chrysostom, our Assistant Directress, on the death of her father, Mr. Joseph Ferguson, of Bront, Ont.



## Pope Benedict XV.

### "They Sought Peace and Pursued It."

In these words the character of our lately deceased Pontiff is well portrayed. This great Pope, whose chief desire, even as a humble prelate of the Church, was that justice and peace should everywhere prevail. On his accession to the papal throne he was flung into the midst of war. And what a war! Twentieth Century War, war in the ninth degree, war waged with all the intelligence and all the weapons of destruction that our modern civilization could command, the most bloody, atrocious war on record in history! And how was this pale, gentle *Giacoma della Chiesa*, bred of a wealthy and noble family, to cope with such difficulties, with the trouble and dislocation of the war whose shadow had been the death stroke of Pius X.

Benedict XV. accepted the duties of the Apostolic charge together with the cares incident to the war as a moral obligation imposed upon him by Heaven and he trusted in God to give him the necessary strength and grace to fill his office in a manner worthy of a successor of St. Peter. As the Vicar of the Prince of Peace, he preached peace to the nations. He was a continued advocate of justice. His encyclicals condemned every outrage against humanity, especially the violation of Belgian neutrality by Germany. He upheld international law and the principles of arbitration. At times his proposals for peace were subject to unfavourable criticism. But history must conclude that he held the scales evenly balanced.

Above all he kept constantly before his eyes the salvation of souls and the good of humanity. By personal appeals and diplomatic efforts he did much to ameliorate the condition of the prisoners of war, the sick and the wounded. He made arrangements for the repatriation of women and children and within eighteen months after the commencement of the war he

had secured the liberation of one hundred and fifty thousand prisoners. His charity and tenderness were boundless. He embraced all who were in any kind of need. Rich as well as poor. His post-war benevolence was remarkable. He was most concerned with the starvation and distress prevalent in central Europe, and his efforts towards relief were very great.

The end of the war marked the birth of a newer and better world from the ruins of the old. Benedict was eager to assist the subject races which had secured their freedom and were rising into nations. He formed a Concordat with Serbia and made terms with the new Czech Kingdom. He showed his spirit of congratulation to Poland by giving Warsaw a Cardinal. He expressed his deep relief and pleasure at the imminent settlement of the Irish question. To France he gave a Saint—Joan of Arc, the heroine of all ages. And Italy, his beloved Italy! Ah! He blessed her children as patriots.

Lord Curzon wrote of Benedict XV. shortly after his death, "During his too short tenure of his exalted office, he showed himself a consistent friend of peace, a firm advocate of the brotherhood of men."

To our beautiful Litany of the Blessed Virgin, Benedict added the ejaculation, "Queen of Peace, pray for us." And now he is gone! May she pray for him now and may his dear and great soul rest in peace that surpasseth understanding!

He is gone. We mourn his loss. But in Pius XI., an able successor has been found to fill his place. We turn from grieving for the death of our late departed Pope to welcome and congratulate our new Spiritual Father and Guide, His Holiness, Pope Pius XI.

BLANCHE LAROCHELLE, '25.





## The Canadian Catholic Student's Mission Crusade

This Mission Crusade is comparatively new in Canada, although it has been in operation in the United States for some years, so we feel that the great work the society is doing is not generally known among Canadians. Therefore, as a unit of the Mission Crusade, St. Joseph's College Academy pupils feel it is their duty to put before you through the medium of the "Lilies," the aims and needs of the Society.

One of the great fields of missionary work in which the active members of the Crusade are engaged, is the great Canadian West. The hardships that the heroic priests and nuns undergo in their work of saving souls are beyond description. It is a common thing for priests who have been out West to say that if their needs were only realized by the Catholics here at home, the public would give all the help they could in money, in food and clothing and in other necessities of life.

The members of St. Augustine's Seminary first put this society before us. In a lecture to pupils of our school, Mr. Johnston, representing the Seminary, told us of the formation of the crusade for all the Catholic students of Toronto, and, on a larger scale, of Ontario. We are expected to do our part towards propagating the work of the Mission by taking it up among our friends, by forming school sub-divisions, by material aid obtained from entertainments, teas, etc.

Shortly after the first lecture on this subject a convention of representatives of all the Catholic Schools in the city was called. It was a very impressive sight, and I am sure the occasion will be remembered with pleasure by those earnest workers who started the movement. It was the first step towards concentrated effort and organized activity. On that day we drew up the Constitutions following the election of officers. Mr. Martin M. Johnston was voted President of the Mission,

and we are proud of having so able and earnest a worker as our leader. The Society was given its name, "The Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade," and the motto was also chosen: "The Kingdom of the World for its King and Lord."

Different topics were discussed, among them how literature in the form of pamphlets concerning missionary work, should be circulated. This question was left undecided, but to carry it on to any degree of success, it was plain that the Society needed funds. Then ensued a discussion as to how these funds should be procured. This point was left to an executive board consisting of two members from each unit.

Rev. Father Fraser, the great missionary of the East, gave us a few words of advice and encouragement. Of course, he heartily approves of the splendid work of the Mission, which has received the approbation of His Grace, the Archbishop.

On December 17th an executive meeting was held in St. Joseph's Auditorium, at which time was decided the question of procuring funds for the necessary expenses of the Society. It was voted that a per capita tax should be collected from the students belonging to the Crusade, said tax to be levied along the following lines: all students up to and including entrance class to be taxed the sum of five cents each for yearly membership; those in High School, twenty-five cents; and those in University, one dollar.

The membership fees from St. Joseph's Academy (this does not include the university part) amounted to something over \$34.00.

Early in February we received another visit from the Seminarists, who had kindly come to help us organize our local school society. The election of officers was first in order of business, Miss Lucia Bauer being elected President, Miss Margaret McDonald Secretary-Treasurer.

Acting on the suggestion of Mr. Johnston a representative of each class was chosen, whose especial duty it shall be to keep alive the "esprit du corps" and in every way to impress the students with a realization of the importance of the work they have undertaken. These representatives are: Form IV.,

Miss Marie Foley; Form III., Miss Gertrude McGuire; Form I.A, Miss Denise Hyland; Form II., Miss Helen Monkhouse; Form I.B, Miss Christine Johnston.

Our school society is by no means perfected as yet. We intend to have a Mission Day once a month in order to consider what is being done, and to discuss general missionary topics. We are glad to say, however, that the Mission Crusade has at least been launched, and all the students are very enthusiastic in their efforts to help along the great work purposed to be done. If the movement is carried on as vigorously as it was begun, the "Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade" will be a prominent factor in missionary work in the near future.

IDA J. T. WICKETT, Form IV.





### Jesus and St. John



A little boy was hurrying  
'Adown the village street,  
The grass was shaded by the trees  
And cool beneath his feet;  
And on and on he hastened to  
The cottage by the way,  
And through the door he gaily called,  
"May Jesus come and play?"

And there they played through childhood years'  
Happy and sunny hours,  
They built great castles in the sand,  
Talked with the brightest flowers;  
And as they parted at the gate  
The visitor would say,  
"If it doesn't rain to-night, I'll  
Be here again to play."

And after Christ had left the earth  
And to His home had gone,  
When looking o'er His old-time friends  
He saw His play-mate John;  
Then, leaning from His heavenly throne,  
He called to him one day—  
And whispered to the waiting heart,  
"Come now to Me and play."

LUCILLE BENNETT, Form IV.

## Sketches from "The Antiquary"

BY BLANCHE LAROCHELLE, '25.

THE effort to express our ideas is the best means of making them our own. Nothing so much as writing or talking about our reading will make students lay hold of what they really understand. Thus it is that in our scheme of study we take full account of the inter-relation of our powers of reception and expression by committing to paper or orally discussing the impressions we receive from the books we have read. Perhaps even more valuable than reading or writing is the chance of hearing the language well used and thoughts well expressed in ordinary conversation day by day. Cultivated talk, free from vulgarities on the one hand and from bookishness and affectation on the other, has for the student a value which is priceless. This is one of the advantages which Newman pointed out as belonging to the resident college of the university. He laid emphasis upon the value of conversation, not as a means of acquiring information, but as an opportunity for using it as a stimulus to thought. This word of explanation will serve as an introduction and will account to the readers of this page for the following character sketches, imperfect though they be. They were submitted as a class exercise with no thought of their receiving any further attention than the markings of a blue pencil.

### 'Jonathan Oldbuck.'

In the nominal hero and heroine of "the Antiquary," Lovel and his lady, Miss Wardour, Scott has apparently little interest. They are only a secondary part of the story. It is the stalwart "Antiquary," Jonathan Oldbuck, and the ragged, garrulous, boisterous bedesman, Edie Ochiltree, who are the principal personages here. As Lockhart tells us in his "Life of Scott," the Antiquary was its author's chief favorite among all his novels. In it there is a note of personal fondness not to be mistaken. We think the "Antiquary" is indeed Scott himself sketched in the mood of a collector of antique relics, old books and ballads.

"I knew Anselmo. He was shrewd and prudent,  
Wisdom and cunning had their share of him;  
But he was shrewish as a wayward child,  
And pleased again by toys which childhood please,  
As books of fables graced with a print of wood,  
Or else the jingling of a rusty medal,  
Or the rare melody of some old ditty,  
That first was sung to please King Pepin's cradle."

This quotation which is prefixed to the novel, well describes its chief character, the laird of Monkbarns. With one stroke of his pen the author portrays him for us in the first chapter, so that we can never forget him. The original which Scott has told us he had in mind was "George Constable, an old friend of my father's, educated to the law, but retired upon his independent property and generally residing near Dundee." Constable, however, was not so decided an enemy to womankind as his representative Monkbarns. In fact, Scott as a boy could remember many kind attentions paid by the superlative bachelor to his affectionate Aunt Jenny. He was a good-looking, middle-aged man, with a ruddy, healthy complexion and a firm step. His features were of the true Scottish type, strongly marked and perhaps rather harsh. The shrewd and penetrating qualities of his character showed in his keen eye. His countenance was usually grave and composed, but at times it expressed a great deal of ironic humour in which he was a master. Above all, Monkbarns was a connoisseur of relics of history and of old books. He took great pleasure in collecting antiquities and connecting them with the history of his country. Although he was usually shrewd, yet when it was a matter of these "Roman Remains" he was very apt to be deceived, perhaps for the very reason that he was so blindly interested in his subject. His heart was in his work and he was willing to expend any amount of persistent labour to advance it. He had a ruling passion for ballads. When with his friends, he lifted the latch of Elspath's hut his ear caught the old hag's voice chanting forth in measured recitative a wild and doleful ballad. "An historical ballad!" he exclaimed. And when they were inside he said: "I



wish she would resume that canticle again. I always suspected there was a skirmish of calvary before the main battle of Harlaw!" Then as she began again—"Hush! Chafron," he cried, "The word's worth a dollar." Out came his pencil and down it went in the red note-book. Thus does Scott poke fun at the foibles and ridiculous mistakes of the crudulous enthusiast.

But it was chiefly among his books that "The Antiquary" found his greatest satisfaction. For like the clerk in Chaucer's Prologue:

"For him was lever have at his beddes heed  
A twenty books clothed in blak or reed,  
Of Aristotle, or his philosophye,  
Than robes riche, rebeck, or gay psautery."

Much joy was in the labour of forming a library and not by means of money but by his wisdom and common sense was he able to make quite a considerable collection, for he would always save his purse at the expense of time and toil. He was the determined foe of all expense and was by nature habitually parsimonious. On this account he kept no male servant at Monk-barns for which he gave as reason that his opinion was men should not do menial work which could be passed on to women, who were much beneath men in his esteem. Though rigidly economical where there was no need of spending extravagantly, yet whenever any good cause made demands on his purse, his natural sympathy and kindness raised him above all petty pecuniary considerations. When the Earl of Glenallan wished to start investigations as to the fate of his lost child, Oldbuck's interest made him forget all expense and he freely proffered his whole time and fortune towards searching out the necessary evidence.

We may compare Monkarns with his friend, Sir Arthur Wardour. They were joint labourers in antiquarian pursuits. But whereas Monkarns' interest in the subject was real and deep, Sir Arthur's taste for antiquities and Scottish history had been acquired only gradually to fill up his idle hours and his information was neither extensive nor reliable. As Edie

Ochiltree said: "Monkbarns and Sir Arthur are alike and yet they're not alike neither." The faith of Sir Arthur as an antiquary was boundless. (except in the affair of the Praetorium, and that of the bodle and the like). Oldbuck was much more shrewd and suspicious of legends and anxious to prove their truth than Sir Arthur seemed to be. There are some things in which Monkbarns is not overwise. He would believe a bodle to be an old Roman coin, or a ditch to be a camp, but in dealing with others he can penetrate into their real character. He recognizes at once that Dousterswivel is a rascal, a scoundrel, while Sir Arthur lets himself be deceived by the German adept. Oldbuck would listen forever to tales of Wallace and border warfare and the old ballads, but unlike Sir Arthur, he had no faith in ghosts or demons or spirits.

Monkbarns has quite an estimable opinion of himself. He is fond of forming theories about his antiquities on insufficient grounds and he likes no one to contradict him. Possibly this constant antiquarian research leads him to form theories in other directions with scarcely any reason for doing so. Thus when Lovel first makes his appearance at Fairport, he immediately concludes from his appearance only, that he is an actor. Later when this illusion is shattered, he makes up his mind that Lovel is in residence at Fairport for the purpose of becoming a poet. He immediately offers his help in editing the imaginary book giving Lovel no opportunity to disillusion him concerning this new theory. But perhaps the true reason that Monkbarns was so anxious to help Lovel's poetic attempts was in order that his own name might appear in print. He had a secret ambition to appear before the public, but perhaps it was a fear of criticism that deterred him from his efforts to this end.

The "Antiquary" professed to be no lover of woman-kind. Perhaps he showed more attention to Miss Wardour, "his fair enemy," than to all others of the fair sex. But let us not condemn him for not liking women. His unhappy love should rather lead us to pity and respect him. With all his faults and oddities, his eccentricities and mannerisms, Monkbarns was at heart a kind, sympathetic man. He loved his ne-

phew Hector in spite of all his teasing about the phoca and was sorely troubled in mind when his nephew was injured in the duel. Monkbarns was a true friend of Sir Arthur in spite of occasional differences of opinion. He warned him repeatedly against the scamp Dousterswivel. He was one of the first to rush to help Sir Arthur and Isabella the night they were so nearly drowned on the sands. He was true to his friend in his hour of need, and he rejoiced with him when his good fortune triumphed once more. His sympathy did not extend merely to those who were his equals in rank and social position. He enjoyed a jest with Caxton or Edie Ochiltree. He respected the customs of the common fisher-folk and was willing to condone with them. He made himself chief mourner at Steenie Mucklebucket's funeral, by helping in the father's place, to carry the coffin to the grave. It was at this funeral that his natural sorrow showed forth. Indeed human nature in any of its varying moods never found him indifferent. When he sees the stern affliction of the old fisherman, who is repairing his "Auld black bitch of a boat" in which his boy had been lost, the tears start to his eyes.

And so we have our picture of *The Antiquary*. A man interested in his work and in his country, with his faults and failings such as we all have; a man impatient, but unable to keep from laughing at his own vehemence when angry; a man who in spite of all his short-comings is sympathetic with a kindly feeling for others in their joys and griefs; a really true friend with a staunch, true Scottish heart. Do we not love him and his creator, Sir Walter Scott, the *Antiquary's* prototype?

### **Edie Ochiltree.**

To some it might seem as if Sir Walter Scott had given to Edie Ochiltree a place too important among his figures in "*The Antiquary*." But this is not the case. The beggar plays the rôle assigned him because he is very necessary to the development of the action of the story, and because, representing, as he does, a type of mendicant familiar to Scott from his excursions



sions into the rural parts of Scotland; he is well fitted to give local colour and to lend a Scottish setting to the scene.

Eddie is no common beggar in the ordinary sense of the word. On the contrary, he bears a much greater resemblance to a wandering pilgrim. With his bright blue gown and pewter badge, his strikingly tall form, his long white hair and flowing beard.

Eddie, one of these blue-gown bedesmen, is a loyal subject of the king. In his youth he had been a soldier and even when we meet him in the story he still bears about him some military characteristics. He bears himself erect, displaying his tall figure to advantage. Often he unconsciously falls into the attitude of a sentinel. True to his king, he is also passionately fond of his country. Old as he is, he is eager to repel a French invasion should it threaten. He makes it his boast that he subsists on the nation as a whole and not on any private individual. This idea gives him a feeling of independence. Moreover, he makes it a point never to accept much money at one time and will not take silver under any circumstances. "For what would a poor "gaberlunzie" be doing with money? No, no, just a bodle to buy a pinch of tobacco."

And thus he wanders restlessly up and down the country, he himself not knowing either why or whither. He is well received at all the farm-houses where the good wives are only too glad to give him a bit of meal or a mouthful of meat and to permit him to sleep in an outhouse. For it is Eddie who is the general tinker of the community. It is he who tunes the lads' fiddles, mends the women's saucepans and repairs the children's broken toys. He is also the general gossip of the neighbourhood. He knows the country round about better than any one in the vicinity and on account of his wandering pursuits, he is always in a position to give first-hand information. Moreover he may be relied upon to be accurate and truthful in reporting this information. So it is no wonder that when Eddie, leaning on his long staff, is seen approaching, the dogs bark and everyone rushes out to receive him and hear the latest news.

Eddie has a strong love of his liberty. His wandering life

suits him perfectly. He could not be happy settled down in a neat little cottage such as Miss Wardour offers him after he rescued her from the flood. At prison he is at first satisfied and contented with his lot as long as the rainy weather lasts, because even if he were free, he could not be out of doors in such weather. But once the sun begins to shine and the birds to sing, all the old restfulness comes back to him. He longs to be off on his ramblings again.

He has an exalted opinion of his own importance in the community, and perhaps this is another reason for his sadness when imprisoned. He thinks that the affairs of his neighbours cannot go well without him. And perhaps he is only justified in this little evidence of vanity, for how would the fortunes of Lovel and Sir Arthur and the Earl of Glenallan have been worked out without the great assistance rendered by Edie Ochiltree!

The old man sees life somewhat as a moralizer and philosopher. Life has not yielded him much, it is true, but he is content and prefers his care-free, happy-go-lucky existence to the riches and unhappiness of Lord Glenallan. He has words of sympathy for everyone. After the duel he takes Lovel to the old monastery ruins as the best hiding place, and here he comforts the young man with his rugged words of sound philosophy. "God loves us even when we have sinned," is his opinion. "It is not only the great and powerful of this earth whom He looks after. The lowly and the sad find comfort in Him too, and if we could only find it in our hearts to repent—" But here Edie is interrupted by the appearance of Dousterswivel and Sir Arthur in the ruins. This Dousterswivel, the old beggar recognizes immediately as a scamp and he sees at once that the German adept is playing a mean trick to cheat Sir Arthur, whom Edie loves with all the old Scottish reverence for nobility. He shows his insight into character by judging Dousterswivel as he does, and his attachment for Sir Arthur together with his keen sense of humour, make him eager to repay Dousterswivel's knavery by a practical joke.

Edie's humour is of a sort peculiar to himself alone. At

times it is dry and caustic like that of Monkbarons. But this is not all. He is fond of practical jokes such as the "Misticot Ghost" affair which he and Steenie Muckelbrocket played at Dousterswivel's expense. But what he likes best is to taunt the Antiquary about the way he can be deceived by people on the subject of antiquities. Ochiltree never ceases to enjoy the joke about the incident in which Monkbarons took a bodle for an old Roman coin or the ditch for an ancient "castra." He jokes freely at the expense of Monkbarons, yet he reads his character correctly when he decides that although the Antiquary may be easily deceived in the matter of antiques, yet in his dealings with other men he is a shrewd and capable man.

The Antiquary relies on Edie's good judgment in many cases. He sees that Edie is strictly honest and on that account is willing to bail him out of jail. He knows that as a servant the old mendicant can be trusted absolutely and he willingly puts his own and Sir Arthur's affairs into his hands. He also shows this reliance on Edie when he asks him to go with him to be a witness to Elspeth's testimony of her guilt.

Edie proves his bravery on many occasions. He risks his life to save Sir Arthur and his daughter Isabella from the flood. He risks it again when he interposes to stop the duel between Lovel and Hector. And when the French are supposedly attacking Fairport, he is one of the first to rush to arms and is assigned the important position of giving out the supplies of ammunition.

What shall we conclude, then, is our opinion of Edie Ochiltree? He was a poor, wandering beggar without a permanent home, whose life is not much to look back on and who has still less to look forward to,—yet a sincere, brave man beneath whose rough blue coat, beats an honest Scottish heart—a heart filled with a large measure of human kindness, especially for children, a man contented with his lot, wretched as it is and in whose rude moralizings but sane philosophy, true Christian ideals had the most important part. When he drew near his end he said, "Though I should die at the back of a dyke, they'll find a muckle quilted in this auld blue gown as will bury me like a



Christian. And gie the lads and lasses a blythe lyke wake too; sae there's the 'gaberlunzie's' burial provided for, and I need nae moir." Thus it was that the 'kenspeckle' Blue-gown contentedly approached the close of his wanderings.



## An Old House

"Who wants to come for a tramp?" The speaker paused, looking inquiringly at the group of young people lounging on the verandah of our summer home. It was in Northern Ontario, on Gull Lake, a place little frequented by tourists, and it was this that made it attractive to us. At the question, all jumped up eagerly. For several days the weather had been so warm that continued action was unbearable, but now it was cool and clear and anything was a relief from the former inactivity.

The party set out walking inland, through a wild, hilly country. The question soon arose as to our destination and some one said, "Let us climb the Gull's Nest; I have always wanted to, and we are quite close to it." At first they demurred, for the Gull's Nest was an immense rock pile crowned with a thick belt of trees and no member of the party had ever stood on the summit. "The Indians have a queer superstition about the Gull's Nest," said my brother, "They will not go near it and they call it 'the place of a hundred lights,' which seems absurd, because how could there be lights up there." Naturally, this information excited the least curious among us and in a few minutes we stood at the foot, gazing up the rocky sides to the green tip. Then all commenced the difficult climb and soon stood, gasping, on a soft carpet of grass.

Before us rose a dense mass of trees which we found we could not penetrate, so after circling the top fruitlessly in search of an opening, we stopped to rest. "This looks almost as if they had been planted this way purposely, to prevent

intrusion, doesn't it?" I asked. Everyone agreed and we set to work more diligently at a place which seemed a trifle thinner. We fought our way in and came abruptly to a clearing and paused, astounded. Before us rose a miniature castle, with terraces, gardens, a pond, and a tower. We did not waste any more time in looking, but hurried to the house, pushed open the door which swung crazily on one hinge, waded through the piles of dead leaves and debris and paused again at a door on one side of the hall. Then we entered, and with the light of some candles found on a table, we examined what appeared to be a living room. The walls were covered with faded, but probably once beautiful tapestries, the floors with rugs falling to pieces. Massive chairs, and tables covered with knickknacks were everywhere, and the effect of gloomy yet luxurious splendour was heightened by heavy velvet curtains, which hung before the windows. Everything was covered with dust and mouldered or decayed, and it looked as if nothing had been disturbed for years. Soon we moved on from room to room, always finding the same evidences of luxury and decay, but more and more convinced that no one had entered for some time. Finally we climbed a steep, winding stairway which terminated in a room in the tower. From the numerous windows a wonderful view of the country could be seen. Between the windows were shelves of books, heavy volumes yellowed with age and eaten by mice. In all the books was the inscription, "To Claudia."

This was the only writing we found in the house with the exception of these same words carved over the doorway itself. Then as it was growing late, and the sun was sinking to the horizon, we reluctantly departed, with many backward glances.

As we trudged homeward, we excitedly discussed the strange house, its possible owner, how all that furniture and building material had been carried to the Gull's Nest. Suddenly, someone cried out, "Look, oh look." We turned quickly. The sun no longer shone on us, but high up on the Gull's Nest, the myriad windows in the house reflected the

last gleaming rays. No wonder it was called "the place of a hundred lights," and no wonder the Indians avoided it, for as the sun dipped below the horizon the lights disappeared as though snuffed out by a giant hand. We were gazing stupidly at a pile of rocks.

Although we tried all summer to find out something about the mysterious house, we met with little success, and as it was our first season at Gull Lake, we rested content, satisfied that some day we should learn the history of Claudia and the old house.

RUTH RIDLEY, Form III.

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## A Hunt

**W**HILE wintering in Florida some years ago, we had for a gardener a tanned, weather-beaten old Southerner—greatly skilled in the care of the beautiful tropical plants and shrubs which grew so profusely in the grounds about our bungalow—and incidently greatly skilled was he in the art of story-telling and I had often heard it said "that old Ben Guthrie had more experiences in his youth than most men had in a life time."

The part of Florida in which we were staying bordered on the Gulf of Mexico and due to this, the country abounded in countless small lakes, varying in size, dotted here and there with only a few miles intervening.

It was to one such as these that a portion of our terrace dipped down to the silvery blue waters, fringed with oak trees laden with misty Spanish moss and the magnolia trees and rhododendrons which as if conscious of their bright blossoms of many hues, bowed down in admiration to the mirror like surface.

It was in this charming spot that I sat one summer afternoon, gazing interestedly at the long black snouts of two alligators making their way to the opposite side of the lake. For though having been in Florida for some time, my interest in the novelty of seeing alligators had not waned.



Old Ben was close by setting in roses for the coming spring and I called his attention to the two specks on the tranquil surface. "That reminds me of the time when I "got" my first 'gator,' " he said, reminiscently taking out a much-worn alligator tobacco pouch from his pocket and handing it to me to inspect, and finding me an attentive listener, he told me the following story:

"Well," he began, carressing the pouch thoughtfully, "It was a long time ago, over on Lake Morton in the other side of the town, where I ventured on my first hunting expedition. It was a dark, hot night, with only a few stars twinkling through billowy clouds that floated silently overhead—casting their dim outlines on the blue-black water of the lake. When we three set out in a flat-bottomed punt, equipped with a powerful searchlight and a lariat. Pushing quietly from the shore, we rowed to the middle of the lake and there threw the rays of the searchlight on the water. We had not long to wait—in a few moments the surface was dotted with long, gaping mouths of alligators attracted by the powerful rays. There must have been five or six of them, all pushing and bumping into the boat in their effort to determine where the light came from, then old Pete Osborne, the champion lariat spinner amongst us, stood up and measured out the rope inch by inch, till with a quick movement he had it fast about the snout of a huge 'gator. Enraged and maddened almost into insanity, it dove in the water and coming to the surface almost immediately, took full play of the rope and with terrific brute force, lashed through the water, dragging the heavy punt behind in spite of all our combined efforts to stop it. At last, after churning the water to foam with its broad tail, it was finally brought in slowly but surely, and when it was within a few yards of the boat, I took aim and fired a bullet between its two bulgy eyes into the brain, and before long he was floating helplessly by the side of the boat. He was an old one and his hide wasn't of much value, but he was the first 'gator I ever got and his tough old hide makes a good pouch," he finished smilingly.

ELEANOR WARDE, Form I.

## The Easter Lily

Pierre sat on the bench, his brow wrinkled with thought. On Easter, but a short time hence, Marie, his little daughter, was going to make her First Communion.

All the little girls of the small French village of Chambray were going to wear pretty white dresses and veils on that happy morning, but poor little Marie had none. Suddenly his eyes brightened. Yes, why not? His lilies. He could sell them. Next morning Pierre in his shabby blue smock, started off with his basket of lilies. He sold six, but there were still some left and he had not yet realized the required amount. He walked slowly home and there, food revived his drooping spirits. He went out to his lily bed. One lily stood out from the rest, its ivory petals spreading out gracefully. He had treasured this lily. It was different from the others, its petals were a prettier shape, its stem more slender, its leaves more graceful.

At a little distance from the group of quaint village cottages, stood a large white house, surrounded by a high stone fence. Monsieur Blanc, the owner, was a very rich man whose life was shrouded in mystery—at least so the village gossips had it. Pierre with his treasured lily, made his way there. He opened the gate timidly. An elderly man was slowly pacing down the walk. He turned, "Why do you come here? Do you not know . . .?" He paused and stared at the lily. "Grand!" he exclaimed. "I will pay you well for that, my man." Pierre sighed, "It is my lily, Sir, I hate to part with it, but—ah, poor Marie, she has no pretty white veil nor dress for Easter." The man looked more kindly at Pierre. "What is your name?" he asked. "Pierre Garonne," he replied. "I will pay you fifty francs for the lily." "Fifty francs!" gasped Pierre, holding up his hands in astonishment. "Yes, be so kind as to step in while I give you the money." Pierre was led into a large richly furnished room. He felt suddenly out of place. His eyes fell. "I think this sum is correct," said Monsieur Blanc, with a kindly twinkle in his eyes.

On easter morning little Marie Garonne, her pretty face surrounded by the soft meshes of her veil, received her Divine Lord for the first time. Pierre sighed happily—how angelic looked his child Marie. At the back of the church, Monsieur Blanc knelt for the first time in many years in silent adoration before the Host which for generations had been worshipped by converts, sinners, saints and all mankind. Surely the lily had something to do with this—and the Creator of all things was the Maker of the Lily.

EVELYN YOUNG, Form I.



### An Incident in My Life

I was preparing to travel by boat from New York to Toronto and in my haste to the store for some necessities, I just reached the top of the stairs, when I fell. When I found I was falling, I uttered a muffled, "Oh! My Mother Mary, help me!" When I reached the landing, I was unconscious. Mother, who was at the top of the stairs, screamed. Her cry brought the whole household to the spot. As they carried me upstairs, I cried, "Let me alone!" Half an hour later, still unconscious, I was murmuring, "Oh daddy, daddy! I see you, I see you!" This was remarkable, as father had been dead for the past two years.

On regaining consciousness and seeing mother anxiously bending over me, I exclaimed, "Oh, mother, two beautiful women carried me up, up, up to a golden gate. Looking in I saw daddy, who told me he was happy. I desired to get in, but a Man with pierced Hands and Feet came and said, 'Child, thy time hath not yet come. Go your way, trust in Me, and in time you will be with Me,' and smiling, He blessed me."

When I finished my story, a sense of loss filled my heart—I had not entered the beautiful gate. But I will trust in Him, Whom I saw in that wondrous vision, and confiding in His promise, I shall in time be with Him.

ANGELA PREW, Age 12.



## I n d i a

BY CATHERINE DOUGHAN, FORM IV.

**T**O the Westerner, Indian suggests picturesque people, vivid colouring, warm air, heavy with the perfume of tropical flowers, strange old cities, tracts of dim mysterious jungle—a sort of romantic vision out of the Arabian Knights, is very agreeable to the bustling, strictly practical New World.

There is another side of the picture which does not present itself so quickly perhaps, but is none the less startling for that. Out of India's myriads, very few have any knowledge of the Faith—or even of the true God.

There are at present about three hundred missionaries to work among a population which comprises almost one-fifth of the world's population. These have to contend with the almost unconquerable prejudices, which seem to us foolish, almost childish, but which, nevertheless, are adhered to with the utmost tenacity, and the chief of these is the caste system. But there are other difficulties. Non-Catholic missions are operating strongly, gaining a high degree of influence, and, worse still, non-Christian Rationalistic, and Theosophical agencies are all at work.

The chief medium through which these communicate their ideas is, literature in the form of pamphlets, which they distribute throughout the country, and to meet this, Catholic tracts must also be published—a difficult task when funds are lacking.

Still another hardship lies in the climate—one of the hardest in the world for white people, who find the recurring wet and dry seasons and intense heat almost unendurable, especially when coupled with the unsanitary conditions which prevail in the crowded districts of India.

But a land in which the foundations of Christianity were laid by St. Francis Xavier, and which is under the special protection of our Blessed Lady, the chosen Patroness of India, must succeed, no matter how great the obstacles may seem.

That great strides are being made in the direction of success is evidenced by the Marian Congress, held a year ago, at Madras. This brilliant Convention took place under the Presidency of His Excellency, Monsignor Pisani, Apostolic Delegate to India, its purpose was to honour the Mother of God, and to devise ways and means of propagating the Faith in India. Almost every subject that could facilitate the work was thoroughly discussed by the learned assembly, resulting in the framing of some well-thought-out plans for progress. Our space will not permit us to detail them here.

With a view to interesting our readers, particularly our young readers in the missionary fields of India, His Grace Archbishop Pisani, of Bangalore, sends us for publication in our magazine the following true story as told by a Jesuit Missionary and published in the "Morning Star" of Trichinopoly, India:

It was a very long time ago, when the boys who are now young men in the College classes, were sitting in the pial school writing in the sand with their little fingers, and screaming at the top of their little voices "ana, avena; it was in these old times that there was in the first form of the Syram school, a little eleven-year-old Brahman boy called Gopal, who was out and out the best boy in the School. Not that Gopal had no defects; all boys have, and Gopal was only a boy, and must have had his bag of them, big or small, upon his back. I had, however, noticed only one defect in Gopal, and a very bad one it was; Gopal would not play. Why? Was he too lazy or was he too proud? Gopal was not lazy; he was, so far as I could judge, quite lively enough for his age. But he was proud, that is true, and self-conscious. His pride was that of self-knowledge and self-righteousness, not that of self-assertion and overwhelming self-esteem. He would do the right thing, because it was right; and he would say the true word, because it was true. He knew that he was clever and that he was good; and if you had asked him, as I did once, "Who is the best boy in the school?" he would have answered with the annoyance and reluctance you yourself would feel, had

you to acknowledge you had been stealing sweets, "Gopal is the best boy in the school." At eleven, a good boy, even a very good boy, need not be so very consciously correct. Gopal's pride was not, then, of the kind that hinders a boy from enjoying a little triumph in a game of tops and marbles. I now believe that Gopal, though not too big in size, was too mature for children's games. But, whatever the reason, Gopal would not play. He did, however, as well as the heartiest of the boys, enjoy fun, and laugh, sometimes loud, at a really good joke; but even then he had himself under control.

At 9.30 every morning, as punctually as the clock struck, Gopal walked into the school-yard. He was always perfect with his lessons, and he showed a kind of wondering sympathy for boys used to the morning cane. He was heartily sorry for them. This good feeling stirred up genuine hero-worship in some boys, especially in a little slow-coach, but otherwise a very good boy, called Kittu. It is possible, however, that much of the boy's admiration and respect for Gopal was due, not only to his kindness, but also to his attractive little person, especially to his very remarkable eyes; they were wonderfully beautiful. It was to little purpose that his fond mother plaited his long shining black hair, and decked him out with ruby ear-rings and gold bracelets and anklets, and dressed him with the whitest clothes and the prettiest cap and jacket. No one noticed his dress and clothes and jewels, but all came under the fascination of his eyes. When these large wondering eyes, full of earnestness and trustfulness, were raised to you, you could not banter and joke; you felt that Gopal was to be taken seriously and that you were responsible for all your words.

\* \* \* \* \*

But Gopal was not a Catholic boy; he was a Hindu Brahman. He knew nothing of Jesus and Mary; but they knew him, and his story will tell you how they met.

A Cinema Co. visited our town. The Manager very kindly called on the Rev. Mother Superior of the Convent school which stands just opposite our boys' school, and he proposed to show his pictures to her children gratis. That Mother Superior,



like all Mother Superiors, was a very kind lady. "We must not," so she thought, "keep all the pleasures for ourselves. I will invite the Perfect of Syram to come over with his Catholic boys to see the show." And so she did. When my little fellows heard of the invitation, they started clapping and cheering, and kicking their heels, and doing all those foolish things which boys will do when the unusually pleasant occurs. But Gopal was not happy, and this is the reason why. It was evident that since the story to be screened was the Life of Our Lord, it would not do to take the non-Christian boys along with the Catholic boys to see it; and, besides, only my Catholic boys had been invited. I confess that the restriction seemed to me rather unfair, for who can enter into the story of the life of Our Lord better than a little boy whose soul is very pure; and did not Our Lord say, "Suffer little children to come unto me?"

A few hours later on, when it was getting dark, we were in the Convent school hall. I was, of course, busy prefecting my little boys, but I remarked that Gopal and a few Hindu children had smuggled themselves into the last ranks at the end of the hall.

The pictures were very good indeed and thoroughly enjoyed, though it happened now and then that there was something clumsy about the person or the gestures of an actor, quite bad enough to raise a smile or even a laugh. It must be remembered that I am speaking of the Cinema as it was at least fifteen years ago. There were naturally few smiles and no laughter among the Catholic boys, for the meaning of the pictures was what interested them. They travelled with the Holy Family from Nazareth to Bethlehem, and were very angry with Herod's murdering policemen; then into Egypt and then watched so much of the money given by the three Kings now given away to beggars on the roadside. When highwaymen rushed in to rob the Exiles, one of them distinguished himself so much by wonder and gentleness for the Divine Child that he was easily recognized in the Good Thief. The beautiful story was so captivating for the children who knew it so very well!"

\* \* \* \* \*

There was an interruption in the exhibition before the Passion began; and much to my disgust, one of my little Catholic boys slipped up to me and said that Gopal and other Hindus were in the hall and that they had no right to be there. The little jealous tell-tale got such a reception that it is likely he never went tale-bearing again.

The pictures of the Passion were not nearly so good as the preceding pictures of the life of our Lord, but that seemed to make little difference to the audience. My boys were as deeply moved, and wept and sobbed as much as the little girls; a badly checked sob was all that broke the silence. The scene of the scourging at the Pillar appeared, and after a moment the silence was broken by laughter down at the end of the hall. I was terribly ashamed of myself and of my boys. To add to my confusion, Rev. Mother turned to me and said with sharp reproach in her voice, "That's the way your little hooligans behave." I went down the hall and there was that little Gopal laughing, this time, for all he was worth and looking at me as if he expected me to join in his merriment.

"I say, Gopal, will you stop that silly laughing of yours?"

"What, Father? Why, Father?"

"Be silent, you little idiot, or out you go, out of the hall."

When you are in a savage mood as I was, believe me, do nothing and say less, for angry words cannot do any good. Mine did not produce any other effect than start two streams of tears down the cheeks of my poor Gopal; he was so sorry to see me angry. I went back to my seat with the uncomfortable consciousness of having made a fool of myself.

Next morning, half an hour before class began, Gopal rapped at my door, and entering, asked:

"Father, are you angry with me?"

"Yes, very angry."

"But why, Father?"

"Because you are a foolish little boy; you cannot tell when to laugh and when to cry. You disgraced me yesterday evening."

"Father, I do not understand."

"Of course you don't understand, and that is because you are a silly little thing. Well, would you like people to laugh if you were being beaten?"

"Nobody beats me."

"No, of course not; but suppose the Pundit were to cane you, would you like Kittu to laugh?"

"The Pundit won't cane me."

"No, I don't think he will. But if he did, would you like Kittu to sit down and look at you and laugh, would you like it?"

"But Kittu would not laugh at me."

That train of argumentation was hopeless. I had to change it.

"Well, Gopal, the Man they were beating yesterday is my Friend, and I do not like you to laugh at Him when He is suffering so much."

"Oh, Father, I'm sorry! I am sorry! I did not know He was your Friend. I will never do it again."

"Ah, Gopal, there's a good boy."

"But, Father, is He your Friend?"

"Yes, truly, He is my greatest Friend, and He is your Friend too, Gopal. There now, you are a very good boy; run off to class; don't be late."

\* \* \* \* \*

For a few days Gopal looked rather strange; he was absent-minded and his tasks were not up to the usual level. The poor child had got his first scolding, and he must have felt his little world a wee bit out of joint.

One evening I was saying my beads in the school yard, when I saw Gopal and Kittu coming towards me.

Gopal laid his books down carefully at the foot of a cocoa-nut tree, and then said to Kittu,—

"You go away; I will speak with Father."

Kittu looked disappointed, but of course he could not but obey his hero. While he was moving away, Gopal began without prelude:

"Father, what did He do to be beaten so badly?"



"Who? About whom are you talking?"

"Your Friend."

"Oh, my Friend! My Friend is very great and very good, you know; and so He has many friends in the world. In fact He is every man's Friend. But some people are very bad, and yet He loves them in spite of it all. Just because He loves them, He took their punishment upon Himself, and He suffered most cruelly, as you saw yesterday."

"Yesterday you said He was my Friend. How does He know me?"

"He knows you because He knows everybody, and because I told Him about you."

"But did not the policeman with the long lance kill Him?"

"No, for He was already dead when the lance pierced His heart. After that He was buried. But He did not remain dead. He came out of the grave where He had been put. And He said that those who love Him were to come to life again and to be happy with Him for ever after their death."

"Father, I love your Friend. Tell Him that Gopal loves Him very much."

"I will tell Him so, my dear boy."

\* \* \* \* \*

On another evening Gopal met me in the yard and began in his usual abrupt fashion:

"Father, where is your Friend?"

"He is in heaven and in the Church, and in the heart of every little boy who tries to be good."

"I want to see your Friend."

"But what, if He does not want you to see Him now? He shows Himself only to those who are very good."

To my great wonder, Gopal was crushed under a weight of emotion; his grief was almost horrible to see. He blurted out as if the whole little edifice of his self-righteousness had fallen to pieces.

"Father, I am not a good boy; I am very bad. I told lies and I got angry."

The poor child began to sob most pitifully. I was deeply

moved myself, and could scarcely speak to console him. I had to send him away as well as I could, and then to shut myself up for a while in my room.

Some few days afterwards I saw from my verandah, my little Gopal in the churchyard, piling up some loose bricks under one of the windows and stepping upon them to look into the church. But he could not manage it—he had not bricks enough. The next evening he was there, but this time he found quite a sufficiency of bricks, already piled up for him to have a long look into the church at our beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart. He was thus looking in so piously, as it were, rapt in ecstasy, when he was collared by the man in charge of the churchyard, who started a volley of abuse on his devoted little head. I ran down and found the caretaker burning with zeal for the house of the Lord.

“I found this little thief trying to get in through the window.”

“Is that so, Gopal?” said I.

“Father, I saw Him,” said Gopal with such a pleasant yet shy little smile.

I felt so happy that I almost must have smiled broadly enough for the caretaker to imagine that there there was some confederacy between us. He went away muttering something uncomplimentary to the prefects of these days, and the little Brahman boy’s past, present and to come.

“So you have seen Him, Gopal?”

“I have seen His statue; I have not seen Him really.”

Then, with an earnestness that surprised me even in Gopal, he said: “Do tell me all about Him. I want to know everything.”

I recollected that one day Jesus Himself had said, “I have yet many things to say to you, but you cannot hear them now.” What would He Himself have said to my little child? I was hesitating, wondering what I should say, when I felt his little hands tugging at the buttons of my soutane and at my watch-chain, while he repeated pleadingly, “Father, please tell me all, please.”

His big eyes were fixed on me imploringly. I could not think what I might say to Him. Instinctively I put up my hand to remove the fingers clutching at me, but a big hot tear fell on my hand, and my mind was made up at once, for I heard as if for the first time the answer to my hesitation, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for the kingdom of heaven is for such." "What man is there among you who if his son shall ask for bread, will reach him a stone?"

My hesitation was gone. We sat side by side on the steps and talked of the Great Friend. Gopal listened without reflection or a question, and when I finished my story, he stood up and said only these words, which I shall never forget; subsequent events fixed them forever in my memory:

"Thank you, Father, I shall see Him very soon."

He walked away just like a good little boy returning from the altar rails on his first Communion day.

Next day Gopal was absent from school, but I did not worry about that. For three or four days he did not put in an appearance. I began to feel uneasy about him; for very naturally he might have repeated my story at home, and have been removed from my school to a Hindu or Protestant school. At the end of the week I asked Kittu where Gopal was. Kittu said, "Father, Gopal is dead."

I was stunned, and had to let days pass by before I ventured to make further inquiries from Kittu. Gopal was unwell the day after our conversation; in the evening he showed signs of cholera; and in a few hours it was evidently a fatal case. Gopal told his parents that he wanted to see his Great Friend, and forthwith Kittu was sent for. But Gopal said when Kittu came in: "No, not Kittu—the Great Friend the Father told me about—I want to see Him."

A great weight was lifted from my heart, for Gopal had not been sent to a Hindu school; and I was comforted in my grief, for I have no doubt that Gopal's wish has been fulfilled, and that his Friend and mine came to meet him and to take the dear child to His heavenly home.



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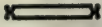
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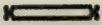
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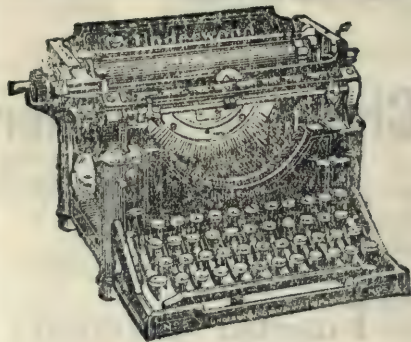
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